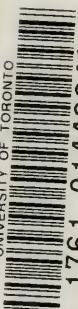



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SHAKESPEARE REPRINTS.

II.

HAMLET

PARALLEL TEXTS

OF THE

FIRST AND SECOND QUARTOS AND THE FIRST FOLIO.

EDITED BY

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MARBURG

N. G. ELWERTSCHE VERLAGSBUCHHANDLUNG.

1891.

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PREFACE.

THE aim of the present volume is simply to place before the reader exact reprints of the two earliest Quartos and the first Folio text of *Hamlet* arranged in parallel columns for ready reference. Collations of other editions would, of course, also have been desirable, but as these would have inconveniently swelled the bulk of the volume, and are easily accessible in the *Cambridge Edition*, or in Furness's *Variorum Shakespeare*, they have been dispensed with.

The First Quarto (Q₁), of 1603, is here reprinted from the facsimile in photo-lithography by W. Griggs, reproduced from the Duke of Devonshire's copy, the last leaf, which is wanting in the Duke's copy, being supplied from that in the British Museum. Its title is as follows:

THE Tragicall Historie of | HAMLET | *Prince of Den-*
marke | By William Shake-speare. | As it hath beene diuerſe
times acted by his Highneſſe ſer- uants in the Cittie of
London: as alſo in the two V- niuerſities of Cambridge and
Oxford, and eſe-where | [*Vignette.*] | At London printed for
N. L. and Iohn Trundell. | 1603.

Our reprint of the Second Quarto (Q₂), of 1604, is likewise made from Mr. Griggs's facsimile in photo-lithography of the Duke of Devonshire's copy of the original, with the following title-page:

THE Tragicall Historie of | HAMLET, | *Prince of Den-*
marke. | By William Shakeſpeare. | Newly imprinted and
enlarged to almoſt as much | againe as it was, according to
the true and perfect | Coppie. | [*Vignette.*] | AT LONDON, |
Printed by I. R. for N. L. and are to be ſold at his | ſhoppe
vnder Saint Dunſtons Church in | Fleetſtreet. 1604.

The First Folio text (of 1623) has been taken from the Reduced Facsimile Edition by J. O. Halliwell-Phillips (London 1876). In correcting the proof-sheets, the reprint made by Lionel Booth (London 1864) has been collated throughout, and on all doubtful points the British Museum copy C. 39. i. 12 of the original has been consulted, either by myself (for pp. 1—160), or by Dr. Wieck (for pp. 161—317).

In addition to the numbers of the pages in the original texts, those of the acts, scenes, and lines in the Globe Edition have been marked in the margin (left side).

A list of corrections and notes will be found at the end of the volume.

W. V.

H A M L E T.

The Tragicall Historie of
H A M L E T
Prince of Denmarke (Q₁).

Globe
1. i.

Enter two Centinels.

1. S^Tand: who is that?
2. Tis I.

1. O you come most carefully vpon your watch,

2. And if you meete *Marcellus* and *Horatio*,
The partners of my watch, bid them make hafte.
1. I will: See who goes there.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Hor. Friends to this ground.

Mar. And leegemen to the Dane,

THE TRAGEDIE OF
HAMLET. Prince of Denmarke (F₁).

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

Globe
1. i.

Enter Barnardo and Francisco two Centinels.

Barnardo.

W^Ho's there?

Fran. Nay anſwer me: Stand & vnfold
your ſelfe.

Bar. Long liue the King.

Fran. *Barnardo?*

Bar. He.

The Tragedie of H A M L E T *Prince of Denmarke (Q₂).*

Globe
I. i.

Enter Barnardo, and Francisco, two Centinels.

Bar. VVHose there?

Fran. Nay answere me. Stand and vnfolde your selfe.

Bar. Long line the King.

Fran. *Barnardo.*

Bar. Hee.

Fran. You come most carefully vpon your houre,

Bar. Tis now strooke twelue, get thee to bed *Francisco.*

Fran. For this reliefe much thanks, tis bitter cold,

And I am sick at hart.

10 *Bar.* Haue you had quiet guard?

Fran. Not a mouse stirring.

Bar. Well, good night:

If you doe meete *Horatio* and *Marcellus*,

The riuals of my watch, bid them make haft.

Enter Horatio, and Marcellus.

Fran. I thinke I heare them, stand ho, who is there?

Hora. Friends to this ground.

Mar. And Leedgemen to the Dane,

Fran. Giue you good night.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Fran. You come most carefully vpon your houre.

Bar. 'Tis now strook twelue, get thee to bed *Francisco.*

Fran. For this releefe much thanks: 'Tis bitter cold,
And I am sicke at heart.

10 *Barn.* Hane you had quiet Guard?

Fran. Not a Mouse stirring.

Barn. Well, goodnight. If you do meet *Horatio* and
Marcellus, the Riuals of my Watch, bid them make haft.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Fran. I thinke I heare them. Stand: who's there?

Hor. Friends to this ground.

Mar. And Leige-men to the Dane.

Fran. Giue you good night.

I. i.

O farewell honest fouldier, who hath releued you?

1. *Barnardo* hath my place, giue you good night.

Mar. Holla, *Barnardo*.

2. Say, is *Horatio* there?

Hor. A peece of him.

20 2. Welcome *Horatio*, welcome good *Marcellus*.

Mar. What hath this thing appear'd againe to night.

2. I haue seene nothing.

Mar. *Horatio* sayes tis but our fantasie,

And wil not let beliefe take hold of him,

Touching this dreaded fight twice seene by vs,

Therefore I haue intreated him a long with vs

[3

To watch the minutes of this night,

That if againe this apparition come,

He may approoue our eyes, and speake to it.

30 *Hor.* Tut, t'will not appeare.

2. Sit downe I pray, and let vs once againe

Affaile your eares that are so fortified,

What we haue two nights seene.

Hor. Wel, fit we downe, and let vs heare *Bernardo* speake
of this.

2. Last night of al, when yonder starre that's west-
ward from the pole, had made his coarfe to
illumine that part of heauen. Where now it burnes,
The bell then towling one.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Mar. O farwel honest Soldier, who hath relieu'd you?

Fra. *Barnardo* ha's my place: giue you goodnight.

Exit Fran.

Mar. Holla *Barnardo*.

Bar. Say, what is *Horatio* there?

Hor. A peece of him.

20 *Bar.* Welcome *Horatio*, welcome good *Marcellus*.

Mar. What, ha's this thing appear'd againe to night.

Bar. I haue seene nothing.

Mar. *Horatio* saies, 'tis but our Fantasie.

And will not let beleefe take hold of him

Touching this dreaded fight, twice seene of vs,

Therefore I haue intreated him along

With vs, to watch the minutes of this Night,

I. i.

Mar. O, farwell honest souldiers, who hath relieu'd you?

Fran. *Barnardo* hath my place; giue you good night. *Exit Fran.*

Mar. Holla, *Barnardo*.

[3

Bar. Say, what is *Horatio* there?

Hora. A peece of him.

20 *Bar.* Welcome *Horatio*, welcome good *Marcellus*,

Hora. What, ha's this thing appeard againe to night?

Bar. I haue seene nothing.

Mar. *Horatio* saies tis but our fantasie,

And will not let beliefe take holde of him,

Touching this dreaded fight twice seene of vs,

Therefore I haue intreated him along,

With vs to watch the minuts of this night,

That if againe this apparifion come,

He may approoue our eyes and speake to it.

30 *Hora.* Tush, tush, twill not appeare.

Bar. Sit downe a while,

And let vs once againe affaile your eares,

That are so fortified against our story,

What we haue two nights seene.

Hora. Well, sit we downe,

And let vs heare *Barnardo* speake of this.

Bar. Last night of all,

When yond same starre thats weastward from the pole,

Had made his course t'illumine that part of heauen

Where now it burnes, *Marcellus* and my selfe

The bell then beating one.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

That if againe this Apparition come,

He may approoue our eyes, and speake to it.

30 *Hor.* Tush, tush, 'twill not appeare.

Bar. Sit downe a-while,

And let vs once againe affaile your eares,

That are so fortified against our Story,

What we two Nights haue seene.

Hor. Well, sit we downe,

And let vs heare *Barnardo* speake of this.

Barn. Last night of all,

When yond same Starre that's Westward from the Pole

Had made his course t'illumine that part of Heauen

Where now it burnes, *Marcellus* and my selfe,

The Bell then beating one.

[152^b

l. i.

*Enter Ghost.*40 *Mar.* Breake off your talke, see where it comes againe.

2. In the same figure like the King that's dead,

Mar. Thou art a scholler, speake to it *Horatio*.

2. Lookes it not like the king?

Hor. Most like, it horrors mee with feare and wonder.

2. It would be spoke to.

Mar. Question it *Horatio*.*Hor.* What art thou that thus vsurps the state, in
Which the Maiestie of buried *Denmarke* did sometimes
Walke? By heauen I charge thee speake.50 *Mar.* It is offended. *exit Ghost.*

2. See, it stalkes away.

Hor. Stay, speake, speake, by heauen I charge thee
speake.*Mar.* Tis gone and makes no answer.2. How now *Horatio*, you tremble and looke pale,
Is not this something more than fantasie?
What thinke you on't?*Hor.* Afore my God, I might not his beleene, without
the sensible and true auouch of my owne eyes.*Mar.* Is it not like the King?

[4

Hor. As thou art to thy selfe,60 Such was the very armor he had on,
When he the ambitious *Norway* combated.*The Tragedie of Hamlet* (F₁).40 *Mar.* Peace, breake thee of:*Enter the Ghost.*

Looke where it comes againe.

Barn. In the same figure, like the King that's dead.*Mar.* Thou art a Scholler; speake to it *Horatio*.*Barn.* Lookes it not like the King? Marke it *Horatio*.*Hora.* Most like: It harrowes me with fear & wonder*Barn.* It would be spoke too.*Mar.* Question it *Horatio*.*Hor.* What art thou that vsurp't this time of night,
Together with that Faire and Warlike forme
In which the Maiesty of buried *Denmarke*
Did sometimes march: By Heauen I charge thee speake.50 *Mar.* It is offended.

I. i.

Enter Ghost.

- 40 *Mar.* Peace, breake thee of, looke where it comes againe.
Bar. In the same figure like the King thats dead.
Mar. Thou art a scholler, speake to it *Horatio*.
Bar. Lookes a not like the King? marke it *Horatio*.
Hora. Most like, it horrowes me with feare and wonder.
Bar. It would be spoke to.
Mar. Speake to it *Horatio*.
Hora. What art thou that vsurpst this time of night,
 Together with that faire and warlike forme,
 In which the Maiestie of buried Denmarke
 Did sometimes march, by heauen I charge thee speake.
 50 *Mar.* It is offended.
Bar. See it staukes away.
Hora. Stay, speake, speake, I charge thee speake. *Exit Ghost.* [4

Mar. Tis gone and will not answere.
Bar. How now *Horatio*, you tremble and looke pale,
 Is not this somthing more then phantasie?
 What thinke you-ont?
Hora. Before my God I might not this belieue,
 Without the fencible and true auouch
 Of mine owne eies.
Mar. Is it not like the King?
Hora. As thou art to thy selfe.
 60 Such was the very Armor he had on,
 When he the ambitious *Norway* combated,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

- Barn.* See, it stalkes away.
Hor. Stay: speake; speake: I Charge thee, speake.
Exit the Ghost.

Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.
Barn. How now *Horatio*? You tremble & look pale:
 Is not this something more then Fantasie?
 What thinke you on't?
Hor. Before my God, I might not this beleue
 Without the sensible and true auouch
 Of mine owne eyes.
Mar. Is it not like the King?
Hor. As thou art to thy selfe,
 60 Such was the very Armour he had on,
 When th'Ambitions *Norway* combatted:

l. i.

So frownd he once, when in an angry parle
He smot the fledged pollax on the yce,
Tis strange.

Mar. Thus twice before, and iump at this dead hower,
With Marshall stalke he passed through our watch.

Hor. In what particular to worke, I know not,
But in the thought and scope of my opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption to the state.

70

Mar. Good, now sit downe, and tell me he that knowes
Why this same strikt and most obseruant watch,
So nightly toyles the subiect of the land,
And why such dayly cost of brazen Cannon
And forraine marte, for implements of warre,
Why such impresse of ship-writes, whose fore taske
Does not diuide the funday from the weeke:
What might be toward that this sweaty march
Doth make the night ioynt labourer with the day,
Who is't that can informe me?

80

Hor. Mary that can I, at least the whisper goes so,
Our late King, who as you know was by Forten-
Brasse of *Norway*,

Thereto prickt on by a most emulous cause, dared to
The combate, in which our valiant *Hamlet*,
For so this side of our knowne world esteemed him,
Did slay this Fortenbrasse,
Who by a seale compact well ratified, by law

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F).

So frown'd he once, when in an angry parle
He smot the fledged Pollax on the Ice.
'Tis strange.

Mar. Thus twice before, and iust at this dead houre,
With Martiall stalke, hath he gone by our Watch.

Hor. In what particular thought to work, I know not:
But in the grosse and scope of my Opinion,
This boades some strange eruption to our State.

70

Mar. Good now sit downe, & tell me he that knowes
Why this same strict and most obseruant Watch,
So nightly toyles the subiect of the Land,
And why such dayly Cast of Brazon Cannon
And Forraigne Mart for Implements of warre:

I. i.

So frownd he once, when in an angry parle
He smot the fleaded pollax on the ice.
Tis strange.

Mar. Thus twice before, and iump at this dead houre,
With martiall stauke hath he gone by our watch.

Hora. In what perticular thought, to worke I know not,
But in the groffe and scope of mine opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption to our state.

70 *Mar.* Good now sit downe, and tell me he that knowes,
Why this fame strikt and most obseruant watch
So nightly toiles the subiect of the land,
And with such dayly cost of brazon Cannon
And forraine warte, for implements of warre,
Why such impresse of ship-writes, whose fore taske
Does not deuide the Sunday from the weeke,
What might be toward that this sweaty haft
Doth make the night ioynt labourer with the day,
Who ist that can informe mee?

Hora. That can I.

80 At least the whispe goes so; our last King,
Whose image euen but now appear'd to vs,
Was as you knowe by *Fortinbrasse* of *Norway*,
Thereto prickt on by a most emulate pride
Dar'd to the combat; in which our valiant *Hamlet*,
(For so this side of our knowne world esteemd him)
Did fflay this *Fortinbrasse*, who by a seald compact
Well ratified by lawe and heraldy

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Why such impresse of Ship-wrights, whose fore Taske
Do's not diuide the Sunday from the weeke,
What might be toward, that this sweaty haft
Doth make the Night ioynt-Labourer with the day:
Who is't that can informe me?

Hor. That can I,

80 At least the whispe goes so: Our last King,
Whose Image euen but now appear'd to vs,
Was (as you know) by *Fortinbras* of *Norway*,
(Thereto prick'd on by a most emulate Pride)
Dar'd to the Combate. In which, our Valiant *Hamlet*,
(For so this side of our knowne world esteem'd him)
Did flay this *Fortinbras*: who by a Seal'd Compact,
Well ratified by Law, and Heraldrie,

[153a

I. i.

And heraldrie, did forfeit with his life all those
 His lands which he stoode seized of by the conqueror,
 90 Against the which a moity competent,
 Was gaged by our King:

Now fir, yong Fortenbraffe,
 Of inapproued mettle hot and full,
 Hath in the skirts of *Norway* here und there, |5
 Sharkt vp a fight of lawlesse Refolutes
 For food and diet to some enterprife,
 100 That hath a stomacke in't: and this (I take it) is the
 Chiefe head and ground of this our watch.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Did forfeite (with his life) all those his Lands
 Which he stood seized on, to the Conqueror:
 90 Against the which, a Moity competent
 Was gaged by our King: which had return'd
 To the Inheritance of *Fortinbras*,
 Had he bin Vanquisher, as by the same Cou^unant
 And carriage of the Article designe,
 His fell to *Hamlet*. Now fir, young *Fortinbras*,
 Of vnimproued Mettle, hot and full,
 Hath in the skirts of Norway, heere and there,

I. i.

Did forfait (with his life) all these his lands
Which he stood feaz'd of, to the conquerour.

[5

90 Against the which a moitie competent
Was gaged by our King, which had returne
To the inheritance of *Fortinbrasse*,
Had he bin vanquisher; as by the same comart,
And carriage of the article desseigne,
His fell to Hamlet: now Sir, young *Fortinbrasse*
Of vnimprooued mettle, hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of *Norway* heere and there
Sharkt vp a lift of laweleffe resolutes
For foode and diet to some enterprize
100 That hath a stomacke in't, which is no other
As it doth well appeare vnto our state
But to recouer of vs by strong hand
And termes compulfatory, those foresaid lands
So by his father lost; and this I take it,
Is the maine motiue of our preparations
The source of this our watch, and the chiefe head
Of this post haft and Romadge in the land.

Bar. I thinke it be no other, but enso;
Well may it fort that this portentous figure
110 Comes armed through our watch so like the King
That was and is the question of these warres.

Hora. A moth it is to trouble the mindes eye:
In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest *Iulius* fell
The graues stood tennatleffe, and the sheeted dead
Did squeake and gibber in the Roman streets
As starres with traines of fier, and dewes of blood
Disasters in the sunne; and the moist starre,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Sharkt vp a Lift of Landleffe Resolutes,
For Foode and Diet, to some Enterprize
100 That hath a stomacke in't: which is no other
(And it doth well appeare vnto our State)
But to recouer of vs by strong hand
And termes Compulfatiue, those foresaid Lands
So by his Father lost: and this (I take it)
Is the maine Motiue of our Preparations,
The Source of this our Watch, and the cheefe head
Of this post-haft, and Romage in the Land.

l. i.

Enter the Ghost.

But loe, behold, see where it comes againe,
He crosse it, though it blast me: stay illusion,

130 If there be any good thing to be done,
That may doe ease to thee, and grace to mee,
Speake to mee.
If thou art priny to thy countries fate,
Which happily foreknowing may preuent, O speake to me,

Or if thou haſt extorted in thy life,
Or hoorded treaſure in the wombe of earth,
For which they ſay you Spirites oft walke in death, ſpeake
to me, ſtay and ſpeake, ſpeake, ſtoppe it *Marcellus*.

2. Tis heere. *exit Ghost.*

Hor. Tis heere.

Marc. Tis gone, O we doe it wrong, being so maiestically, to offer it the shew of violence,
For it is as the ayre invelmorable,
And our vaine blowes malicious mockery.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Enter Ghost againe.

But soft, behold: Loe, where it comes againe:
He crosse it, though it blast me. Stay Illusion:
If thou hast any found, or vse of Voyce,
Speake to me. If there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee do ease, and grace to me; speake to me.
If thou art priuy to thy Countries Fate
(Which happily foreknowing may auoyd) Oh speake.
Or, if thou hast vp-hoorded in thy life
Extorted Treasure in the wombe of Earth,

I. i.

Vpon whose influence *Neptunes* Empier stands,
 120 Was sicke almost to doomeſday with eclipse.
 And euen the like precurſe of feare euents
 As harbindgers preceeding ſtill the fates
 And prologue to the *Omen* comming on
 Haue heauen and earth together demonſtrated
 Vnto our Climatures and countrymen.

Enter Ghost.

But ſoft, behold, loe where it comes againe [6
 Ile croſſe it though it blaſt mee: ſtay illuſion, *It ſpreads*
 If thou haſt any ſound or uſe of voyce, *his armes.*
 130 Speake to me, if there be any good thing to be done
 That may to thee doe eaſe, and grace to mee,
 Speake to me.

If thou art priuie to thy countries fate
 Which happily foreknowing may auoyd
 O ſpeake:
 Or if thou haſt vphoorded in thy life
 Extorted treaſure in the wombe of earth
 For which they ſay your ſpirits oft walke in death.
 Speake of it, ſtay and ſpeake, ſtop it *Marcellus.*

*The cocke
 crows.*

140 *Mar.* Shall I ſtrike it with my partizan?

Hor. Doe if it will not ſtand.

Bar. Tis heere.

Hor. Tis heere.

Mar. Tis gone.

We doe it wrong being ſo Maieſticall
 To offer it the ſhowe of violence,
 For it is as the ayre, invulnerable,
 And our vaine blowes malicious mockery.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

(For which, they ſay, you Spirits oft walke in death)
 Speake of it. Stay, and ſpeake. Stop it *Marcellus.*

140 *Mar.* Shall I ſtrike at ir with my Partizan?

Hor. Do, if it will not ſtand.

Barn. Tis heere.

Hor. Tis heere.

Mar. Tis gone.

Exit Ghost.

We do it wrong, being ſo Maieſticall
 To offer it the ſhew of Violence,
 For it is as the Ayre, invulnerable,
 And our vaine blowes, malicious Mockery.

I. i.

2. It was about to speake when the Cocke crew.

Hor. And then it faded like a guilty thing,

Vpon a fearefull fummons: I haue heard

150 The Cocke, that is the trumpet to the morning,
Doth with his earely and thrill crowing throate,
Awake the god of day, and at his sound,
Whether in earth or ayre, in sea or fire,
The strauagant and erring spirite hies
To his confines, and of the trueth heereof
This present obiect made probation.

Marc. It faded on the crowing of the Cocke,
Some say, that euer gainst that season comes,
Wherein our Saniours birth is celebrated,

160 The bird of dawning singeth all night long,
And then they say, no spirite dare walke abroad,
The nights are wholesome, then no planet frikes,
No Fairie takes, nor Witch hath powre to charme,
So gracious, and so hallowed is that time.

[6

Hor. So haue I heard, and doe in parte beleene it:

But see the Sunne in ruffet mantle clad,
Walkes ore the deaw of yon hie mountaine top,
Break we our watch vp, and by my aduise,
Let vs impart what wee haue seene to night

170 Vnto yong *Hamlet*: for vpon my life
This Spirite dumbe to vs will speake to him:
Do you consent, wee shall acquaint him with it,
As needefull in our loue, fitting our duetie?

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Barn. It was about to speake, when the Cocke crew.

Hor. And then it started, like a guilty thing

Vpon a fearfull Summons. I haue heard,

150 The Cocke that is the Trumpet to the day,
Doth with his lofty and thrill-sounding Throate
Awake the God of Day: and at his warning,
Whether in Sea, or Fire, in Earth, or Ayre,
Th'extrauagant, and erring Spirit, hies
To his Confine. And of the truth heerein,
This present Obiect made probation.

Mar. It faded on the crowing of the Cocke,
Some sayes, that euer 'gainst that Season comes
Wherein our Saniours Birth is celebrated,

I. i.

Bar. It was about to speake when the cock crewe.

Hor. And then it started like a guilty thing,
Vpon a fearefull summons; I haue heard,

150 The Cock that is the trumpet to the morne,
Doth with his lofty and shrill founding throat
Awake the God of day, and at his warning
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or ayre
Th'extrauagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine, and of the truth beerein
v This present obiect made probation.

Mar. It faded on the crowing of the Cock.
Some say that euer gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saniours birth is celebrated

160 This bird of dawning singeth all night long,
And then they say no spirit dare sturre abraode
The nights are wholsome, then no plannets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charme
So hallowed, and so gracious is that time.

[7

Hora. So haue I heard and doe in part beliene it,
But looke the morne in ruffet mantle clad
Walkes ore the dewe of yon high Eastward hill
Breake we our watch vp and by my aduise
Let vs impart what we haue seene to night
170 Vnto young *Hamlet*, for vpon my life
This spirit dumb to vs, will speake to him:
Doe you consent we shall acquaint him with it
As needfull in our loues, fitting our duty.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

160 The Bird of Dawning singeth all night long:
And then (they say) no Spirit can walke abroad,
The nights are wholsome, then no Planets strike,
No Faiery talkes, nor Witch hath power to Charme:
So hallow'd, and so gracious is the time.

[153b

Hor. So haue I heard, and do in part beleene it.
But looke, the Morne in Ruffet mantle clad,
Walkes o're the dew of yon high Easterne Hill,
Breake we our Watch vp, and by my aduice
Let vs impart what we haue seene to night
170 Vnto yong *Hamlet*. For vpon my life,
This Spirit dumbe to vs, will speake to him:
Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,
As needfull in our Loues, fitting our Duty?

1. i.

Marc. Lets doo't I pray, and I this morning know,
Where we fhall finde him moft conueniently.

1. ii.

*Enter King, Queene, Hamlet, Learates, Corambis,
and the two Ambaffadors, with Attendants.*

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Mar. Let do't I pray, and I this morning know
Where we fhall finde him moft conueniently.

Exeunt

Scena Secunda.

II. ii.

*Enter Claudius King of Denmarke, Gertrude the Queene,
Hamlet, Polonius, Laertes, and his Sifter O-
phelia, Lords Attendant.*

King. Though yet of *Hamlet* our deere Brothers death
The memory be greene: and that it vs befitted
To beare our hearts in greefe, and our whole Kingdome
To be contracted in one brow of woe:
Yet fo farre hath Difcretion fought with Nature,
That we with wifeft forrow thinke on him,

I. i.

Mar. Lets doo't I pray, and I this morning knowe
Where we fhall find him moft conuenient. *Exeunt.*

I. ii. *Florish.* *Enter Claudius, King of Denmarke, Gertradt he Queene,
Counsaile: as Polonius, and his Sonne Laertes,
Hamlet, Cum Alijs.*

Claud. Though yet of *Hamlet* our deare brothers death
The memorie be greene, and that it vs befitted
To beare our harts in griefe, and our whole Kingdome,
To be contracted in one browe of woe
Yet so farre hath discretion fought with nature,
That we with wisest sorrowe thinke on him
Together with remembrance of our selues:
Therefore our sometime Sister, now our Queene
Th'imperiall ioyntresse to this warlike state
10 Haue we as twere with a defeated ioy
With an auspitious, and a dropping eye,
With mirth in funerall, and with dirge in marriage,
In equall scale waighing delight and dole
Taken to wife: nor haue we heerein bard
Your better wisdomes, which haue freely gone
With this affaire along (for all our thanks)
Now followes that you knowe young *Fortinbrasse*,
Holding a weake supposall of our worth
Or thinking by our late deare brothers death
20 Our state to be disioynt, and out of frame

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Together with remembrance of our selues.
Therefore our sometimes Sister, now our Queen,
Th'Imperiall Ioyntresse of this warlike State,
10 Haue we, as 'twere, with a defeated ioy,
With one Auspicious, and one Dropping eye,
With mirth in Funerall, and with Dirge in Marriage,
In equall Scale weighing Delight and Dole
Taken to Wife; nor haue we heerein barr'd
Your better Wifedomes, which haue freely gone
With this affaire along, for all our Thanks.
Now followes, that you know young *Fortinbras*,
Holding a weake supposall of our worth;
Or thinking by our late deere Brothers death,
20 Our State to be disioynt, and out of Frame,

King. Lordes, we here hane writ to *Fortenbrasse*,
 Nephew to olde *Norway*, who impudent
 30 And bed-rid, scarcely heares of this his
 Nephews purpose: and Wee heere dispatch

Yong good *Cornelia*, and you *Voltemar*
 For bearers of these greetings to olde
Norway, giuing to you no further personall power
 To bufineffe with the King,
 Then those related articles do fhew:
 Farewell, and let your hafte commend your dutie.
 40 *Gent.* In this and all things will wee fhew our dutie.
King. Wee doubt nothing, hartily farewell:
 And now *Leartes* what's the newes with you?
 You said you had a fute what i'ft *Leartes*?

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Colleagued with the dreame of his Aduantage;
 He hath not fayl'd to pester vs with Meffage,
 Importing the furrender of those Lands
 Loft by his Father: with all Bonds of Law
 To our moft valiant Brother. So much for him.
Enter Voltemand and Cornelius.
 Now for our felfe, and for this time of meeting
 Thus much the bufineffe is. We haue heere writ
 To Norway, Vncle of young *Fortinbras*,
 Who Impotent and Bedrid, scarfely heares
 30 Of this his Nephewes purpose, to fuppreffe
 His further gate heerein. In that the Lenies,
 The Lifts, and full proportions are all made
 Out of his fubieet: and we heere dispatch

I. ii.

- Coleagued with this dreame of his aduantage
 He hath not faild to pestur vs with melfage
 Importing the furrender of those lands
 Loft by his father, with all bands of lawe
 To our most valiant brother, so much for him:
 Now for our selfe, and for this time of meeting,
 Thus much the busines is, we haue heere writ
 To *Norway* Vncle of young *Fortenbrasse*
 Who impotent and bedred scarcely heares
 30 Of this his Nephewes purpose; to suppreffe
 His further gate heerein, in that the leuies,
 The lifts, and full proportions are all made
 Out of his subiect, and we heere dispatch
 You good *Cornelius*, and you *Valtemand*,
 For bearers of this greeting to old *Norway*,
 Giuing to you no further personall power
 To busines with the King, more then the scope
 Of these delated articles allowe:
 Farwell, and let your haft commend your dutie.
 40 *Cor. Vo.* In that, and all things will we showe our dutie.
King. We doubt it nothing, hartely farwell.
 And now *Laertes* whats the newes with you?
 You told vs of some sute, what ist *Laertes*?
 You cannot speake of reason to the Dane
 And lose your voyce; what wold'ft thou begge *Laertes*?
 That shall not be my offer, not thy asking,

[8

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

- You good *Cornelius*, and you *Voltemand*,
 For bearing of this greeting to old Norway,
 Giuing to you no further personall power
 To businesse with the King, more then the scope
 Of these dilated Articles allow:
 Farewell and let your haft commend your duty.
 40 *Volt.* In that, and all things, will we shew our duty.
King. We doubt it nothing, heartily farewell.
Exit Voltemand and Cornelius.
 And now *Laertes*, what's the newes with you?
 You told vs of some suite. What ist *Laertes*?
 You cannot speake of Reason to the Dane,
 And loose your voyce. What would'ft thou beg *Laertes*,
 That shall not be my Offer, not thy Asking?

[154a

50 *Lea*: My grations Lord, your fanorable licence,
 Now that the funerall rites are all performed,
 I may haue leaue to go againe to *France*,
 For though the fauour of your grace might stay mee,
 Yet something is there whifpers in my hart,
 Which makes my minde and fpirits bend all for *France*.

[7

King: Haue you your fathers leaue, *Leartes*?

Cor. He hath, my lord, wrung from me a forced graunt,

And I befeech you grant your Highneffe leaue.

King With all our heart, *Leartes* fare thee well.

Lear. I in all loue and dutie take my leaue.

King. And now princely Sonne *Hamlet*, *Exit.*

What meanes thefe fad and melancholy moodes?

For your intent going to *Wittenberg*,

Wee hold it moft vnmeet and vneconuenient,

Being the loy and halfe heart of your mother.

Therefore let mee intreat you stay in Court,

All *Denmarkes* hope our coofin and deareft Sonne.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

The Head is not more Natiue to the Heart,

The Hand more Inftrumentall to the Mouth,

Then is the Throne of Denmarke to thy Father.

50 What would'ft thou haue *Laertes*?

Laer. Dread my Lord,

Your leaue and fauour to returne to France,

From whence, though willingly I came to Denmarke

To fhew my duty in your Coronation,

Yet now I muft confefse, that duty done,

My thoughts and wifhes bend againe towards France,

And bow them to your gracious leaue and pardon.

King. Haue you your Fathers leaue?

What fayes *Pollonius*?

I. ii.

The head is not more natiue to the hart
The hand more instrumentall to the mouth
Then is the throne of Denmarke to thy father,
50 What would'st thou haue *Laertes*?

Laer. My dread Lord,
Your leaue and fauour to returne to Fraunce,
From whence, though willingly I came to Denmarke,
To fhowe my dutie in your Coronation;
Yet now I muſt confeſſe, that duty done
My thoughts and wiſhes bend againe toward Fraunce
And bowe them to your gracious leaue and pardon.

King. Haue you your fathers leaue, what ſaies *Polonius*?

Polo. Hath my Lord wrong from me my flowe leaue
By labourſome petition, and at laſt
60 Vpon his will I feald my hard conſent,
I doe beſeech you giue him leaue to goe.

[9

King. Take thy faire houre *Laertes*, time be thine,
And thy beſt graces ſpend it at thy will:
But now my Cofin *Hamlet*, and my ſonne.

Ham. A little more then kin, and leſſe then kind.

King. How is it that the clowdes ſtill hang on you.

Ham. Not ſo much my Lord, I am too much in the ſonne.

Queene. Good *Hamlet* caſt thy nighted colour off
And let thine eye looke like a friend on *Denmarke*,
70 Doe not for euer with thy vailed lids
Seeke for thy noble Father in the duſt,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Pol. He hath my Lord:
I do beſeech you giue him leaue to go.

King. Take thy faire houre *Laertes*, time be thine,
And thy beſt graces ſpend it at thy will:
But now my Cofin *Hamlet*, and my Sonne?

Ham. A little more then kin, and leſſe then kinde.

King. How is it that the Clouds ſtill hang on you?

Ham. Not ſo my Lord, I am too much i'th'Sun.

Queen. Good *Hamlet* caſt thy nightly colour off,
And let thine eye look like a Friend on *Denmarke*.
70 Do not for euer with thy reyled lids
Seeke for thy Noble Father in the duſt;

Ham. My lord, ti's not the fable fute I weare:

80 No nor the teares that still stand in my eyes,

Nor the diftracted hauiour in the vifage,
Nor all together mixt with outward femblance,
Is equall to the forrow of my heart,
Him haue I loft I muft of force forgoe,

Thefe but the ornaments and futes of woe.

King This fhewes a louing care in you, Sonne *Hamlet*,

But you muft thinke your father loft a father,

90 That father dead, loft his, and fo fhallbe vntill the
Generall ending. Therefore ceafe laments,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F.).

Thou know'ft 'tis common, all that liues muft dye,
Paffing through Nature, to Eternity.

Ham. I Madam, it is common.

Queen. If it be;

Why feemes it fo particular with thee.

Ham. Seemes Madam? Nay, it is: I know not Seemes:

'Tis not alone my Inky Cloake (good Mother)

Nor Customary fuites of folemne Blacke,

Nor windy fufpiration of forc'd breath,

80 No, nor the fruitfull Riuer in the Eye,

Nor the dejected hauiour of the Vifage,

Together with all Formes, Moods, fhewes of Griefe,

That can denote me truly. Thefe indeed Seeme,

For they are actions that a man might play:

I. ii.

Thou know'st tis common all that liues muſt die,
Paſſing through nature to eternitie.

Ham. I Madding, it is common.

Quee. If it be

Why ſeemes it ſo perticuler with thee.

Ham. Seemes Madding, nay it is, I know not ſeemes,
Tis not alone my incky cloake could mother
Nor cuſtomary ſuites of ſolembe blacke
Nor windie ſuſpiration of forſt breath

80 No, nor the fruitfull riuer in the eye,
Nor the dejected hauior of the viſage
Together with all formes, moods, chapes of grieſe
That can deuote me truly, theſe indeede ſeeme,
For they are actions that a man might play
But I haue that within which paſſes ſhowe
Theſe but the trappings and the ſuites of woe.

King. Tis ſweete and commendable in your nature *Hamlet*,
To giue theſe mourning duties to your father
But you muſt knowe your father loſt a father,
90 That father loſt, loſt his, and the ſuruiuer bound
In filliall obligation for ſome tearme
To doe obſequious forrowe, but to perſeuer
In obſtinate condolement, is a courſe
Of impious ſtubbornes, tis vnmanly grieſe,
It ſhowes a will moſt incorrect to heauen
A hart vnfortified, or minde impatient
An vnderſtanding ſimple and vnſchoold

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

But I haue that Within, which paſſeth ſhow;
Theſe, but the Trappings, and the Suites of woe.

King. 'Tis ſweet and commendable

In your Nature *Hamlet*,

To giue theſe mourning duties to your Father:

But you muſt know, your Father loſt a Father,

90 That Father loſt, loſt his, and the Suruiuer bound
In filiiall Obligation, for ſome terme
To do obſequious Sorrow. But to perſeuer
In obſtinate Condolement, is a courſe
Of impious ſtubbornneſſe. 'Tis vnmanly greeſe,
It ſhewes a will moſt incorrect to Heauen,
A Heart vnfortified, a Minde impatient,
An Vnderſtanding ſimple, and vnſchoold:

It is a fault gainst heauen, fault gainst the dead,
 A fault gainst nature, and in reafons
 Common courfe moft certaine,
 None lues on earth, but hee is borne to die.

Que. Let not thy mother loofe her praiers *Hamlet*,
 Stay here with vs. go not to *Wittenberg*.

120 *Ham.* I fhall in all my beft obey you madam.
 King Spoke like a kinde and a moft louing Sonne,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

For, what we know muft be, and is as common
 As any the moft vulgar thing to fence,
 100 Why fhould we in our peeuiſh Oppofition
 Take it to heart? Eye, 'tis a fault to Heauen,
 A fault againſt the Dead, a fault to Nature,
 To Reafon moft abſurd, whoſe common Theame
 Is death of Fathers, and who ſtill hath cried,
 From the firſt Coarſe, till he that dyed to day,
 This muſt be ſo. We pray you throw to earth
 This vnpreuayling woe, and thinke of vs
 As of a Father; For let the world take note,
 You are the moſt immediate to our Throne,
 110 And with no leſſe Nobility of Loue,
 Then that which decreft Father beares his Sonne,

[154b]

1. ii.

For what we knowe muſt be, and is as common
As any the moſt vulgar thing to ſence,

[10

100 Why ſhould we in our peniſh oppoſition
Take it to hart, ſie, tis a fault to heauen,
A fault againſt the dead, a fault to nature,
To reaſon moſt abſurd, whoſe common theame
Is death of fathers, and who ſtill hath cryed
From the firſt courſe, till he that died to day
This muſt be ſo: we pray you throw to earth
This vnpreuailing woe, and thinke of vs
As of a father, for let the world take note
You are the moſt imediate to our throne,
110 And with no leſſe nobilitie of loue
Then that which deareſt father beares his ſonne,
Doe I impart toward you for your intent
In going back to ſchoole in *Wittenberg*.
It is moſt retrogard to our deſire,
And we beſeech you bend you to remaine
Heere in the cheare and comfort of our eye,
Our chiefeſt courtier, coſin, und our ſonne.

Quee. Let not thy mother looſe her prayers *Hamlet*,
I pray thee ſtay with vs, goe not to *Wittenberg*.

120 *Ham.* I ſhall in all my beſt obey you Madam.

King. Why tis a louing and a faire reply,
Be as our ſelfe in Denmarke, Madam come,
This gentle and vnforc'd accord of *Hamlet*
Sits ſmiling to my hart, in grace whereof,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Do I impart towards you. For your intent
In going backe to Schoole in *Wittenberg*,
It is moſt retrograde to our deſire:
And we beſeech you, bend you to remaine
Heere in the cheere and comfort of our eye,
Our cheefeſt Courtier Coſin, and our Sonne.

Qu. Let not thy Mother loſe her Prayers *Hamlet*:
I prythee ſtay with vs, go not to *Wittenberg*.

120 *Ham.* I ſhall in all my beſt
Obey you Madam.

King. Why 'tis a louing, and a faire Reply,
Be as our ſelfe in Denmarke. Madam come,
This gentle and vnforc'd accord of *Hamlet*
Sits ſmiling to my heart; in grace whereof,

1. ii.

And there's no health the King shall drinke to day,
 But the great Canon to the clowdes shall tell
 The rowle the King shall drinke vnto Prince Hamlet.

[8

Exeunt all but Hamlet.

Ham. O that this too much grien'd and fallied flesh
 Would melt to nothing, or that the vniuerfall
 Globe of heauen would turne al to a Chaos!
 O God within two moneths; no not two: married,
 Mine vncle: O let me not thinke of it,
 My fathers brother: but no more like
 My father, then I to *Hereules*.

150

Within two months, ere yet the falt of most
 Vnrightheous teares had left their flusking
 In her galled eyes: she married, O God, a beast
 Denoyd of reason would not haue made
 Such speede: Frailtie, thy name is Woman,
 Why she would hang on him, as if increafe
 Of appetite had growne by what it looked on.
 O wicked wicked speede, to make such
 Dexteritie to incestuous sheetes,
 Ere yet the shooes were olde,
 The which she followed my dead fathers corse
 Like *Nyobe*, all teares: married, well it is not,
 Nor it cannot come to good:
 But breake my heart, for I must holde my tongue.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

No iocund health that Denmarke drinks to day,
 But the great Cannon to the Clowds shall tell,
 And the Kings Rounce, the Heauens shall bruite againe,
 Respeaking earthly Thunder. Come away.

*Exeunt**Manet Hamlet.*

Ham. Oh that this too too solid Flesh, would melt,
 Thaw, and resoluë it selfe into a Dew:
 Or that the Euerlasting had not fixt
 His Cannon 'gainst Selfe-flaughter. O God, O God!
 How weary, stale, flat, and vnprofitable
 Seemes to me all the vses of this world?
 Fie on't? O fie, fie, 'tis an vnweeded Garden
 That growes to Seed: Things rank, and grosse in Nature
 Possesse it meereley. That it should come to this:

l. ii.

No iocund health that Denmarke drinkes to day,
But the great Cannon to the cloudes shall tell.
And the Kings rowse the heauen shall brute againe,
Respeaking earthly thunder; come away. *Florisb.* *Exeunt all,*
Ham. O that this too too fallied flesh would melt, *but Hamlet.*

- 130 Thaw and resolute it selfe into a dewe,
Or that the euerlasting had not fixt
His cannon gainst seale slaughter, o God, God,
How wary, stale, flat, vnprofitable
Seeme to me all the vses of this world?
Fie on't, ah fie, tis an vnweeded garden
That growes to feede, things rancke and grosse in nature,
Possesse it meereley that it should come thus
But two months dead, nay not so much, not two, [11
So excellent a King, that was to this
140 *Hiperion* to a satire, so louing to my mother,
That he might not beteeame the winds of heauen
Visite her face too roughly, heauen and earth
Must I remember, why she should hang on him
As if increafe of appetite had growne
By what it fed on, and yet within a month,
Let me not thinke on't; frailty thy name is woman
A little month or ere those shooes were old
With which she followed my poore fathers bodie
Like *Niobe* all teares, why she
150 O God, a beast that wants discourse of reason
Would haue mourn'd longer, married with my Vncle,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

- But two months dead: Nay, not so much; not two,
So excellent a King, that was to this
140 *Hiperion* to a Satyre: so louing to my Mother,
That he might not beteeene the windes of heauen
Visit her face too roughly. Heauen and Earth
Must I remember: why she would hang on him,
As if encrease of Appetite had growne
By what it fed on; and yet within a month?
Let me not thinke on't: Frailty, thy name is woman.
A little Month, or ere those shooes were old,
With which she followed my poore Fathers body
Like *Niobe*, all teares. Why she, euen she.
150 (O Heauen! A beast that wants discourse of Reason
Would haue mourn'd longer) married with mine Vnkle,

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

160 *Hor.* Health to your Lordship.

Ham. I am very glad to see you, (Horatio) or I much forget my selfe.

Hor. The same my Lord, and your poore seruant euer.

Ham. O my good friend, I change that name with you: but what make you from *Wittenberg* Horatio?

Marcellus.

Marc. My good Lord.

Ham. I am very glad to see you, good euen first:
But what is your affaire in *Elfenoure*?

Weele teach you to drinke deepe ere you depart.

Hor. A trowant disposition, my good Lord.

[9

Ham. Nor shall you make mee truster
Of your owne report against your selfe:
Sir, I know you are no trowant:
But what is your affaire in *Elfenoure*?

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

My Fathers Brother: but no more like my Father,
Then I to *Hercules*. Within a Moneth?
Ere yet the salt of most vnrighteous Teares
Had left the flushing of her gauled eyes,
She married. O most wicked speed, to post
With such dexterity to incestuous sheets:
It is not, nor it cannot come to good.
But breake my heart, for I must hold my tongue.

Enter Horatio, Barnard, and Marcellus.

160 *Hor.* Haile to your Lordship.

Ham. I am glad to see you well:

Horatio, or I do forget my selfe.

Hor. The same my Lord,
And your poore Seruant euer.

I. ii.

My fathers brother, but no more like my father
Then I to *Hercules*, within a month,
Ere yet the salt of most vnrighteous teares,
Had left the flushing in her gauled eyes
She married, ô most wicked speede; to post
With such dexteritie to incestuous sheets,
It is not, nor it cannot come to good,
But breake my hart, for I must hold my tongue.

Enter Horatio, Marcellus, and Bernardo.

160 *Hora.* Haile to your Lordship.

Ham. I am glad to see you well; *Horatio*, or I do forget my selfe.

Hora. The same my Lord, and your poore seruant euer.

Ham. Sir my good friend, Ile change that name with you,
And what make you from *Wittenberg* *Horatio*?

Marcellus.

Mar. My good Lord.

Ham. I am very glad to see you, (good euen sir)
But what in faith make you from *Wittenberg*?

Hora. A truant disposition good my Lord.

170 *Ham.* I would not heare your enimie say so,
Nor shall you doe my eare that violence
To make it truster of your owne report
Against your selfe, I knowe you are no truant,
But what is your affaire in *Elfonoure*?
Weele teach you for to drinke ere you depart.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Ham. Sir my good friend,
Ile change that name with you:
And what make you from *Wittenberg* *Horatio*?

Marcellus.

Mar. My good Lord.

Ham. I am very glad to see you: good euen Sir.
But what in faith make you from *Wittenberge*?

Hora. A truant disposition, good my Lord.

170 *Ham.* I would not haue your Enemy say so;
Nor shall you doe mine eare that violence,
To make it truster of your owne report
Against your selfe. I know you are no Truant:
But what is your affaire in *Elfenour*?
Wee'l teach you to drinke deepe, ere you depart.

[155a

l. ii.

Hor. My good Lord, I came to see your fathers funerall.

Ham. O I pre thee do not mocke mee fellow student,
I thinke it was to see my mothers wedding.

Hor. Indeepe my Lord, it followed hard vpon.

180 *Ham.* Thrift, thrift, *Horatio*, the funerall bak't meates
Did coldly furnishe forth the marriage tables,
Would I had met my deereft foe in heauen
Ere euer I had seene that day *Horatio*;

O my father, my father, me thinks I see my father,

Hor. Where my Lord?

Ham. Why, in my mindes eye *Horatio*.

Hor. I saw him once, he was a gallant King.

Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all,

I shall not looke vpon his like againe.

Hor. My Lord, I thinke I saw him yesternight,

190 *Ham.* Saw, who?

Hor. My Lord, the King your father.

Ham. Ha, ha, the King my father ke you.

Hor. Ceasen your admiration for a while

With an attentive eare, till I may deliuer,

Vpon the witnesse of these Gentlemen

This wonder to you.

Ham. For Gods lone let me heare it.

Hor. Two nights together had these Gentlemen.

Marcellus and *Bernardo*, on their watch,

In the dead vast and middle of the night.

Beene thus incountered by a figure like your father,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Hor. My Lord, I came to see your Fathers Funerall.

Ham. I pray thee doe not mock me (fellow Student)
I thinke it was to see my Mothers Wedding.

Hor. Indeed my Lord, it followed hard vpon.

180 *Ham.* Thrift, thrift *Horatio*: the Funerall Bakt-meats
Did coldly furnishe forth the Marriage Tables;
Would I had met my deareft foe in heauen,
Ere I had euer seene that day *Horatio*.

My father, me thinks I see my father.

Hor. Oh where my Lord?

Ham. In my minds eye (*Horatio*)

Hor. I saw him once; he was a goodly King.

Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all:

I shall not look vpon his like againe.

I. ii.

Hora. My Lord, I came to see your fathers funerall.

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Ham. I pre thee doe not mocke me fellowe student,
I thinke it was to my mothers wedding.

Hora. Indeede my Lord it followed hard vppon.

180 *Ham.* Thrift, thrift, *Horatio*, the funerall bak't meates
Did coldly furnishe forth the marriage tables,
Would I had met my dearest foe in heauen
Or euer I had seene that day *Horatio*,
My father, me thinkes I see my father.

Hora. Where my Lord?

Ham. In my mindes eye *Horatio*.

Hora. I saw him once, a was a goodly King.

Ham. A was a man take him for all in all

I shall not looke vppon his like againe.

Hora. My Lord I thinke I saw him yesternight.

190 *Ham.* saw, who?

Hora. My Lord the King your father.

Ham. The King my father?

Hora. Season your admiration for a while
With an attent eare till I may deliuer
Vppon the witnes of these gentlemen
This maruile to you.

Ham. For Gods loue let me heare?

Hora. Two nights together had these gentlemen
Marcellus, and *Barnardo*, on their watch
In the dead waite and middle of the night
Beene thus incountred, a figure like your father

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Hor. My Lord, I thinke I saw him yesternight.

190 *Ham.* Saw? Who?

Hor. My Lord, the King your Father.

Ham. The King my Father?

Hor. Season your admiration for a while
With an attent eare; till I may deliuer
Vpon the witnesse of these Gentlemen,
This maruell to you.

Ham. For Heauens loue let me heare.

Hor. Two nights together, had these Gentlemen
(*Marcellus* and *Barnardo*) on their Watch
In the dead waite and middle of the night
Beene thus encountred. A figure like your Father,

I. ii.

200 Armed to poynt, exactly *Capapea*
 Appeeres before them thrife, he walkes

Before their weake and feare oppressed eies.

Within his tronchions length,¹

While they distilled almoſt to gelly.

[10

With the act of feare ſtands dumbe,

And ſpeake not to him: this to mee

In dreadfull ſecreſie impart they did.

And I with them the third night kept the watch,

210 Where as they had deliuered forme of the thing.

Each part made true and good,

The Apparation comes: In knew your father,

Theſe handes are not more like.

220 *Ham.* Tis very ſtrange.

Hor. As I do liue, my honord lord, tis true,

And wee did thinke it right done,

In our dutie to let you know it.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

200 Arm'd at all points exactly, *Cap a Pe*,

Appeares before them, and with ſollemne march

Goes flow and ſtately: By them thrice he walkt,

By their oppreſt and feare-ſurprized eyes,

Within his Truncheons length; whilſt they beſtil'd

Almoſt to Ielly with the Act of feare,

Stand dumbe and ſpeake not to him. This to me

In dreadfull ſecreſie impart they did,

And I with them the third Night kept the Watch,

Whereas they had deliuer'd both in time,

210 Forme of the thing; each word made true and good,

The Apparition comes. I knew your Father:

Theſe hands are not more like.

Ham. But where was this?

I. ii.

200 Armed at poynt, exactly *Capapea*
Appeares before them, and with folemne march,
Goes flowe and stately by them; thrice he walkt
By their opprest and feare furred eyes
Within his tronchions length, whilft they distil'd
Almoft to gelly, with the act of feare
Stand dumbe and fpeake not to him; this to me

In dreadful fecrefie impart they did,
And I with them the third night kept the watch,
Whereas they had deliuered both in time
210 Forme of the thing, each word made true and good.
The Apparition comes: I knewe your father.
"Thefe hands are not more like.

[13

Ham. But where was this?

Mar. My Lord vpon the platforme where we watch

Ham. Did you not fpeake to it?

Hora. My Lord I did,

But anfwere made it none, yet once me thought
It lifted vp it head, and did addrefse
It felfe to motion like as it would fpeake:
But euen then the morning Cock crewe loude,
And at the found it thrunk in haft away
220 And vanifht from our fight.

Ham. 'Tis very ftrange.

Hora. As I doe liue my honor'd Lord tis true
And we did thinke it writ downe in our dutie
To let you knowe of it.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Mar. My Lord, vpon the platforme where we watcht.

Ham. Did you not fpeake to it?

Hor. My Lord, I did;

But anfwere made it none: yet once me thought
It lifted vp it head, and did addrefse
It felfe to motion, like as it would fpeake:
But euen then, the Morning Cocke crew lowd;
And at the found it thrunke in haft away,
220 And vanifht from our fight.

Ham. 'Tis very ftrange.

Hor. As I doe liue my honourd Lord 'tis true;
And we did thinke it writ downe in our duty
To let you know of it.

I. ii.

Ham. Where was this?*Mar.* My Lord, vpon the platforme where we watched.*Ham.* Did you not speake to it?

Hor. My Lord we did, but answere made it none,
 Yet once me thought it was about to speake,
 And lifted vp his head to motion,
 Like as he would speake, but euen then
 The morning cocke crew lowd, and in all hafte,
 It thruncke in hafte away, and vanished
 Our sight.

Ham. Indeed, indeed firs, but this troubles me:
 Hold you the watch to night?

All We do my Lord.*Ham.* Armed say ye?*All* Armed my good Lord.*Ham.* From top to toe?*All.* My good Lord, from head to foote*Ham.* Why then saw you not his face?230 *Hor.* O yes my Lord, he wore his beuer vp.*Ham.* How look't he, frowningly?*Hor.* A countenance more in forrow than in anger.*Ham.* Pale, or red?*Hor.* Nay, verie pal*Ham.* And fixt his eies vpon you.

[11

Hor. Most constantly.*Ham.* I would I had beene there.*Hor.* It would a much amazed you.*Ham.* Yea very like, very like, staid it long?*Hor.* While one with moderate pace

Might tell a hundred.

Mar. O longer, longer.*The Tragedie of Hamlet* (F).

Ham. Indeed, indeed Sirs; but this troubles me.
 Hold you the watch to Night?

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Both. We doe my Lord.*Ham.* Arm'd, say you?*Both.* Arm'd, my Lord.*Ham.* From top to toe?*Both.* My Lord, from head to foote.*Ham.* Then saw you not his face?230 *Hor.* O yes, my Lord, he wore his Beauer vp.*Ham.* What, lookt he frowningly?

I. ii.

Ham. Indee'de Sirs but this troubles me,
Hold you the watch to night?

All. We doe my Lord.

Ham. Arm'd say you?

All. Arm'd my Lord.

Ham. From top to toe?

All. My Lord from head to foote.

Ham. Then sawe you not his face

230 *Hora.* O yes my Lord. he wore his beauer vp.

Ham. What look't he frowningly?

Hora. A countenance more in sorrow then in anger.

Ham. Pale, or red?

Hora. Nay very pale.

Ham. And fixt his eyes vpon you?

Hora. Most constantly.

Ham. I would I had beene there.

Hora. It would haue much a maz'd you.

Ham. Very like, stayd it long?

Hora. While one with moderate hast might tell a hundreth.

Both. Longer, longer.

240 *Hora.* Not when I saw't.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Hor. A countenance more in sorrow then in anger.

Ham. Pale, or red?

Hor. Nay very pale.

Ham. And fixt his eyes vpon you?

Hor. Most constantly.

Ham. I would I had beene there.

Hor. It would haue much amaz'd you.

Ham. Very like, very like: stayd it long? (dred.

Hor. While one with moderate hast might tell a hun-

All. Longer, longer.

I. ii.

240

Ham. His beard was griffield, no.*Hor.* It was as I haue seene it in his life,

A fable filner.

Ham. I wil watch to night, perchance t'wil walke againe.*Hor.* I warrant it will.*Ham.* If it assume my noble fathers person,
He speake to it, if hell it selfe should gape.

And bid me hold my peace, Gentlemen,

If you haue hither consealed this sight,

Let it be tenible in your silence still,

And whatsoener else shall chance to night,

250 Giue it an vnderstanding, but no tongue,

I will requit your lones, so fare you well,

Vpon the platforme, twixt eleuen and twelue,

He visit you.

All. Our duties to your honor. *exeunt.**Ham.* O your lones, your lones, as mine to you,

Farewell, my fathers spirit in Armes,

Well, all's not well. I doubt some foule play,

Would the night were come,

Till then, sit still my foule, foule deeds will rise

Though all the world orewhelme them to mens eies.

Exit.

I. iii.

*Enter Leartes and Ofelia.**Leart.* My necessaries are inbarkt, I must aboard.

But ere I part, marke what I say to thee:

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F).

240

Hor. Not when I saw't.*Ham.* His Beard was grifly? no.*Hor.* It was, as I haue seene it in his life,

A Sable Siluer'd. (gaine.

Ham. He watch to Night; perchance 'twill wake a-*Hor.* I warrant you it will.*Ham.* If it assume my noble Fathers person,
He speake to it, though Hell it selfe should gape

And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,

If you haue hitherto conceald this sight;

Let it bee treble in your silence still:

And whatsoener els shall hap to night,

250 Giue it an vnderstanding but no tongue;

I will requite your lones; so, fare ye well:

I. ii.

Ham. His beard was grisl'd, no.

Hora. It was as I haue seene it in his life
A fable fluer'd.

Ham. I will watch to nigh
Perchaunce twill walke againe.

[14

Hora. I warn't it will.

Ham. If it affume my noble fathers person.
He speake to it though hell it selfe should gape
And bid me hold my peace; I pray you all
If you haue hetherto conceald this fight
Let it be tenable in your silence still,
And what someuer els shall hap to night,
Giue it an vnderstanding but no tongue,
I will requite your lones, so farre you well:
Vppon the platforme twixt a leauen and twelue
He visite you.

250

All. Our dutie to your honor.

Exeunt.

Ham. Your lones, as mine to you, farwell.
My fathers spirit (in armes) all is not well,
I doubt some foule play, would the night were come,
Till then sit still my foule, foule deedes will rise
Though all the earth ore-whelme them to mens eyes.

Exit.

I. iii.

Enter Laertes, and Opheliahis Sister.

Laer. My necessaries are inbarkt, farwell.
And sister, as the winds giue benefit

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Vppon the Platforme twixt eleuen and twelue,
He visit you.

All. Our duty to your Honour.

Exeunt.

Ham. Your loue, as mine to you: farewell.
My Fathers Spirit in Armes? All is not well:
I doubt some foule play: would the Night were come;
Till then sit still my foule; foule deeds will rise,
Though all the earth orewhelm them to mens eies.

Exit.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Laertes and Ophelia.

I. iii.

Laer. My necessaries are imbark't; Farewell:
And Sister, as the Winds giue Benefit,

I. iii.

I fee Prince *Hamlet* makes a shew of loue
 Beware *Ophelia*, do not trust his vowes,
 Perhaps he loues you now, and now his tongue,
 Speakes from his heart, but yet take heed my filter,

[12

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F.).

And Conuoy is affittant; doe not sleepe,
 But let me heare from you.

Ophel. Doe you doubt that?

Laer. For *Hamlet*, and the trifling of his fauours,
 Hold it a fashon and a toy in Bloud;
 A Violet in the youth of Primy Nature;
 Froward, not permanent; sweet not lasting
 10 The suppliance of a minute? No more.

Ophel. No more but so.

Laer. Thinke it no more.
 For nature creffiant does not grow alone,
 In thewes and Bulke: but as his Temple waxes.
 The inward seruice of the Minde and Soule

I. iii.

And conuay, in afsiltant doe not fleepe
But let me heere from you.

Ophe. Doe you doubt that?

Laer. For *Hamlet*, and the trifling of his fauour,
Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood
A Violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, sweete, not lasting,
The perfume and suppliance of a minute

10 No more.

Ophe. No more but so.

Laer. Thinke it no more.

For nature creffant does not growe alone
In thewes and bulkes, but as this temple waxes
The inward seruice of the minde and foule
Growes wide withall, perhaps he loues you now,
And now no foyle nor cautell doth befmirch
The vertue of his will, but you must feare,
His greatnes wayd, his will is not his owne,
He may not as vnualedwed perfons doe,
Carue for himfelfe, for on his choife depends
The fafty and health of this whole ftate,
And therefore must his choife be circumfcrib'd
Vnto the voyce and yeelding of that body
Whereof he is the head, then if he faies he loues you.
It fits your wifdome fo farre to belieue it
As he in his particuler act and place
May giue his faying deede, which is no further

[15

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Growes wide withall. Perhaps he loues you now,
And now no foyle nor cautell doth befmerch
The vertue of his feare: but you must feare
His greatneffe weigh'd, his will is not his owne;
For hee himfelfe is fubieet to his Birth:

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Hee may not, as vnuallued perfons doe,
20 Carue for himfelfe; for, on his choyce depends
The sanctity and health of the weole State.
And therefore must his choyce be circumfcrib'd
Vnto the voyce and yeelding of that Body,
Whereof he is the Head. Then if he fayes he loues you,
It fits your wifedome fo farre to beleuee it;
As he in his peculiar Sect and force
May giue his faying deed: which is no further,

The Charieft maide is prodigall enough,
 If ſhe vnmaske hir beautie to the Moone.
 Vertue it ſelfe ſcapes not calumnious thoughts,
 Belieu't *Ofelia*, therefore keepe a loofe
 Left that he trip thy honor and thy fame.

Ofel. Brother, to this I haue lent attentiu eare,
 And doubt not but to keepe my honour firme,
 But my deere brother, do not you
 Like to a cunning Sophiſter,
 Teach me the path and ready way to heauen,
 While you forgetting what is ſaid to me,
 Your ſelfe, like to a careleſſe libertine
 Doth giue his heart, his appetite at ful.
 And little recks how that his honour dies.

Lear. No, feare it not my deere *Ofelia*.
 Here comes my father, occaſion ſmiles vpon a ſecond leaue.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Then the maine voyce of *Denmarke* goes withall.
 Then weigh what loſſe your Honour may ſuſtaine,
 30 If with too credent eare you liſt his Songs;
 Or loſe your Heart; or your chaſt Treafure open
 To his vnmaſtred importunity.
 Feare it *Ophelia*, feare it my deare Siſter.
 And keepe within the reare of your Affection;
 Out of the ſhot and danger of Deſire.
 The charieft Maid is Prodigall enough,
 If ſhe vnmaske her beauty to the Moone:
 Vertue it ſelfe ſcapes not calumnious ſtroakes,
 The Canker Galls, the Infants of the Spring
 40 Too oft before the buttons be diſclos'd,
 And in the Morne and liquid dew of Youth,

l. iii.

Then the maine voyce of Denmarke goes withall.
 Then way what losse your honor may sustaine
 30 If with too credent eare you list his songs
 Or loose your hart, or your chaste treasure open
 To his vnmaistred importunity.
 Feare it *Ophelia*, feare it my deare sister,
 And keepe you in the reare of your affection
 Out of the shot and danger of desire,
 "The charest maide is prodigall inough
 If she vnmaske her butie to the Moone
 "Vertue it selfe scapes not calumnious strokes
 "The canker gaules the infants of the spring
 40 Too oft before their buttons be disclof'd,
 And in the morne and liquid dewe of youth
 Contagious blastments are most imminent,
 Be wary then, best safety lies in feare,
 Youth to it selfe rebels, though none els neare.

Ophe. I shall the effect of this good lesson keepe
 As watchman to my hart, but good my brother
 Doe not as some vngracious pastors doe,
 Showe me the stepe and thorny way to heauen
 Whiles a puff, and reckles libertine
 50 Himselfe the primrose path of dalliance treads.
 And reakes not his owne reed. *Enter Polonius.*

Laer. O feare me not,
 I stay too long, but heere my father comes

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Contagious blastments are most imminent.
 Be wary then, best safety lies in feare;
 Youth to it selfe rebels, though none else neere.

Ophe. I shall th'effect of this good Lesson keepe,
 As watchmen to my heart: but good my Brother
 Doe not as some vngracious Pastors doe,
 Shew me the steepe and thorny way to Heauen;
 Whilst like a puff and recklesse Libertine
 50 Himselfe, the Primrose path of dalliance treads,
 And reaks not his owne reade.

Laer. Oh, feare me not.

Enter Polonius.

I stay too long; but here my Father comes:

Enter Corambis.

Cor. Yet here *Leartes?* aboard, aboard, for shame.
The winde fits in the shoulder of your saile.
And you are ftaid for, there my blessing with thee
And these few precepts in thy memory.

"Be thou familiar, but by no meanes vulgar;
"Those friends thou hast, and their adoptions tried,
"Grapple them to thee with a hoope of Steele,
"But do not dull the palme with entertaine,
"Of every new vnflieg'd courage,
"Beware of entrance into a quarrell; but being in,
"Beare it that the opposed may beware of thee,

70 "Costly thy apparrell, as thy purse can buy.
"But not exprest in fashion,
"For the apparrell oft proclaimes the man.
And they of *France* of the chiefe rancke and station
Are of a most select and generall chiefe in that:

"This aboue all, to thy owne selfe be true,
And it must follow as the night the day,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F).

A double blessing is a double grace;
Occasion smiles vpon a second leane.

Polon. Yet heere *Laertes?* Aboard, aboard for shame,
The winde fits in the shoulder of your saile,
And you are ftaid for there: my blessing with you;
And these few Precepts in thy memory,
See thou Character. Giue thy thoughts no tongue,
60 Nor any vnproportion'd thought his Act:
Be thou familiar; but by no meanes vulgar:
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tride,
Grapple them to thy Soule, with hoopes of Steele:
But doe not dull thy palme, with entertainment
Of each vnatch't, vnflieg'd Comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrell: but being in

I. iii.

A double blefsing, is a double grace,
Occafion fmiles vpon a fecond leaue.

Pol. Yet heere *Laertes*? a bord a bord for fhame,
The wind fits in the fhoulder of your faile,
And you are ftayed for, there my blefsing with thee.
And thefe fewe precepts in thy memory
Looke thou character, giue thy thoughts no tongue,
60 Nor any vnproportion'd thought his act,
Be thou familier, but by no meanes vulgar,
Thofe friends thou haft, and their a doption tried,
Grapple them vnto thy foule with hoopes of fteele,
But doe not dull thy palme with entertainment
Of each new hatcht vnflédgd courage, beware
Of entrance to a quarrell, but being in,
Bear't that th'oppofed may beware of thee,
Giue euery man thy eare, but fewe thy voyce,
Take each mans cenfure, but referue thy iudgement,
70 Coftly thy habite as thy purfe can by,
But not exprest in fancy; rich not gaudy,
For the apparrell oft proclaimes the man
And they in Fraunce of the beft ranck and ftation,
Or of a moft felect and generous, chiefe in that:
Neither a borrower nor a lender boy,
For loue oft loofes both it felfe, and friend,
And borrowing dulleth edge of hufbandry;
This aboue all, to thine owne felfe be true
And it muft followe as the night the day

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The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Bear't that th'oppofed may beware of thee.
Giue euery man thine eare; but few thy voyce:
Take each mans cenfure; but referue thy iudgement:
70 Coftly thy habit as thy purfe can buy;
But not exprest in fancy; rich, not gawdie:
For the Apparell oft proclaimes the man.
And they in France of the beft ranck and ftation.
Are of a moft felect and generous cheff in that.
Neither a borrower, nor a lender be;
For lone oft lofes both it felfe and friend:
And borrowing duls the edge of Hufbandry.
This aboue all; to thine owne felfe be true:
And it muft follow, as the Night the Day,

I. iii.

80 Thou canst not then be false to any one,

[13

Farewel, my blessing with thee.

Lear. I humbly take my leaue, farewell *Ophelia*.And remember well what I haue said to you *exit.**Ofel.* It is already lock't within my hart,
And you your selfe shall keepe the key of it.*Cor.* What i'th *Ophelia* he hath saide to you?*Ofel.* Somthing touching the prince *Hamlet*.90 *Cor.* Mary wel thought on, t'is giuen me to vnderstand,That you haue bin too prodigall of your maiden prefence
Vnto Prince Hamlet, if it be so,

As so tis giuen to mee, and that in waie of caution

I must tell you; you do not vnderstand your selfe

So well as befits my honor, and your credite.

100 *Ofel.* My lord, he hath made many tenders of his loue
to me.*Cor.* Tenders, I, I, tenders you may call them.*Ofel.* And withall, such earnest vowes.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

80 Thou canst not then be false to any man.

Farewell; my Blessing season this in thee.

[156b

Laer. Most humbly doe I take my leaue, my Lord.*Polon.* The time inuites you, goe, your seruants tend.*Laer.* Farewell *Ophelia*, and remember well
What I haue said to you.*Ophe.* Tis in my memory lockt,
And you your selfe shall keepe the key of it.*Laer.* Farewell.*Exit Laer.**Polon.* What i'th *Ophelia* he hath said to you?*Ophe.* So please you, somthing touching the L. *Hamlet*.90 *Polon.* Marry, well bethought:

Tis told me he hath very oft of late

I. iii.

80 Thon canst not then be false to any man:

Farwell, my blessing season this in thee.

Laer. Most humbly doe I take my leaue my Lord.

Pol. The time inuests you goe, your seruants tend.

Laer. Farwell *Ophelia*, and remember well

What I haue sayd to you.

Ophe. Tis in my memory lockt

And you your selfe shall keepe the key of it.

Laer. Farwell. *Exit Laertes.*

Pol. What ist *Ophelia* he hath said to you?

Ophe. So please you, something touching the Lord *Hamlet*.

90 *Pol.* Marry well bethought

Tis tolde me he hath very oft of late

Ginen priuate time to you, and you your selfe

Haue of your audience beene most free and bountious.

If it be so, as so tis put on me,

[17

And that in way of caution, I must tell you,

You doe not vnderstand your selfe so cleerely

As it behooues my daughter, and your honor,

What is betweene you giue me vp the truth,

Ophe. He hath my Lord of late made many tenders

100 Of his affection to me.

Pol. Affection, puh, you speake like a greene girle

Vnsifted in such perrilous circumstance,

Doe you beleue his tenders as you call them?

Ophe. I doe not knowe my Lord what I should thinke.

Pol. Marry I will teach you, thinke your selfe a babie

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Giuen priuate time to you; and you your selfe

Haue of your audience beene most free and bounteous.

If it be so, as so tis put on me;

And that in way of caution: I must tell you,

You doe not vnderstand your selfe so cleerely,

As it behoues my Daughter, and your Honour.

What is betweene you, giue me vp the truth?

Ophe. He hath my Lord of late, made many tenders

100 Of his affection to me.

Polon. Affection, puh. You speake like a greene Girle,

Vnsifted in such perillous Circumstance.

Doe you beleue his tenders, as you call them?

Ophe. I do not know, my Lord, what I should thinke.

Polon. Marry Ile teach you; thinke your selfe a Baby,

Cor. Springes to catch woodcocks,
 What, do not I know when the blood doth burne,
 How prodigall the tongue lends the heart vowes,
 In brieft, be more feanter of your maiden prefence,
 Or tendring thus you'l tender mee a foole.

Ofel. I fhall obey my lord in all I may.

Cor. *Ofelia*, receiue none of his letters,
 "For louers lines are fnares to intrap the heart;
 "Refufe his tokens, both of them are keyes
 To vnlocke Chaftitie vnto Defire:
 Come in *Ofelia*, fuch men often proue,
 "Great in their wordes, but little in their loue.

Ofel. I will my lord. *exeunt.*

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

That you haue tane his tenders for true pay,
 Which are not ftarling. Tender your felfe more dearly;
 Or not to crack the winde of the poore Phrafe.
 Roaming it thus, you'l tender me a foole.

110 *Ophe.* My Lord, he hath importun'd me with loue,
 In honourable fafhion.

Polon. I, fafhion you may call it, go too, go too.

Ophe. And hath giuen countenance to his fpeech,
 My Lord, with all the vowes of Heauen.

Polon. I, Springes to catch Woodcocks. I doe know
 When the Bloud burnes, how Prodigall the Soule
 Giues the tongue vowes: thefe blazes, Daughter,
 Giuing more light then heate; extinet in both,

1. iii.

That you haue tane theſe tenders for true pay
Which are not ſterling, tender your ſelfe more dearly
Or (not to crack the winde of the poore phraſe
Wrong it thus) you'l tender me a foole.

110 *Ophe.* My Lord he hath importun'd me with loue
In honorable faſhion.

Pol. I, faſhion you may call it, go to, go to.

Ophe. And hath giuen countenance to his ſpeech
My Lord, with almoſt all the holy vowes of heauen.

Pol. I, ſprings to catch wood-cockes, I doe knowe
When the blood burnes, how prodigall the foule
Lends the tongue vowes, theſe blazes daughter
Giuing more light then heate, extinct in both
Euen in their promiſe, as it is a making

120 You muſt not take for fire, from this time
Be ſomething ſcantier of your maiden preſence
Set your intreatments at a higher rate
Then a commaund to parle; for Lord *Hamlet*,
Belieue ſo much in him that he is young,
And with a larger tider may he walke
Then may be giuen you: in fewe *Ophelia*,
Doe not belieue his vowes, for they are brokers
Not of that die which their inueſtments ſhowe
But meere imploratotors of vnholly ſuites
130 Breathing like ſanctified and pious bonds
The better to beguide: this is for all,
I would not in plaine tearmes from this time forth

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Euen in their promiſe, as it is a making;

120 You muſt not take for fire. For this time Daughter,
Be ſomewhat ſcantier of your Maiden preſence:
Set your entreatments at a higher rate,
Then a command to parley. For Lord *Hamlet*,
Beleene ſo much in him, that he is young,
And with a larger tether may he walke,
Then may be giuen you. In few, *Ophelia*,
Doe not beleene his vowes; for they are Broakers,
Not of the eye, which their Inueſtments ſhow:
But meere implorators of vnholly Sutes,
130 Breathing like ſanctified and pious bonds,
The better to beguile. This is for all:
I would not, in plaine tearmes, from this time forth,

I. iii.

I. iv. *Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus.*

Ham. The ayre bites fhrewd; it is an eager and
An nipping winde, what houre i'tt?

Hor. I thinke it lacks of twelue, *Sound Trumpets.*

Mar. No, t'is strucke.

Hor. Indeed I heard it not, what doth this mean my lord? [14

Ham. O the king doth wake to night, & takes his rowle,
Keepe waffel, and the fwaggering vp-fpring reeles,
10 And as he dreames, his draughts of renish downe,
The kettle, drumme, and trumpet, thus bray out,
The triumphes of his pledge.

Hor. Is it a custome here?

Ham. I mary i'tt and though I am
Natine here, and to the maner borne,
It is a custome, more honourd in the breach,
Then in the obseruance.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Haue you so flander any moment leifure,
As to giue words or talke with the Lord *Hamlet*:
Look too't, I charge you; come your wayes.

Ophe. I fhall obey my Lord. *Exeunt.*

I. iv. *Enter Hamlet, Horatio, Marcellus.*

Ham. The Ayre bites fhrewdly: is it very cold?

Hor. It is a nipping and an eager ayre.

Ham. What hower now?

Hor. I thinke it lacks of twelue.

Mar. No, it is strooke. (seafon,

Hor. Indeed I heard it not: then it drawes neere the

I. iii.

Haue you so flaunder any moment leasure
As to giue words or talke with the Lord *Hamlet*,
Looke too't I charge you, come your wayes.

[18

Ophe. I shall obey my Lord. *Exeunt.*

I. iv.

Enter Hamlet, Horatio and Marcellus.

Ham. The ayre bites shroudly, it is very colde.

Hora. It is nipping, and an eager ayre.

Ham. What houre now?

Hora. I thinke it lackes of twelfe.

Mar. No, it is strooke.

Hora. Indeepe; I heard it not, it then drawes neere the season,
Wherein the spirit held his wont to walke *A flourish of trumpets*
What does this meane my Lord? *and 2. peeces goes of.*

Ham. The King doth wake to night and takes his rowle.
Keepes waffell and the swagging vp-spring reeles:

10 And as he draines his drafts of Rennish downe,
The kettle drumme, and trumpet, thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.

Hora. Is it a custome?

Ham. I marry ift,

But to my minde, though I am natie heere
And to the manner borne, it is a custome
More honourd in the breach, then the obseruance.

This heauy headed reueale east and west
Makes vs tradust, and taxed of other nations,
They clip vs drunkards, and with Swinish phraze

20 Soyle our addition, and indeede it takes
From our atchieuements, though perform'd at height
The pith and marrow of our attribute,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Wherein the Spirit held his wont to walke.

What does this meane my Lord? (rouse,

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Ham. The King doth wake to night, and takes his
Keepes waffels and the swagging vpspring reeles,

10 And as he dreines his draughts of Renish downe,
The kettle Drum and Trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his Pledge.

Horat. Is it a custome?

Ham. I marry ift;

And to my mind, though I am natie heere,
And to the manner borne: It is a Custome
More honour'd in the breach, then the obseruance.

Enter the Ghost.

Hor. Looke my Lord, it comes.

- Ham.* Angels and Ministers of grace defend vs,
 40 Be thou a spirite of health, or goblin damn'd,
 Bring with thee ayres from heauen, or blasts from hell:
 Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
 Thou comest in such questionable shape,
 That I will speake to thee,
 Ile call thee *Hamlet*, King, Father, Royall Dane,
 O answere mee, let mee not burst in ignorance,
 But say why thy canonizd bones heurfd in death
 Haue burst their ceremonies: why thy Sepulcher,
 In which wee saw thee quietly interr'd,
 50 Hath burst his ponderous and marble lawes,
 To cast thee vp againe: what may this meane,
 That thou, dead corse, againe in compleate steele,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).*Enter Ghost.*

Hor. Looke my Lord, it comes.

- Ham.* Angels and Ministers of Grace defend vs:
 40 Be thou a Spirit of health, or Goblin damn'd,
 Bring with thee ayres from Heauen, or blasts from Hell,
 Be thy euents wicked or charitable,
 Thou com'st in such a questionable shape
 That I will speake to thee. Ile call thee *Hamlet*,

I. iv.

So oft it chaunces in particuler men,
That for some vicious mole of nature in them
As in their birth wherein they are not guilty,
(Since nature cannot choofe his origin)
By their ore-grow'th of some complexion
Oft breaking downe the pales and forts of reason,
Or by some habit, that too much ore-leanens
30 The forme of plaufiue manners, that these men
Carrying I fay the ftamp of one defect
Being Natures liuery, or Fortunes ftarre,
His vertues els be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may vndergoe,
Shall in the generall cenfure take corruption
From that particuler fault: the dram of eale
Doth all the noble fubftance of a doubt
To his owne fcandle.

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Enter Ghost.

Hora. Looke my Lord it comes.

Ham. Angels and Miniſters of grace defend vs:

40 Be thou a ſpirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee ayres from heauen, or blaſts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked, or charitable.
Thou com'ſt in ſuch a queſtionable ſhape,
That I will ſpeake to thee, Ile call thee *Hamlet*.
King, father, royall Dane, ô anſwere mee,
Let me not burſt in ignorance, but tell
Why thy canoniz'd bones hearſed in death
Haue burſt their cerements? why the Sepulcher,
Wherein we ſaw thee quietly interr'd
50 Hath op't his ponderous and marble iawes,
To caſt thee vp againe. what may this meane
That thou dead corſe, againe in compleat ſteele

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

King, Father, Royall Dane: Oh, oh, anſwer me,
Let me not burſt in Ignorance; but tell
Why thy Canoniz'd bones Hearſed in death,
Haue burſt their cerments; why the Sepulcher
Wherein we ſaw thee quietly enurn'd,
50 Hath op'd his ponderous and Marble iawes,
To caſt thee vp againe? What may this meane?
That thou dead Coarſe againe in compleat ſteele,

I. iv.

Reniffets thus the glimpses of the Moone,
 Making night hideous, and we fooles of nature,
 So horridely to shake our disposition,
 With thoughts beyond the reaches of our soules?
 Say, speake, wherefore, what may this meane?

Hor. It beckons you, as though it had something
 60 To impart to you alone.

Mar. Looke with what courteous action
 It waues you to a more remoued ground,
 But do not go with it.

| 15

Hor. No, by no meanes my Lord.

Ham. It will not speake, then will I follow it.

Hor. What if it tempt you toward the flood my Lord.

That beekles ore his bace, into the sea,
 And there affume some other horrible shape,
 Which might deprive your soueraigntie of reason,
 And drine you into madnesse: thinke of it.

Ham. Still am I called, go on, ile follow thee.

80 *Hor.* My Lord, you shall not go.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Reniffits thus the glimpses of the Moone,
 Making Night hidious? And we fooles of Nature,
 So horridly to shake our disposition,
 With thoughts beyond thee; reaches of our Soules,
 Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we doe?

Ghost beckens Hamlet.

Hor. It beckons you to goe away with it,
 As if it some impartment did desire
 60 To you alone.

Mar. Looke with what courteous action
 It waits you to a more remoued ground:
 But doe not goe with it.

Hor. No, by no meanes.

I. iv.

Reuifites thus the glimfes of the Moone,
Making night hideous, and we fooles of nature
So horridly to fhake our difpofition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our foules,
Say why is this, wherefore, what fhould we doe?

Beckins.

Hora. It beckins you to goe away with it
As if it fome impartment did defire

60 To you alone.

Mar. Looke with what curteous action
It waues you to a more remooued ground,
But doe not goe with it.

Hora. No, by no meanes.

Ham. It will not fpeake, then I will followe it.

Hora. Doe not my Lord.

Ham. Why what fhould be the feare,
I doe not fet my life at a pinnes fee,
And for my foule, what can it doe to that
Being a thing immortall as it felfe;
It waues me forth againe, Ile followe it.

[20

Hora. What if it tempt you toward the flood my,
70 Or to the dreadfull fomnet of the cleefe
That bettles ore his bafe into the fea,
And there affume fome other horrible forme
Which might depriue your foueraigntie of reafon,
And draw you into madnes, thinke of it,
The very place puts toyes of defperation
Without more motiue, into euery braine

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Ham. It will not fpeake: then will I follow it.

Hor. Doe not my Lord.

Ham. Why, what fhould be the feare?

I doe not fet my life at a pins fee;
And for my Soule, what can it doe to that?
Being a thing immortall as it felfe:
It waues me forth againe; Ile follow it.

Hor. What if it tempt you toward the Floud my Lord?
70 Or to the dreadfull Sonnet of the Cliffe,
That beetles o're his bafe into the Sea,
And there affumes fome other horrible forme,
Which might depriue your Soueraignty of Reafon,
And draw you into madneffe thinke of it?

I. iv.

Ham. Why what should be the feare?

I do not set my life at a pinnes fee,
 And for my soule, what can it do to that?
 Being a thing immortall. like it selfe,
 Go on, ile follow thee.

Mar. My Lord be rulde, you shall not goe.*Ham.* My fate cries out, and makes each petty Artieue

As hardy as the Nemeon Lyons nerue,
 Still am I cald, vnhand me gentlemen;
 By heauen ile make a ghoft of him that lets me,
 Away I say, go on, ile follow thee.

Hor. He waxeth desperate with imagination.90 *Mar.* Something is rotten in the state of *Denmarke*.*Hor.* Haue after; to what issue will this sort?*Mar.* Lets follow, tis not fit thus to obey him. *exit.*

I. v.

*Enter Ghost and Hamlet.**Ham.* He go no farther, whither wilt thou leade me?*Ghost* Marke me.*Ham.* I will.*The Tragedie of Hamlet* (F₁).*Ham.* It wafts me still: goe on, Ile follow thee.80 *Mar.* You shall not goe my Lord.*Ham.* Hold off your hand.*Hor.* Be rul'd, you shall not goe.*Ham.* My fate cries out,

And makes each petty Artire in this body.

As hardy as the Nemian Lions nerue:

Still am I cal'd? Vnhand me Gentlemen:

By Heau'n, Ile make a Ghost of him that lets me:

I say away, goe on, Ile follow thee.

*Exeunt Ghost & Hamlet.**Hor* He waxes desperate with imagination.*Mar.* Let's follow; 'tis not fit thus to obey him.

I. iv.

That lookes so many fadoms to the sea
And heares it rore beneath.

Ham. It waues me still,
Goe on. Ile followe thee.

80 *Mar.* You shall not goe my Lord.

Ham. Hold of your hands.

Hora. Be rul'd, you shall not goe.

Ham. My fate cries out
And makes each petty arture in this body
As hardy as the Nemeon Lyons nerue;
Still am I cald, vnhand me Gentlemen.
By heauen Ile make a ghofst of him that lets me,
I fay away, goe on, Ile followe thee. *Exit Ghofst and Hamlet.*

Hora. He waxes desperate with imagion.

Mar. Lets followe, tis not fit thus to obey him.

Hora. Haue after, to what iffue will this come?

90 *Mar.* Something is rotten in the fstate of Denmarke.

Hora. Heauen will direct it.

Mar. Nay lets follow him. *Exeunt.*

I. v.

Enter Ghofst, and Hamlet.

Ham. Whether wilt thou leade me, fpeake, Ile goe no further.

Ghofst. Marke me.

Ham. I will.

Ghofst. My houre is almoft come
When I to fulphrus and tormenting flames
Muft render vp my felfe.

Ham. Alas poore Ghofst.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Hor. Haue after, to what iffue will this come? [257^b

90 *Mar.* Something is rotten in the State of Denmarke.

Hor. Heauen will direct it.

Mar. Nay, let's follow him. *Exeunt.*

I. v.

Enter Ghofst and Hamlet. (ther.

Ham: Where wilt thou lead me? fpeak; Ile go no fur-

Gho. Marke me.

Ham. I will.

Gho. My hower is almoft come,
When I to fulphurus and tormenting Flames
Muft render vp my felfe.

Ham. Alas poore Ghofst.

l. v.

10 *Ghoft* I am thy fathers fpirit, doomd for a time
 To walke the night, and all the day
 Confinde in flaming fire,
 Till the foule crimes done in may dayes of Nature
 Arepurged and burnt away.

Ham. Alas poore Ghoft.

Ghoft Nay pittie me not, but to my vnfold
 Lend thy liftning care, but that I am forbid [16
 To tell the fecrets of my prifon houle
 I would a tale vnfold, whose lighteft word
 Would harrow vp thy foule, freeze thy yong blood,
 Make thy two eyes like ftars ftart from their fpheres,
 Thy knotted and combined locks to part.
 And each particular haire to ftand on end
 20 Like quilts vpon the fretfull Porpentine;
 But this fame blazon muft not be, to eares of flefh and blood
 Hamlet, if ener thou didft thy deere father loue.

Ham. O God.

Gho. Reuenge his foule, and moft vnnaturall murder:

Ham. Murder.

Ghoft Yea, murder in the higheft degree,
 As in the leaft tis bad,
 But mine moft foule, beaftly, and vnnaturall.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Gho. Pittie me not, but lend thy ferious hearing
 To what I fhall vnfold.

Ham. Speake, I am bound to heare.

Gho. So art thou to reuenge, when thou fhalt heare.

Ham. What?

Gho. I am thy Fathers Spirit.

10 Doom'd for a certaine terme to walke the night;
 And for the day confin'd to fast in Fiers,
 Till the foule crimes done in my dayes of Nature
 Are burnt and purg'd away? But that I am forbid
 To tell the fecrets of my Prifon-Houle;
 I could a Tale vnfold, whose lighteft word

I. v.

Ghost. Pitty me not, but lend thy ferious hearing
To what I shall vnfold. [21

Ham. Speake, I am bound to heare.

Ghost. So art thou to reuenge, when thou shalt hear

Ham. What?

Ghost. I am thy fathers spirit,

10 Doomd for a certaine tearme to walke the night,
And for the day confind to fast in fires,
Till the foule crimes done in my dayes of nature
Are burnt and purg'd away: but that I am forbid

To tell the secrets of my prison house,
I could a tale vnfolde whose lightest word
Would harrow vp thy soule, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes like stars start from their spheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particuler haire to stand an end,
10 Like quilts vpon the fearefull Porpentine,
But this eternall blazon must not be
To eares of flesh and blood, lift, lift, ô lift:
If thou didst euer thy deare father loue.

Ham. O God.

Ghost. Reuenge his foule, and most vnnaturall murther.

Ham. Murther.

Ghost. Murther most foule, as in the best it is,
But this most foule, strange and vnnaturall.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Would harrow vp thy soule, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes like Starres, start from their Spheres,
Thy knotty and combined locks to part,
And each particular haire to stand an end,
20 Like Quilles vpon the fretfull Porpentine:
But this eternall blason must not be
To eares of flesh and blood; lift *Hamlet*, oh lift,
If thou didst euer thy deare Father loue.

Ham. Oh Heauen!

Gho. Reuenge his foule and most vnnaturall Murther.

Ham. Murther?

Ghost. Murther most foule, as in the best it is;
But this most foule, strange, and vnnaturall.

I. v.

30 *Ham.* Haste me to knowe it, that with wings as swift as
meditation, or the thought of it, may sweepe to my reuenge.

Ghost O I finde thee apt, and duller shouldst thou be
Then the fat weede which rootes it selfe in ease
On *Lethe* wharffe: brieft let me be.
Tis giuen out, that sleeping in my orchard,

A Serpent stung me; so the whole care of *Denmarke*
Is with a forged Proffes of my death rankely abus'd:
But know thou noble Youth: he that did sting
40 Thy fathers heart, now weares his Crowne.

Ham. O my prophetike soule, my vncle! my vncle!

Ghost Yea he, that incestuous wretch, wonne to his will
O wicked will, and gifts! that haue the power (with gifts,
So to seduce my most seeming vertuous Queene,

But vertne, as it neuer will be moued,
Though Lewdnesse court it in a shape of heauen,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Ham. Haft, haft me to know it,
That with wings as swift
30 As meditation, or the thoughts of Loue,
May sweepe to my Renenge.

Ghost. I finde thee apt,
And duller should'st thou be then the fat weede
That rots it selfe in ease, on *Lethe* Wharfe,
Would'st thou not stirre in this. Now *Hamlet* heare:
It's giuen out, that sleeping in mine Orchard,
A Serpent stung me: so the whole care of *Denmarke*,
Is by a forged proceffe of my death
Rankly abus'd: But know thou Noble youth,
The Serpent that did sting thy Fathers life.
40 Now weares his Crowne.

I. v.

Ham. Haft me to know't, that I with wings as swift
30 As meditation, or the thoughts of loue
May sweepe to my reuenge.

Ghoſt. I find thee apt,
And duller ſhould'ſt thou be then the fat weede
That rootes it ſelfe in eaſe on *Lethe* wharffe,
Would'ſt thou not ſturre in this; now *Hamlet* heare,
Tis giuen out, that ſleeping in my Orchard,
A Serpent ſtung me, ſo the whole eare of Denmarke
Is by a forged proceſſe of my death
Ranckely abuſde: but knowe thou noble Youth,
The Serpent that did ſting thy fathers life
40 Now weares his Crowne.

Ham. O my propheticke ſoule! my Vncle?

Ghoſt. I that inceſtuons, that adulterate beaſt,
With witchcraft of his wits, with trayterous gifts,
O wicked wit, and giftes that haue the power
So to ſeduce; wonne to his ſhamefull luſt
The will of my moſt ſeeming vertuous Queene;
O *Hamlet*, what falling off was there
From me whole loue was of that dignitie
That it went hand in hand, euen with the vowe
50 I made to her in marriage, and to decline
Vppon a wretch whole naturall gifts were poore,
To thoſe of mine; but vertue as it neuer will be mooued,
Though lewdneſſe court it in a ſhape of heauen

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The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Ham. O my Propheticke ſoule: mine Vncle?

Ghoſt. I that inceſtuons, that adulterate Beaſt
With witchcraft of his wits, hath Traitorous guifts.
Oh wicked Wit, and Gifts, that haue the power
So to ſeduce? Won to to this ſhamefull Luſt
The will of my moſt ſeeming vertuous Queene:
Oh *Hamlet*, what a falling off was there,
From me, whole loue was of that dignity,
That it went hand in hand, euen with the Vow
50 I made to her in Marriage; and to decline
Vpon a wretch, whole Naturall gifts were poore
To thoſe of mine. But Vertue, as it neuer wil be moued,
Though Lewdneſſe court it in a ſhape of Heauen:

l. v.

So Lust, though to a radiant angle linekt,
 Would fate it felfe from a celestiaall bedde,
 And prey on garbage: but folt, me thinkes
 I fent the mornings ayre, brieft let me be,

- 60 Sleeping within my Orchard, my custome alwayes
 In the after noone, vpon my secure houre
 Thy vncle came, with iuyce of Hebena
 In a viall, and through the porches of my eares
 Did powre the leaproous distilment, whose effect
 Hold such an enmitie with blood of man,
 That swift as quicksilver, it pisseth through
 The naturall gates and allies of the body,
 70 And turnes the thinnest and wholesome blood
 Like eager droppings into milke.

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And all my smooth body, barked, and tettered ouer.
 Thus was I sleeping by a brothers hand
 Of Crowne, of Queene, of life, of dignitie
 At once depriued, no reckoning made of,
 But sent vnto my graue,
 With all my accompts and finnes vpon my head,
 80 O horrible, most horrible!

Ham. O God!

ghost If thou hast nature in thee, beare it not,
 But howsoever, let not thy heart

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

- So Lust, though to a radiant Angell link'd,
 Will fate it felfe in a Celestiaallbed, & prey on Garbage.
 But folt, me thinkes I fent the Mornings Ayre;
 Briefe let me be: Sleeping within mine Orchard,
 60 My custome alwayes in the afternoone;
 Vpon my secure hower thy Vncle stole
 With iuyce of curst Hebenon in a Violl,
 And in the Porches of mine eares did poure
 The leaperous Distilment; whose effect
 Holds such an enmity with blood of Man,
 That swift as Quick-silver, it courses through
 The naturall Gates and Allies of the Body;
 And with a foudaine vigour it doth possit

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I. v.

So but though to a radiant Angle linckt,
Will fort it selfe in a celestiaall bed
And pray on garbage.
But soft, me thinkes I fent the morning ayre,
Briefe let me be; sleeping within my Orchard,
60 My custome alwayes of the afternoone,
Vpon my secure houre, thy Vncle stole
With iuyce of curfed Hebona in a viall,
And in the porches of my eares did poure
The leaproous distilment, whose effect
Holds such an enmitie with blood of man,
That swift as quicksiluer it courses through
The naturall gates and allies of the body,
And with a sodaine vigour it doth possesse
And curde like eager droppings into milke,
70 The thin and wholfome blood; so did it mine,
And a most instant tetter barekt about
Most Lazerlike with vile and lothsome cruft
All my smooth body.
Thus was I sleeping by a brothers hand,
Of life, of Crowne, of Queene at once dispatcht,
Cut off euen in the bloffomes of my sinne,
Vnhuzled, disappointed, vnaneld,
No reckning made, but sent to my account
Withall my imperfections on my head,
80 O horrible, ô horrible, most horrible.
If thou hast nature in thee beare it not,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

And curd, like Aygre droppings into Milke,
70 The thin and wholfome blood: so did it mine;
And a most instant Tetter bak'd about,
Most Lazar-like, with vile and loathsome cruft.
All my smooth Body.
Thus was I, sleeping, by a Brothers hand,
Of Life, of Crowne, and Queene at once dispatch;
Cut off euen in the Bloffomes of my Sinne,
Vnhouzzled, disappointed, vnnaneld,
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head;
80 Oh horrible, Oh horrible, most horrible:
If thou hast nature in thee beare it not;

I. v.

Confpire againſt thy mother aught,
 Leaue her to heauen,
 And to the burthen that her conſcience beares.
 I muſt be gone, the Glo-worme ſhewes the Martin
 90 To be neere, and gin's to pale his vneffectuall fire:
 Hamlet adue, adue, adue: remember me. *Exit*

Ham. O all you hoſte of heauen! O earth, what elſe?
 And ſhall I couple hell; remember thee?
 Yes thou poore Ghoſt; from the tables
 100 Of my memorie, ile wipe away all fawes of Bookes,
 All triniall fond conceites
 That euer youth, or elſe obſeruance noted,
 And thy remembrance, all alone ſhall fit.

Yes, yes, by heauen, a damnd pernitiouſ villaine,
 Murderons, bawdy, ſmiling damned villaine,
 (My tables) meet it is I ſet it downe,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Let not the Royall Bed of Denmarke be
 A Couch for Luxury and damned Inceſt.
 But howſoeuer thou purſueſt this Act,
 Taint not thy mind; nor let thy Soule contriue
 Againſt thy Mother ought; leaue her to heauen,
 And to thoſe Thornes that in her boſome lodge,
 To pricke and ſting her. Fare thee well at once;
 The Glow-worme ſhowes the Matine to be neere,
 90 And gins to pale his vneffectuall Fire:
 Adue, adue, *Hamlet*: remember me. *Exit.*
Ham. Oh all you hoſt of Heauen! Oh Earth: what elſe?
 And ſhall I couple Hell? Oh ſie: hold my heart;
 And you my ſinnewes, grow not inſtant Old;

I. v.

Let not the royall bed of Denmarke be
A couch for luxury and damned inceft.
But howfomener thou purfues this act,
Tain't not thy minde, nor let thy foule contrine
Againft thy mother ought, leaue her to heauen,
And to thofe thornes that in her bofome lodge
To prick and ftिंग her, fare thee well at once,
The Gloworme fhewes the matine to be neere

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90 And gines to pale his vneffectuall fire,
Adiew, adiew, adiew, remember me.

Ham. O all you hoft of heauen, o earth, what els,
And fhall I couple hell, o fie, hold, hold my hart,
And you my finnowes, growe not instant old,
But beare me fwiftly vp; remember thee,
I thou poore Ghoft whiles memory holds a feate
In this diftracted globe, remember thee,
Yea, from the table of my memory
He wipe away all triniall fond records,
100 All lawes of bookes, all formes, all preffures paff
That youth and obferuation coppied there,
And thy commandement all alone fhall liue,
Within the booke and volume of my braine
Vnmixt with bafer matter, yes by heauen,
O moft pernicious woman.

O villaine, villaine, fmiling damned villaine,
My tables, meet it is I fet it downe

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

But beare me ftiffely vp: Remember thee?
I, thou poore Ghoft, while memory holds a feate
In this diftracted Globe: Remember thee?
Yea, from the Table of my Memory,
He wipe away all triniall fond Records,
100 All lawes of Bookes, all formes, all prefures paff,
That youth and obferuation coppied there;
And thy Commandment all alone fhall liue
Within the Booke and Volume of my Braine,
Vnmixt with bafer matter; yes, yes, by Heauen:
Oh moft pernicious woman!
Oh Villaine, Villaine, fmiling damned Villaine!
My Tables, my Tables; meet it is I fet it downe,

I. v.

That one may smile, and smile, and be a villayne;
At leaft I am fure, it may be fo in *Denmarke*.

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110 So vncke, there you are, there you are.

Now to the words; it is adue adue: remember me,
Soe t'is enough I haue fworne.

Hor. My lord, my lord.

*Enter. Horatio,
and Marcellus.*

Mar. Lord Hamlet.

Hor. Ill, lo, lo, ho, ho.

Ham. Ill, lo, lo, fo, ho, fo, come boy, come.

Hor. Heauens fecure him.

Mar. How i'ft my noble lord?

Hor. What news my lord?

Ham. O wonderfull, wonderful.

Hor. Good my lord tel it.

Ham. No not I, you'l reueale it.

120 *Hor.* Not I my Lord by heauen.

Mar. Nor I my Lord.

Ham. How fay you then? would hart of man
Once thinke it? but you'l be fecret.

Both. I by heauen, my lord.

Ham. There's neuer a villaine dwelling in all *Denmarke*,
But hee's an arrant knaue

Hor. There need no Gholt come from the graue to tell
you this.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

That one may smile, and smile and be a Villaine;
At leaft I'm fure it may be fo in *Denmarke*;

110 So Vnckle there you are: now to my word;

It is; Adue, Adue, Remember me: I haue fworn't.

Hor & Mar. within. My Lord, my Lord.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Mar. Lord *Hamlet*.

Hor. Heauen fecure him.

Mar. So be it.

Hor. Illo, ho, ho, my Lord.

Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy; come bird, come.

Mar. How ift't my Noble Lord?

I. v.

That one may smile, and smile, and be a villaine,
At least I am sure it may be so in Denmarke.

110 So Vncle, there you are, now to my word,
It is adew, adew, remember me.
I haue sworn't.

Enter Horatio, and Marcellus.

Hora. My Lord, my Lord.

Mar. Lord *Hamlet*.

Hora. Heauens fecure him.

Ham. So be it.

Mar. Illo, ho, ho, my Lord.

Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy come, and come.

Mar. How i'ft my noble Lord?

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Hora. What newes my Lord?

Ham. O, wonderfull.

Hora. Good my Lord tell it.

Ham. No, you will reueale it.

120 *Hora.* Not I my Lord by heauen.

Mar. Nor I my Lord.

Ham. How say you then, would hart of man once thinke it,
But you'le be secret.

Booth. I by heauen.

Ham. There's neuer a villaine,
Dwelling in all Denmarke
But hee's an arrant knaue.

Hora. There needes no Ghost my Lord, come from the graue
To tell vs this.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Hor. What newes, my Lord?

Ham. Oh wonderfull!

Hor. Good my Lord tell it.

Ham. No you'l reueale it.

120 *Hor.* Not I, my Lord, by Heauen.

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Mar. Nor I, my Lord. (think it?)

Ham. How say you then, would heart of man once
But you'l be secret?

Both. I, by Heau'n, my Lord.

Ham. There's nere a villaine dwelling in all Denmarke
But hee's an arrant knaue.

Hora. There needes no Ghost my Lord, come from the
Graue, to tell vs this.

I. v.

Ham. Right, you are in the right, and therefore
 I holde it meet without more circumstance at all,
 Wee shake hands and part; you as your busines
 And defiers shall leade you: for looke you,
 130 Euery man hath busines, and defires, such
 As it is, and for my owne poore parte, ile go pray.

Hor. These are but wild and wherling words, my Lord.

Ham. I am fory they offend you; hartely, yes faith hartily.

Hor. Ther's no offence my Lord.

Ham. Yes by Saint *Patrike* but there is *Horatio*,
 And much offence too. touching this vision,
 It is an honest gholt, that let mee tell you,
 For your defires to know what is betweene vs, [19
 140 Oremafter it as you may:
 And now kind frends, as you are frends,
 Schollers and gentlmen.
 Grant mee one poore request.

Both. What i't my Lord?

Ham. Neuer make known what you haue seene to night

Both. My lord, we will not.

Ham. Nay but sweare.

Hor. In faith my Lord not I.

Mar. Nor I my Lord in faith.

Ham. Nay vpon my sword, indeed vpon my sword.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F).

Ham. Why right, you are i'th' right;
 And so, without more circumstance at all,
 I hold it fit that we shake hands, and part:
 You, as your busines and defires shall point you:
 130 For euery man ha's businesse and desire,
 Such as it is: and for mine owne poore part,
 Looke you, Ile goe pray.

Hor. These are but wild and hurling words, my Lord.

Ham. I'm forry they offend you heartily:
 Yes faith, heartily.

Hor. There's no offence my Lord.

Ham. Yes, by Saint *Patricke*, but there is my Lord,
 And much offence too, touching this Vision heere:

I. v.

Ham. Why right, you are in the right,
And so without more circumstance at all
I hold it fit that we shake hands and part,
You, as your busines and desire shall poynt you,
130 For euery man hath busines and desire
Such as it is, and for my owne poore part
I will goe pray.

Hora. These are but wilde and whurling words my Lord.

Ham. I am sorry they offend you hartily,
Yes faith hartily.

Hora. There's no offence my Lord.

Ham. Yes by Saint *Patrick* but there is *Horatio*,
And much offence to, touching this vision heere,
It is an honest Ghost that let me tell you,
For your desire to knowe what is betweene vs
140 O'remaſtret as you may, and now good friends,
As you are friends, ſchollers, and ſouldiers,
Giue me one poore request.

Hora. What i'tt my Lord, we will.

Ham. Neuer make knowne what you haue ſeene to night.

Booth. My Lord we will not.

Ham. Nay but ſwear't.

Hora. In faith my Lord not I.

Mar. Nor I my Lord in faith.

Ham. Vppon my ſword.

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Mar. We haue ſworne my Lord already.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

It is an honest Ghost, that let me tell you:
For your desire to know what is betweene vs,
140 O'remaſter't as you may. And now good friends,
As you are Friends, Schollers and Soldiers,
Giue me one poore request.

Hor. What is't my Lord? we will.

Ham. Neuer make known what you haue ſeen to night.

Both. My Lord, we will not.

Ham. Nay, but ſwear't.

Hor. Infaith my Lord, not I.

Mar. Nor I my Lord: in faith.

Ham. Vpon my ſword.

Marcell. We haue ſworne my Lord already.

l. v.

Gho. Swear.*The Ghost vnder the stage.*

150 *Ham.* Ha, ha, come you here, this fellow in the fellerige,
Here consent to sweare.

Hor. Propose the oth my Lord.

Ham. Neuer to speake what you haue seene to night,
Sweare by my sword.

Ghost. Swear.

Ham. *Hic & vbique*, nay then wee'll shift our ground:
Come hither Gentlemen, and lay your handes
Againe vpon this sword, neuer to speake
160 Of that which you haue seene, sweare by my sword.

Ghost Swear.

Ham. Well said old Mole, can't worke in the earth?
fo fast, a worthy Pioner, once more remoue.

Hor. Day and night, but this is wondrous strange.

Ham. And therefore as a stranger giue it welcome,
There are more things in heauen and earth *Horatio*,
Then are Dream't of, in your philosophie,
But come here, as before you neuer shall
170 How strange or odde soere I beare my selfe,
As I perchance hereafter shall thinke meet,
To put an Anticke disposition on,
That you at such times seeing me, neuer shall

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).*Ham.* Indeed, vpon my sword, Indeed.*Gho.* Swear. *Ghost cries vnder the Stage.*

150 *Ham.* Ah ha boy, sayest thou so. Art thou there true-
penny? Come one you here this fellow in the felleredge
Consent to sweare.

Hor. Propose the Oath my Lord.

Ham. Neuer to speake of this that you haue seene.
Sweare by my sword.

Gho. Swear.

Ham. *Hic & vbique?* Then wee'll shift for grownd,
Come hither Gentlemen,
And lay your hands againe vpon my sword,

I. v.

Ham. Indeede vpon my sword, indeed.

Ghost cries vnder the Stage.

Ghost. Sweare.

150 *Ham.* Ha, ha, boy, say'st thou so, art thou there truppenny?
Come on, you heare this fellowe in the Sellige,
Consent to sweare.

Hora. Propose the oath my Lord.

Ham. Neuer to speake of this that you haue seene
Sweare by my sword.

Ghost. Sweare.

Ham. *Hic, & ubique*, then weele shift our ground:
Come hether Gentlemen
And lay your hands againe vpon my sword,
160 Sweare by my sword
Neuer to speake of this that you haue heard.

Ghost. Sweare by his sword.

Ham. Well sayd olde Mole, can't worke it'h earth so fast,
A worthy Pioner, once more remouue good friends.

Hora. O day and night, but this is wondrous strange.

Ham. And therefore as a stranger giue it welcome,
There are more things in heauen and earth *Horatio*
Then are dream't of in your philosophie, but come
Heere as before, neuer so helpe you mercy,
170 (How strange or odde so mere I beare my selfe,
As I perchance heereafter shall thinke meet,
To put an Anticke disposition on
That you at such times seeing me, neuer shall

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Neuer to speake of this that you haue heard:

160 Sweare by my Sword.

Gho. Sweare. (fast?)

Ham. Well said old Mole, can't worke it'h' ground so
A worthy Pioner, once more remoue good friends.

Hor. Oh day and night: but this is wondrous strange.

Ham. And therefore as a stranger giue it welcome.
There are more things in Heauen and Earth, *Horatio*,
Then are dream't of in our Philosophie But come,
Here as before, neuer so helpe you mercy,
170 How strange or odde so ere I beare my selfe;
(As I perchance heereafter shall thinke meet
To put an Anticke disposition on:)
That you at such time seeing me, neuer shall

I. v.

With Armes incombred thus, or this head flake,
 Or by pronouncing some vndoubtfull phrafe,
 As well well, wee know or wee could and if we would.
 Or there be, and if they might, or such ambiguous:
 Giuing out to note, that you know aught of mee,
 180 This not to doe, so grace, and mercie
 At your most need helpe you, sweare
Ghost. sweare.

[20

Ham. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit: so gentlemen,
 In all my loue I do commend mee to you,
 And what so poore a man as *Hamlet* may,
 To pleasure you, God willing shall not want,
 Nay come lett's go together,
 But stil your fingers on your lippes I pray,
 The time is out of ioynt, O curfed spite,
 190 That euer I was borne to set it right,
 Nay come lett's go together. *Exeunt.*

II. i.

Enter Corambis, and Montano.

Cor. *Montano*, here, these letters to my sonne,
 And this same mony with my blessing to him,
 And bid him ply his learning good *Montano*.

Mon. Iwill my lord.

Cor. You shall doe very well *Montano*, to say thus,
 I knew the gentleman, or know his father,
 To inquire the manner of his life,
 As thus; being amongst his acquaintance,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

With Armes encombred thus, or thus, head flake;
 Or by pronouncing of some doubtfull Phrafe;
 As well, we know, or we could and if we would.
 Or if we list to speake; or there be and if there might,
 Or such ambiguous giuing out to note,
 That you know ought of me; this not to doe:
 180 So grace and mercy at your most neede helpe you:
 Sweare.

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Ghost. Sweare.

Ham. Rest, rest perturbed Spirit: so Gentlemen,
 With all my loue I doe commend me to you;
 And what so poore a man as *Hamlet* is,
 May doe t'expresse his loue and friending to you,
 God willing shall not lacke: let vs goe in together,

I. v.

With armes incombred thus, or this head fhake,
Or by pronouncing of fome doubtfull phrafe,
As well, well, we knowe, or we could and if we would,
Or if we lift to fpeake, or there be and if they might,
Or fuch ambiguous giuing out, to note)

That you knowe ought of me, this doe fweare,

180 So grace and mercy at your moft neede helpe you.

Ghoft. Swear.

Ham. Reft, reft, perturbed fpirit: fo Gentlemen,
Withall my loue I doe commend me to you

And what fo poore a man as *Hamlet* is,

May doe t'exprefse his loue and frending to you

God willing fhall not lack, let vs goe in together,

And ftill your fingers on your lips I pray,

The time is out of ioynt, ô curfed fpight

190 That euer I was borne to fet it right.

Nay come, lets goe together.

Exeunt.

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II. i.

Enter old Polonius, with his man or two.

Pol. Giue him this money, and thefe notes *Reynaldo*.

Rey. I will my Lord.

Pol. You fhall doe meruiles wifely good *Reynaldo*,
Before you vifite him, to make inquire
Of his behauiour.

Rey. My Lord, I did intend.it.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

And ftill your fingers on your lippes I pray,

The time is out of ioynt: Oh curfed fpight,

190 That euer I was borne to fet it right.

Nay, come let's goe together.

Exeunt.

II. i.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Polonius, and Reynoldo.

Polon. Giue him his money, and thefe notes *Reynoldo*.

Reynol. I will my Lord.

Polon. You fhall doe maruels wifely: good *Reynoldo*,
Before you vifite him you make inquiry
Of his behauiour.

Reynol. My Lord, I did intend it.

11. i.

You may say, you saw him at such a time, marke you mee,
At game, or drincking, fwearing, or drabbing,
You may go so farre.

Mon. My lord, that will impeach his reputation.

Cor. I faith not a whit, no not a whit,
Now happely hee clofeth with you in the consequence,
As you may bridle it not disparage him a iote.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Polon. Marry, well said;
Very well said. Looke you Sir,
Enquire me first what Danskers are in Paris;
And how, and who; what meanes; and where they keepe:
10 What company, at what expence: and finding
By this encompaffement and drift of question,
That they doe know my sonne: Come you more neerer
Then your particular demands will touch it,
Take you as 'twere some distant knowledge of him,
And thus I know his father and his friends,
And in part him. Doe you marke this *Reynoldo*?

Reynol. I, very well my Lord.

Polon. And in part him, but you may say not well;
But ift be hee I meane, hees very wilde;

11. i.

Pol. Mary well laid, very well laid; looke you fir,
Enquire me first what Danskers are in Parris,
And how, and who, what meanes, and where they keepe,
10 What companie, at what expence, and finding
By this encompassment, and drift of question
That they doe know my sonne, come you more neerer
Then your perticuler demaunds will tuch it,
Take you as t'were some distant knowledge of him,
As thus, I know his father, and his friends,
And in part him, doe you marke this *Reynaldo*?

Rey. I, very well my Lord.

Pol. And in part him, but you may say, not well,
But y't be he I meane, hee's very wilde,
Addicted so and so, and there put on him
20 What forgeries you please, marry none so ranck
As may dishonour him, take heede of that,
But fir, such wanton, wild, and vsuall flips,
As are companions noted and most knowne
To youth and libertie.

Rey. As gaming my Lord.

Pol. I, or drinking, fencing, fwearing,
Quarrelling, drabbing, you may goe so far.

Rey. My Lord, that would dishonour him.

Pol. Fayth as you may season it in the charge.

You must not put another scandell on him, [27
30 That he is open to incontinencie,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Addicted so and so; and there put on him
20 What forgeries you please: marry, none so ranke,
As may dishonour him; take heed of that:
But Sir, such wanton, wild, and vsuall flips,
As are Companions noted and most knowne
To youth and liberty.

Reynol. As gaming my Lord.

Polon. I, or drinking, fencing, fwearing,
Quarelling, drabbing. You may goe so farre.

Reynol. My Lord that would dishonour him.

Polon. Faith no, as you may season it in the charge;
You must not put another scandall on him,
30 That hee is open to Incontinencie;

50 What was I about to say.

Mon. He clofeth with him in the confequence

Cor. I, you fay right, he clofeth with him thus,
This will hee fay, let mee fee what hee will fay,
Mary this, I faw him yefterday, or tother day,

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The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

That's not my meaning: but breath his faults fo quaintly,
That they may feeme the taints of liberty;
The flafh and out-breake of a fiery minde,
A fauagenes in vnreclaim'd bloud of generall affault.

Reynol. But my good Lord.

Polon. Wherefore fhould you doe this?

Reynol. I my Lord, I would know that.

Polon. Marry Sir, heere's my drift,

And I belieue it is a fetch of warrant:

You laying thefe flight fulleyes on my Sonne,

40 As 'twere a thing a little foil'd i'th' working: (found,
Marke you your party in conuerfe; him you would
Hauing euer feene. In the prenominate crimes,

II. i.

That's not my meaning, but breath his faults so quently
That they may seeme the taints of libertie,
The flash and out-breake of a fierie mind,
A sauagenes in vnreclamed blood,
Of generall affault.

Rey. But my good Lord.

Pol. Wherefore should you doe this?

Rey. I my Lord, I would know that.

Pol. Marry sir, heer's my drift,

And I belieue it is a fetch of wit,

You laying these flight fallies on my sonne

40 As t'were a thing a little soyl'd with working,

Marke you, your partie in conuerse, him you would sound

Hauing euer seene in the prenominat crimes

The youth you breath of guiltie, be assur'd

He closes with you in this consequence,

Good sir, (or so,) or friend, or gentleman,

According to the phrase, or the addition

Of man and country.

Rey. Very good my Lord.

50 *Pol.* And then sir does a this, a doos, what was I about to say?

By the masse I was about to say something,

Where did I leaue?

Rey. At closes in the consequence.

Pol. At closes in the consequence, I marry,

He closes thus, I know the gentleman,

I saw him yesterday, or th'other day,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

The youth you breath of guilty, be assur'd

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He closes with you in this consequence:

Good sir, or so, or friend, or Gentleman.

According to the Phrase and the Addition,

Of man and Country.

Reynol. Very good my Lord.

50 *Polon.* And then Sir does he this?

He does: what was I about to say?

I was about to say something: where did I leaue?

Reynol. At closes in the consequence:

At friend, or so, and Gentleman.

Polon. At closes in the consequence, I marry,

He closes with you thus. I know the Gentleman,

I saw him yesterday, or tother day;

H. i.

Or then, or at such a time, a dicing,

60 Or at Tennis, I or drincking drunke, or entring
Of a howse of lightnes viz. brothell,

Thus fir do wee that know the world, being men of reach,
By indirections, finde directions forth,

And so shall you my sonne; you ha me, ha you not?

Mon. I haue my lord.

Cor. Wel, fare you well, commend mee to him.

Mon. I will my lord.

Cor. And bid him ply his mulicke

Mon. My lord I wil. *exit.*

Enter, Ofelia.

Cor. Farewel, how now *Ofelia*, what's the news with you?

Ofe. O my deare father, such a change in nature,
So great an alteration in a Prince,
So pitifull to him, fearefull to mee,
A maidens eye ne're looked on.

Cor. Why what's the matter my *Ofelia*?

Of. O yong Prince *Hamlet*, the only floure of *Denmark*,
Hee is bereft of all the wealth he had,
The Iewell that ador'nd his feature most

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Or then or then, with such and such; and as you say,
There was he gaming, there o'retooke in's Rouse,
There falling out at Tennis; or perchance,

60 I saw him enter such a house of saile;

Videlicet, a Brothell, or so forth. See you now;

Your bait of falshood, takes this Cape of truth;

And thus doe we of wifedome and of reach

With windleffes, and with assaies of Bias,

By indirections finde directions out:

So by my former Lecture and aduice

Shall you my Sonne; you haue me, haue you not?

Reynol. My Lord I haue.

II. i.

Or then, or then, with such or such, and as you say,
There was a gaming there, or tooke in's rowle,
There falling out at Tennis, or perchance

60 I saw him enter such a house of sale,
Videlizet, a brothell, or so fourth, see you now,
Your bait of falshood take this carpe of truth,
And thus doe we of wifedome, and of reach,
With windleffes, and with affaies of bias,
By indirections find directions out,
So by my former lecture and aduise
Shall you my sonne; you haue me, haue you not?

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Rey. My Lord, I haue.

Pol. God buy ye, far ye well.

70 *Rey.* Good my Lord.

Pol. Obserue his inclination in your selfe.

Rey. I shall my Lord.

Pol. And let him ply his musique.

Rey. Well my Lord. *Exit Rey.*

Enter Ophelia.

Pol. Farewell. How now *Ophelia*, whats the matter?

Oph. O my Lord, my Lord, I haue beene so affrighted,

Pol. With what i'th name of God?

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The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Polon. God buy you; fare you well.

70 *Reynol.* Good my Lord.

Polon. Obserue his inclination in your selfe.

Reynol. I shall my Lord.

Polon. And let him ply his Musicke.

Reynol. Well, my Lord. *Exit.*

Enter Ophelia.

Polon. Farewell:

How now *Ophelia*, what's the matter?

Ophe. Alas my Lord, I haue beene so affrighted.

Polon. With what, in the name of Heauen?

II. i.

Is filcht and stolne away, his wit's bereft him,
 Hee found mee walking in the gallery all alone,
 There comes hee to mee with a distracted looke,
 80 His garters lagging downe, his shooes vntide,
 And fixt his eyes so stedfast on my face,
 As if they had vow'd, this is their latest object.
 Small while he stoode, but gripes me by the wrift,
 And there he holdes my pulfe till with a figh
 He doth vnelaspe his holde, and parts away
 Silent, as is the mid time of the night:
 And as he went, his eie was still on mee,
 For thus his head ouer his shoulder looked,
 He seemed to finde the way without his eies:
 For out of doores he went without their helpe,
 And so did leaue me.

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Cor. Madde for thy loue,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Ophe. My Lord, as I was fowing in my Chamber,
 Lord *Hamlet* with his doublet all vnbrac'd,
 No hat vpon his head, his stockings foul'd.
 80 Vngartred, and downe giued to his Anckle,
 Pale as his flirt, his knees knocking each other,
 And with a looke so pitious in purport,
 As if he had been loofed out of hell,
 To speake of horrors: he comes before me.

Polon. Mad for thy Lone?

Ophe. My Lord, I doe not know: but truly I do feare it.

Polon. What said he?

II. i.

Ophe. My Lord, as I was fowing in my cloffet,
Lord *Hamlet* with his doublet all vnbrac'd,
No hat vpon his head, his stockins fouled,
80 Vngartred, and downe gyued to his anele,
Pale as his shirt, his knees knocking each other.
And with a looke so pittious in purport
As if he had been loofed out of hell
To speake of horrors, he comes before me.

Pol. Mad for thy loue?

Oph. My lord I doe not know,
But truly I doe feare it.

Pol. What said he?

Oph. He tooke me by the wrift, and held me hard,
Then goes he to the length of all his arme,
And with his other hand thus ore his brow,
90 He falls to such perusall of my face
As a would draw it, long stayd he so,
At last, a little shaking of mine arme,
And thrice his head thus wauning vp and downe,
He raisd a sigh so pittious and profound
As it did seeme to shatter all his bulke,
And end his beeing; that done, he lets me goe,
And with his head ouer his shoulder turn'd
Hee seem'd to find his way without his eyes,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Ophe. He tooke me by the wrift, and held me hard;
Then goes he to the length of all his arme;
And with his other hand thus o're his brow,
90 He fals to such perusall of my face,
As he would draw it. Long stayd he so,
At last, a little shaking of mine Arme:
And thrice his head thus wauning vp and downe;
He rais'd a sigh, so pittious and profound,
That it did seeme to shatter all his bulke,
And end his being. That done, he lets me goe,
And with his head ouer his shoulders turn'd,
He seem'd to finde his way without his eyes,



The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q₁).

II. i.

What haue you giuen him any croffe wordes of late?

Ofelia I did repell his letters, deny his gifts,
As you did charge me.

110 *Cor.* Why that hath made him madde:

By heau'n t'is as proper for our age to cast
Beyond our felues, as t'is for the yonger fort
To leaue their wantonneffe. Well, I am fory
That I was so rash: but what remedy?
Lets to the King, this madneffe may prooue,
Though wilde a while, yet more true to thy loue. *exeunt.*

II. ii. *Enter King and Queene, Rosencraft, and Gilderstone.*

King Right noble friends, that our deere cofin Hamlet
Hath lost the very heart of all his fence,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

For out adores he went without their helpe;
100 And to the last, bended their light on me.

Polon. Goe with me, I will goe seeke the King,
This is the very extasie of Loue,
Whose violent property foredoes it selfe.
And leads the will to desperate Vndertakings, [260a
As oft as any passion vnder Heauen,
That does afflict our Natures. I am forrie,
What haue you giuen him any hard words of late?

Ophe. No my good Lord: but as you did command,
I did repell his Letters, and deny'de
110 His acceffe to me.

Pol. That hath made him mad.
I am forrie that with better speed and iudgement
I had not quoted him. I feare he did but trifle,

The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q₂).

II. i.

For out adoores he went without theyr helps,

100 And to the laft bended their light on me.

Pol. Come, goe with mee, I will goe seeke the King,

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This is the very extacie of loue,

Whose violent propertie fordoos it selfe,

And leades the will to desperat vndertakings

As oft as any pafsions vnder heauen

That dooes afflict our natures: I am forry,

What, haue you giuen him any hard words of late?

Oph. No my good Lord, but as you did commaund

I did repell his letters, and denied

110 His acceffe to me.

Pol. That hath made him mad.

I am forry, that with better heede and iudgement

I had not coted him, I fear'd he did but trifle

And meant to wrack thee, but befhrow my Ielonfie:

By heauen it is as proper to our age

To cast beyond our felues in our opinions,

As it is common for the younger sort

To lack diferetion; come, goe we to the King,

This must be knowne, which beeing kept clofe, might moue

More grieve to hide, then hate to vtter loue,

Come. *Exeunt.*

II. ii.

Florisb: Enter King and Queene, Rosencraus and
Guyldensterne.

King. Welcome deere Rosencraus, and Guyldensterne,
Moreouer, that we much did long to see you,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

And meant to wracke thee: but befhrew my iealousie:

It seemes it is as proper to our Age,

To cast beyond our felues in our Opinions,

As it is common for the yonger sort

To lacke diferetion. Come, go we to the King,

This must be knowne, w^h being kept clofe might moue

More greefe to hide, then hate to vtter loue.

Exeunt.

II. ii.

Scena Secunda.

Enter King, Queene, Rosincrance, and Guilden-
sterne Cum alijs.

King. Welcome deere Rosincrance and Guildensterne.
Moreouer, that we much did long to see you,

11. ii.

It is most right, and we most fory for him:
 Therefore we doe desire, euen as you tender
 Our care to him, and our great loue to you,
 That you will labour but to wring from him
 The cause and ground of his distemperancie.
 Doe this, the king of *Denmarke* shal be thankefull.

Ref. My Lord, whatsoeuer lies within our power
 Your maiestie may more commaund in wordes
 Then vse perswasions to your liege men, bound
 By loue, by duetie, and obedience.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

The neede we haue to vse you, did prouoke
 Our hastie sending. Something haue you heard
 Of *Hamlets* transformation: so I call it,
 Since not th'exterior, nor the inward man
 Resembles that it was. What it should bee
 More then his Fathers death, that thus hath put him
 So much from th'vnderstanding of himselfe,
 10 I cannot deeme of. I intreat you both,
 That being of so young dayes brought vp with him:
 And since so Neighbour'd to his youth, and humour,
 That you vouchsafe your rest heere in our Court
 Some little time: so by your Companies
 To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather

II. ii.

The need we haue to vse you did prouoke
Our hastie sending, something haue you heard
Of *Hamlets* transformation, so call it,
Sith nor th'exterior, nor the inward man
Resembles that it was, what it should be,
More then his fathers death, that thus hath put him
So much from th'vnderstanding of himselfe

✓ 10 I cannot dreame of: I entreate you both
That beeing of so young dayes brought vp with him,
And sith so nabored to his youth and hauior,
That you voutsafe your rest heere in our Court
Some little time. so by your companies
To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather
So much as from occasion you may gleane,
Whether ought to vs vnknowne afflicts him thus,
That open'd lyes within our remedie.

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Quee. Good gentlemen, he hath much talkt of you,
20 And sure I am, two men there is not lining
To whom he more adheres, if it will please you
To shew vs so much gentry and good will,
As to expend your time with vs a while,
For the supply and profit of our hope,
Your visitation shall receiue such thanks
As fits a Kings remembrance.

Rof. Both your Maiesties
Might by the soueraigne power you haue of vs,
Put your dread pleasures more into command
Then to entreatie.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

So much as from Occasions you may gleane,
That open'd lies within our remedie.

Qu. Good Gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you,
20 And sure I am, two men there are not lining,
To whom he more adheres. If it will please you
To shew vs so much Gentry, and good will,
As to expend your time with vs a-while,
For the supply and profit of our Hope,
Your Visitation shall receiue such thanks
As fits a Kings remembrance.

Rofⁿ. Both your Maiesties
Might by the Soueraigne power you haue of vs,
Put your dread pleasures, more into Command
Then to Entreatie.

I. ii.

Guil. What we may doe for both your Maiesties
To know the grieffe troubles the Prince your sonne,
We will indenour all the best we may,
So in all duetie doe we take our leaue.

King Thankes Guilderstone, and gentle Roffencraft.

Que. Thankes Roffencraft, and gentle Gilderstone.

Enter Corambis and Ofelia.

40 *Cor.* My Lord, the Ambassadors are ioyfully
Return'd from *Norway*.

King Thon still hast beene the father of good news.

Cor. Haue I my Lord? I assure your grace,

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I holde my duetie as I holde my life,

Both to my God, and to my soueraigne King:

And I beleue, or else this braine of mine

Hunts not the traine of policie so well

As it had wont to doe, but I haue found

The very depth of Hamlets lunacie.

Queene God graunt he hath.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Guil. We both obey.

30 And here giue vp our selues, in the full bent,

To lay our Seruices freely at your feete.

To be commanded.

King. Thankes *Rosineraunce*, and gentle *Guildenstjerne*.

Qu. Thankes *Guildenstjerne* and gentle *Rosineraunce*.

And I beseech you instantly to visit

My too much changed Sonne.

Go some of ye.

And bring the Gentlemen where *Hamlet* is.

Guil. Heauens make our presence and our practises
Pleasant and helpfull to him.

Exit.

Queene. Amen.

[260b

II. ii.

Guyld. But we both obey.

30 *And heere giue vp our felues in the full bent,
To lay our seruice freely at your feete
To be commaunded.*

King. Thanks *Rofencrans*, and gentle *Guyldensterne*.

Quee. Thanks *Guyldensterne*, and gentle *Rofencrans*.
And I beseech you instantly to visite
My too much changed sonne, goe some of you
And bring these gentlemen where *Hamlet* is.

Guyld. Heauens make our presence and our practices
Pleasant and helpfull to him.

Quee. I Amen.

Exeunt Ros. and Guyld.

Enter Polonius.

40 *Pol.* Th'embassadors from *Norway* my good Lord,
Are ioyfully returnd.

King. Thou still hast been the father of good newes.

Pol. Haue I my Lord? I assure my good Liege
I hold my dutie as I hold my soule,
Both to my God, and to my gracious King;
And I doe thinke, or els this braine of mine
Hunts not the trayle of policie so sure
As it hath vs'd to doe, that I haue found
The very cause of *Hamlets* lunacie:

50 *King.* O speake of that, that doe I long to heare.

Pol. Giue first admittance to th'embassadors,
My newes shall be the fruite to that great feast.

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The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Enter Polonius.

40 *Pol.* Th'Ambassadors from *Norway*, my good Lord,
Are ioyfully return'd.

King. Thou still hast bin the Father of good Newes.

Pol. Haue I, my Lord? Assure you, my good Liege,
I hold my dutie, as I hold my Soule,
Both to my God, one to my gracious King:
And I do thinke, or else this braine of mine
Hunts not the traile of Policie. so sure
As I haue vs'd to do: that I haue found
The very cause of *Hamlets* Lunacie.

50 *King.* Oh speake of that, that I do long to heare.

Pol. Giue first admittance to th'Ambassadors,
My Newes shall be the Newes to that great Feast.

Enter the Ambassadors.

King Now *Voltemar*, what from our brother *Norway*?

60 *Volt.* Most faire returnes of greetings and desires,

Vpon our first he sent forth to suppress
His nephews leuies, which to him appear'd
To be a preparation gainst the Polacke:
But better look't into, he truely found
It was against your Highnesse, whereat grieved,
That to his sicknesse, age, and impotence,
Was falsely borne in hand, sends out arrests
On *Fortenbrasse*, which he in briefe obays,
Receiues rebuke from *Norway*: and in fine,

70 Makes vow before his vncke, neuer more
To giue the assay of Armes against your Maiestie,
Whereon olde *Norway* ouercome with ioy,
Giues him three thousand crownes in annuall fee,
And his Commiſſion to employ those souldiers,
So leuied as before, against the Polacke,
With an intreaty heerein further shewne,
That it would please you to giue quiet passe
Through your dominions, for that enterprife

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

King. Thy selfe do grace to them, and bring them in.
He tels me my sweet Queene, that he hath found
The head and fourte of all your Sommes distemper.

Qu. I doubt it is no other, but the maine,
His Fathers death, and our o're-halty Marriage.

Enter Polonius, Voltumand, and Cornelius.

King. Well, we shall sift him. Welcome good Friends:
Say *Voltumand*, what from our Brother Norway?

60 *Volt.* Most faire returne of Greetings, and Desires.

Vpon our first, he sent our to suppress
His Nephewes Leuies, which to him appear'd
To be a preparation 'gainst the Poleak:
But better look'd into, he truly found

11. ii.

King. Thy felfe doe grace to them, and bring them in.
He tells me my deere *Gertrard* he hath found
The head and fource of all your fonnes diftemper.

Quee. I doubt it is no other but the maine
His fathers death, and our haftie marriage.

Enter Embassadors.

King. Well, we fhall lift him, welcome my good friends,
Say *Voltemand*, what from our brother *Norway*?

60 *Vol.* Moft faire returne of greetings and defires;

Vpon our firft, he fent out to fuprefle
His Nephews leuies, which to him appeared
To be a preparation gainft the *Pollacke*,
But better lookt into, he truly found
It was againft your highnes, whereat green'd
That fo his ficknes, age, and impotence
Was fallfly borne in hand, fends out arrefts
On *Fortenbraffe*, which he in breefe obeyes,
Receiues rebuke from *Norway*, and in fine,
70 Makes vow before his Vnkle neuer more
To giue th'affay of Armes againft your Maieftie:
Whereon old *Norway* ouercome with ioy,
Giues him threefeore thoufand crownes in anuall fee.
And his commiffion to imploy thofe fouldiers
So leuiel (as before) againft the *Pollacke*,
With an entreatie heerein further fhone,
That it might pleafe you to giue quiet paffe
Through your dominions for this enterprife

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

It was againft your Highneffe, whereat greened,
That fo his Sickneffe, Age, and Impotence
Was fallfely borne in hand, fends out Arrefts
On *Fortinbras*, which he (in breefe) obeyes,
Receiues rebuke from *Norway*: and in fine,
70 Makes Vow before his Vnkle, neuer more
To giue th'affay of Armes againft your Maieftie.
Whereon old *Norway*, ouercome with ioy,
Giues him three thoufand Crownes in Annuall Fee,
And his Commiffion to imploy thofe Soldiers
So leuiel as before, againft the Poleak:
With an intreaty heerein further fhewne,
That it might pleafe you to giue quiet paffe
Through your Dominions, for his Entreprize,

11. ii.

On such regardes of safety and allowances

80 As therein are set downe.

King It likes vs well, and at fit time and leasure

Weele reade and answere these his Articles.

Meane time we thanke you for your well

Tooke labour: go to your rest, at night weele feast together:

Right welcome home. *exeunt Ambassadors.*

Cor. This busines is very well dispatched.

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Now my Lord, touching the yong Prince Hamlet,

Certaine it is that hee is madde: mad let vs grant him then:

100 Now to know the cause of this effect,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F).

On such regards of safety and allowance.

80 As therein are set downe.

King. It likes vs well:

And at our more consider'd time wee'l read.

Answer, and thinke vpon this Businesse.

Meane time we thanke you, for your well-tooke Labour.

Go to your rest, at night wee'l Feast together.

Most welcome home.

Exit Ambass.

Pol. This businesse is very well ended.

My Liege, and Madam, to expostulate

What Maiestie should be, what Dutie is.

Why day is day; night, night: and time is time.

Were nothing but to waste Night, Day, and Time.

11. ii.

On such regards of safety and allowance

80 As therein are set downe.

King. It likes vs well,

And at our more confidered time, wee'le read,

Answer, and thinke vpon this busines:

Meane time, we thanke you for your well tooke labour,

Goe to your rest, at night wee'le feast together,

Most welcome home.

Exeunt Embassadors.

Pol. This busines is well ended.

My Liege and Maddam, to expostulate

[32

What maiestie should be, what dutie is,

Why day is day, night, night, and time is time,

Were nothing but to waite night, day, and time,

90 Therefore breuitie is the foule of wit,

And tediousnes the lymmes and outward flourishes,

I will be briefe, your noble sonne is mad:

Mad call I it, for to define true madnes,

What ist but to be nothing els but mad,

But let that goe.

Quee. More matter with lesse art.

Pol. Maddam, I sweare I vse no art at all,

That hee's mad tis true, tis true, tis pittie.

And pittie tis tis true, a foolish figure.

But farewell it, for I will vse no art,

100 Mad let vs graunt him then, and now remaines

That we find out the cause of this effect,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

90 Therefore, since Breuitie is the Soule of Wit,

And tediousnesse, the limbes and outward flourishes,

I will be breefe. Your Noble Sonne is mad:

Mad call I it; for to define true Madnesse,

What is't, but to be nothing else but mad.

But let that go.

Qu. More matter, with lesse Art.

Pol. Madam. I sweare I vse no Art at all:

That he is mad. 'tis true: 'Tis true 'tis pittie.

And pittie it is true: A foolish figure.

But farewell it: for I will vse no Art.

100 Mad let vs grant him then: and now remaines

That we finde out the cause of this effect,

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II.ii.

Or else to say the cause of this defect,
For this effect defectiue comes by cause.

Queene Good my Lord be briefe.

Cor. Madam I will: my Lord, I haue a daughter.
Haue while shee's mine: for that we thinke
Is surest, we often loose: now to the Prince.
My Lord, but note this letter,
The which my daughter in obedience
Deliuier'd to my handes.

King Reade it my Lord.

Cor. Marke my Lord.

Doubt that in earth is fire,
Doubt that the starres doe moue,
Doubt trueth to be a liar,
But doe not doubt I loue.

120 To the beautifull *Ofelia*;
Thine euer the most vnhappy Prince *Hamlet*.

My Lord, what doe you thinke of me?
I, or what might you thinke when I sawe this?

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Or rather say, the cause of this defect;
For this effect defectiue, comes by cause,
Thus it remaines, and the remainder thus. Perpend,
I haue a daughter: haue, whil't she is mine,
Who in her Dutie and Obedience, marke,
Hath giuen me this: now gather, and furnise.

The Letter.

110 To the *Celestiall*, and my Soules Idoll, the most beautified *Ophelia*.

That's an ill Phrase, a vilde Phrase, beautified is a vilde
Phrase: but you shall heare these in her excellent white
bosome, these.

Qu. Came this from *Hamlet* to her.

Pol. Good Madam stay awhile, I will be faithfull.

II. ii.

Or rather say, the cause of this defect,
For this effect defectiue comes by cause:
Thus it remaines, and the remainder thus
Perpend,

I haue a daughter, haue while she is mine,
Who in her dutie and obedience, marke,
Hath giuen me this, now gather and surmise,

110 *To the Celestiall and my foules Idoll, the most beautified Ophelia, that's an ill phrase, a vile phrase, beautified is a vile phrase, but you shall heare: thus in her excellent white bosome, these &c.*

Quee. Came this from Hamlet to her?

Pol. Good Maddam stay awhile, I will be faithfull,
Doubt thou the starres are fire, Letter.
Doubt that the Sunne doth moue,
Doubt truth to be a lyer.
But neuer doubt I loue.

120 *O deere Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers, I haue not art to reckon my grones, but that I loue thee best. ô most best belieue it, adew.*

Thine euermore most deere Lady, whilst this machine is to him.

Pol. This in obedience hath my daughter showne me, (*Hamlet.*

And more about hath his sollicitings

As they fell out by time, by meanes, and place, [33

All giuen to mine eare.

King. But how hath she receiu'd his loue?

Pol. What doe you thinke of me?

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Doubt thou, the Starres are fire,

Doubt, that the Sunne doth mone:

Doubt Truth to be a Lier,

But neuer Doubt, I loue.

120 *O deere Ophelia, I am ill at these Numbers: I haue not Art to reckon my grones; but that I loue thee best, oh most Best belieue it. Adieu.*

Thine euermore most deere Lady, whilst this Machine is to him, Hamlet.

This in Obedience hath my daughter shew'd me:

And more about hath his solliciting,

As they fell out by Time, by Meanes, and Place.

All giuen to mine eare.

King. But how hath she receiu'd his Loue?

Pol. What do you thinke of me?

II. ii.

130 *King* As of a true friend and a most louing subiect.
 Cor. I would be glad to prooue so.

140 Now when I saw this letter, thus I bespake my maiden:
 Lord *Hamlet* is a Prince out of your starre,
 And one that is vnequall for your lone:
 Therefore I did commaund her refuse his letters,
 Deny his tokens, and to absent her selfe.
 Shee as my childe obediently obey'd me.
 Now since which time, seeing his loue thus cross'd,
 Which I tooke to be idle, and but sport,
 He straitway grew into a melancholy,
 From that vnto a fast, then vnto distraction,
 Then into a sadnesse, from that vnto a madnesse,
 And so by continuance, and weakenesse of the braine [25
 150 Into this frensie, which now possesseth him:
 And if this be not true, take this from this.
 King Thinke you t'is so?

Cor. How? so my Lord, I would very faine know

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

130 *King.* As of a man, faithfull and Honourable.
 Pol. I wold faine proue so. But what might you thinke?
 When I had seene this hot loue on the wing,
 As I perceiued it, I must tell you that
 Before my Daughter told me, what might you
 Or my deere Maiestie your Queene heere, thinke,
 If I had playd the Deske or Table-booke,
 Or giuen my heart a winking, mute and dumbe,
 Or look'd vpon this Lone, with idle sight.
 What might you thinke? No, I went round to worke,
 140 And (my yong Mistris) thus I did bespake
 Lord *Hamlet* is a Prince out of thy Starre,
 This must not be: and then, I Precepts gaue her,
 That she should locke her selfe from his Refort,

II. ii.

130 *King.* As of a man faithfull and honorable.
Pol. I would faine proue so, but what might you thinke
 When I had seene this hote loue on the wing,
 As I percein'd it (I must tell you that)
 Before my daughter told me, what might you,
 Or my deere Maiestie your Queene heere thinke,
 If I had playd the Deske, or Table booke,
 Or giuen my hart a working mute and dumbe,
 Or lookt vppon this loue with idle sight,
 What might you thinke? no, I went round to worke,
 140 And my young Miftris thus I did bespeake,
 Lord *Hamlet* is a Prince out of thy star,
 This must not be: and then I prescripts gaue her
 That she should locke her selfe from her resort,
 Admit no messengers, receiue no tokens,
 Which done, she tooke the fruites of my aduise:
 And he repell'd, a short tale to make,
 Fell into a sadnes, then into a fast,
 Thence to a wath, thence into a weakenes,
 Thence to lightnes and by this declension,
 150 Into the madnes wherein now he raues,
 And all we mourne for.

King. Doe you thinke this?

Quee. It may be very like

Pol. Hath there been such a time, I would faine know that,
 That I haue positiuely said, tis so,
 When it prou'd otherwise?

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Admit no Messengers, receiue no Tokens:
 Which done, she tooke the Fruitess of my Aduice,
 And he repulst. A short Tale to make,
 Fell into a Sadnesse, then into a Fast,
 Thence to a Watch, thence into a Weaknesse.
 Thence to a Lightnesse, and by this declension
 150 Into the Madnesse whereon now he raues.
 And all we waile for.

King. Do you thinke 'tis this?

Qu. It may be very likely.

Pol. Hath there bene such a time, I'de faine know that,
 That I haue possitiuely said, 'tis so,
 When it prou'd otherwise?

H.ii.

That thing that I haue faide t is so, pofitively,
 And it hath fallen out otherwife.
 Nay, if circumftances leade me on,
 He finde it out, if it were hid
 As deepe as the centre of the earth.

King. how fhould wee trie this fame?

Cor. Mary my good lord thus,

160 The Princes walke is here in the gallery,
 There let *Ofelia*, walke vntill hee comes:
 Your felfe and I will ftand clofe in the ftudy,
 There fhall you heare the effect of all his hart,
 And if it prone any otherwife then loue,
 Then let my cenfure faile an other time.

King. fee where hee comes poring vppon a booke.

Enter Hamlet.

Cor. Madame, will it please your grace
 To leaue vs here?

Que. With all my hart. *exit.*

Cor. And here *Ofelia*, reade you on this booke,
 And walke aloofe, the King fhall be vnfeene.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

King. No that I know.

Pol. Take this from this; if this be otherwife,
 If Circumftances leade me, I will finde
 Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeede
 Within the Center.

King. How may we try it further?

160 *Pol.* You know fometimes
 He walkes foure houres together, heere
 In the Lobby.

Qu. So he ha's indeed.

Pol. At fuch a time He loofe my Daughter to him,
 Be you and I behinde an Arras then,
 Marke the encounter: If he loue her not,
 And be not from his reafon falne thereon;

II.ii.

King. Not that I know

Pol. Take this, from this, if this be otherwise;
If circumstances leade me, I will finde
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeede
Within the Center.

King. How may we try it further?

160 *Pol.* You know sometimes he walkes foure houres together
Heere in the Lobby.

Quee. So he dooes indeede.

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Pol. At such a time, Ile loofe my daughter to him,
Be you and I behind an Arras then,
Marke the encounter, if he loue her not,
And be not from his reason false thereon
Let me be no assistant for a state
But keepe a farme and carters.

King. We will try it.

Enter Hamlet.

Quee. But looke where sadly the poore wretch comes reading.

Pol. Away, I doe beseech you both away, *Exit King and Queene.*
170 Ile bord him presently, oh gine me leaue,
How dooes my good Lord *Hamlet*?

Ham. Well, God a mercy.

Pol. Doe you knowe me my Lord?

Ham. Excellent well, you are a Fishmonger.

Pol. Not I my Lord.

Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Let me be no Assistant for a State,
And keepe a Farme and Carters.

King. We will try it.

Enter Hamlet reading on a Booke.

Qu. But looke where sadly the poore wretch
Comes reading.

Pol. Away I do beseech you, both away.

170 Ile board him presently. *Exit King & Queen.*
Oh gine me leaue. How does my good Lord *Hamlet*?

Ham. Well, God-a-mercy.

Pol. Do you know me, my Lord?

Ham. Excellent, excellent well: y'are a Fishmonger.

Pol. Not I my Lord.

Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Pol. Honeft, my Lord?

Ham. I fir, to be honeft as this world goes, is to bee one man pick'd out of two thoufand.

180 *Pol.* That's very true, my Lord.

Ham. For if the Sun breed Magots in a dead dogge, being a good kiffing Carrion
Haue you a daughter?

Pol. I haue my Lord.

Ham. Let her not walke i'th' Sunne: Conception is a blefing, but not as your daughter may conceiue. Friend looke too't.

Pol. How fay you by that? Still harping on my daughter:
190 ter: yet he knew me not at firft; he faid I was a Filthmonger: he is farre gone, farre gone: and truly in my youth,

II.ii.

Pol. Honeft my Lord.

Ham. I fir to be honeft as this world goes,
Is to be one man pickt out of tenne thoufand.

180 *Pol.* That's very true my Lord.

Ham. For if the funne breede maggots in a dead dogge, being a good kifing carrion. Haue you a daughter?

Pol. I haue my Lord.

Ham. Let her not walke i'th Sunne, conception is a blefsing,
But as your daughter may conceaue, friend looke to't.

Pol. How fay you by that, ftill harping on my daughter, yet hee
190 knewe me not at firft, a fayd I was a Fifhmonger, a is farre gone,
and truly in my youth, I fuffred much extremity for loue, very
neere this. Ile fpeake to him againe. What doe you reade my
Lord.

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter my Lord.

Ham. Betweene who.

Pol. I meane the matter that you reade my Lord.

Ham. Slaunders fir; for the fatericall rogue fayes heere, that old
200 men haue gray beards, that their faces are wrinckled, their eyes
purging thicke Amber, & plumtree gum, & that they haue a plen-
tifull lacke of wit, together with moft weake hams, all which fir [35
though I moft powerfully and potentlie belieue, yet I hold it not
honefty to haue it thus fet downe, for your felfe fir fhall growe old
as I am: if like a Crab you could goe backward.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

I fuffred much extreanmy for loue: very neere this. Ile
fpeake to him againe. What do you read my Lord?

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter. my Lord?

Ham. Betweene who?

Pol. I meane the matter you meane, my Lord.

Ham. Slanders Sir: for the Satyricall flauie faies here,
200 that old men haue gray Beards: that their faces are wrin-
kled: their eyes purging thicke Amber. or Plum-Tree
Gumme: and that they haue a plentifull locke of Wit,
together with weake Hammes. All which Sir, though I
moft powerfully. and potently beleene; yet I holde it
not Honeftie to haue it thus fet downe: For you your
felfe Sir, fhould be old as I am, if like a Crab you could
go backward.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Pol. Though this be madnesse,
Yet there is Method in't: will you walke
Out of the ayre my Lord?

210 *Ham.* Into my Graue?

Pol. Indeed that is out o'th'Ayre:
How pregnant (fometimes) his Replies are?
A happinesse,
That often Madnesse hits on,
Which Reason and Sanitie could not
So prosperously be deliuer'd of.
I will leane him.

And fodainely contrine the meanes of meeting
Betweene him, and my daughter.
My Honourable Lord, I will most humbly
Take my leaue of you.

220 *Ham.* You cannot Sir take from me any thing, that I
will more willingly part withall, except my life, my
life.

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II.ii.

Pol. Though this be madneffe, yet there is method in't, will you walke out of the ayre my Lord?

210 *Ham.* Into my grane.

Pol. Indeede that's out of the ayre; how pregnant fometimes his replies are, a happines that often madneffe hits on, which reason and fancity could not so prosperously be deliuered of. I will leaue him and my daughter. My Lord, I will take my leaue of you.

220 *Ham.* You cannot take from mee any thing that I will not more willingly part withall: except my life, except my life, except my life.
Enter Gylldersterne, and Rosencrans.

Pol. Fare you well my Lord.

Ham. These tedious old fooles.

Pol. You goe to seeke the Lord *Hamlet*, there he is.

Ros. God saue you sir.

Gyl. My honor'd Lord.

Ros. My most deere Lord.

Ham. My extent good friends, how doost thou *Gylldersterne*?

230 A *Rosencrans*, good lads how doe you both?

Ros. As the indifferent children of the earth.

Gyl. Happy, in that we are not euer happy on Fortunes lap.
We are not the very button.

Ham. Nor the soles of her shooe.

Ros. Neither my Lord.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Polon. Fare you well my Lord.

Ham. These tedious old fooles.

Polon. You goe to seeke my Lord *Hamlet*; there hee is.

Enter Rosinera and Guildensterne.

Rosin. God saue you Sir.

Guild. Mine honour'd Lord?

Rosin. My most deare Lord?

Ham. My excellent good friends? How do'lt thou
230 *Guildensterne*? Oh, *Rosinera*; good Lads: How doe ye both?

Rosin. As the indifferent Children of the earth.

Guild. Happy, in that we are not ouer-happy: on Fortunes Cap, we are not the very Button.

Ham. Nor the Soales of her Shoo?

Rosin. Neither my Lord.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Ham. Then you linc about her waffe, or in the middle of her fauour?

Guil. Faith, her prinates, we.

240 *Ham.* In the fecret parts of Fortune? Oh, moſt true: ſhe is a Strumpet. What's the newes?

Rofin. None my Lord; but that the World's growne honeſt.

Ham. Then is Doomeſday neere: But your newes is not true. Let me queſtion more in particular: what haue you my good friends, deferued at the hands of Fortune, that ſhe ſends you to Priſon hither?

Guil. Priſon, my Lord?

Ham. Denmark's a Priſon.

250 *Rofin.* Then is the World one.

Ham. A goodly one, in which there are many Conlines, Wards, and Dungeons; *Denmarke* being one o'th' worſt.

Rofin. We thinke not ſo my Lord.

Ham. Why then 'tis none to you: for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it ſo: to me it is a priſon.

Rofin. Why then your Ambition makes it one: 'tis too narrow for your minde.

II. ii.

Ham. Then you liue about her waft, or in the middle of her fa-
Guyl. Faith her prinates we. (uors.

240 *Ham.* In the fecret parts of Fortune. oh moft true, fhe is a frumpet,
What newes?

Rof. None my Lord. but the worlds growne honeft.

Ham. Then is Doomes day neere. but your newes is not true:
But in the beaten way of friendfhip, what make you at *Elfonoure*?

Rof. To vifit you my Lord, no other occafion.

280 *Ham.* Begger that I am. I am euer poore in thanks, but I thanke
you, and fure deare friends, my thanks are too deare a halfpenny:
were you not fent for? is it your owne inclining? is it a free vifitati-
on? come, come, deale iuftly with me, come, come, nay fpeake.

Guyl. What fhould we fay my Lord?

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

260 *Ham.* O God, I could be bounded in a nutfhell, and
count my felfe a King of infinite fpace: were it not that
I haue bad dreames.

Guil. Which dreames indeed are Ambition: for the
very fubftance of the Ambitious, is meerely the fhadow
of a Dreame.

Ham. A dreame it felfe is but a fhadow.

Rofin. Truely, and I hold Ambition of fo ayry and
light a quality, that it is but a fhadowes fhadow.

270 *Ham.* Then are our Beggers bodies; and our Mo-
narchs and out-ftretcht Heroes the Beggers Shadows:
fhall wee to th' Court: for, by my fey I cannot rea-
fon?

Both. Wee'I wait vpon you.

Ham. No fuch matter. I will not fort you with the
reft of my feruants: for to fpeake to you like an honeft
man: I am moft dreadfully attended; but in the beaten
way of friendfhip. What make you at *Elfonower*?

Rofin. To vifit you my Lord, no other occafion.

280 *Ham.* Begger that I am, I am enen poore in thanks;
but I thanke you: and fure deare friends my thanks
are too deare a halfpenny; were you not fent for? Is it
your owne inclining? Is it a free vifitation? Come,
deale iuftly with me: come, come; nay fpeake.

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Guil. What fhould we fay my Lord?

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Ham. Why any thing. But to the purpose; you were sent for; and there is a kinde confession in your looks; which your modesties haue not craft enough to color, I know the good King & Queene haue sent for you.

Rosin. To what end my Lord?

Ham. That you must teach me: but let mee coniure you by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the Obligation of our euer-preferred loue, and by what more deare, a better proposer could charge you withall: be euen and direct with me, wether you were sent for or no.

300 *Rosin.* What say you?

Ham. Nay then I haue an eye of you; if you loue me hold not off.

II.ii.

Ham. Any thing but to'th purpose: you were sent for, and there is [36]
290 a kind of confession in your lookes, which your modesties haue not
craft enough to cullour, I know the good King and Queene haue
sent for you.

Rof. To what end my Lord?

Ham. That you must teach me: but let me coniure you, by the
rights of our fellowship, by the consonancie of our youth, by the
obligation of our euer preferred loue; and by what more deare a
better proposer can charge you withall, bee euen and direct with
me whether you were sent for or no.

300 *Rof.* What say you.

Ham. Nay then I haue an eye of you? if you loue me hold not of.

Guyl. My Lord we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why, so shall my anticipation preuent your
discouery, and your secrecie to the King & Queene moult no fea-
ther, I haue of late, but wherefore I knowe not, lost all my mirth,
forgon all custome of exercises: and indeede it goes so heauily with
310 my disposition, that this goodly frame the earth, seemes to mee a
sterill promontorie, this most excellent Canopie the ayre, looke
you, this braue orchanging firmament, this maiestlicall roofe fret-
ted with golden fire, why it appeareth nothing to me but a foule
and pestilent congregation of vapours. What peece of worke is a
man, how noble in reason, how infinit in faculties, in forme and
moouing, how expresse and admirable in action, how like an An-

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Guil. My Lord, we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation
preuent your discouery of your secrecie to the King and
Queene: moult no feather, I haue of late, but wherefore
I know not, lost all my mirth. forgone all custome of ex-
ercise; and indeed, it goes so heauenly with my dispositi-
310 on; that this goodly frame the Earth, seemes to me a ster-
ill Promontory; this most excellent Canopy the Ayre,
look you, this braue ore-hanging, this Maiestlicall Roofe,
fretted with golden fire: why, it appeares no other thing
to mee, then a foule and pestilent congregation of va-
pours. What a peece of worke is a man! how Noble in
Reason? how infinite in faculty? in forme and mouing
how expresse and admirable? in Action, how like an An-

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F).

320 gel? in apprehension. how like a God? the beauty of the world, the Parragon of Animals; and yet to me, what is this Quintessence of Duff? Man delights not me; no, nor Woman neither; though by your smiling you seeme to say so.

Rosin. My Lord, there was no such stuffe in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did you laugh, when I said, Man delights not me?

330 *Rosin.* To thinke, my Lord, if you delight not in Man, what Lenton entertainment the Players shall receive from you: wee coated them on the way, and hither are they comming to offer you Service.

Ham. He that playes the King shall be welcome; his Maiesty shall haue Tribute of mee: the aduenturous Knight shal vse his Foyle and Target: the Louer shall

II.ii.

320 gell in apprehension. how like a God: the beautie of the world; the
paragon of Animales; and yet to me, what is this Quintessence of
dust: man delights not me, nor women neither, though by your
smiling, you seeme to say so.

Rof. My Lord, there was no such stuffe in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did yee laugh then, when I sayd man delights not me.

330 *Rof.* To thinke my Lord if you delight not in man, what Lenton
entertainment the players shall receaue from you, we coted them
on the way, and hether are they comming to offer you seruice.

Ham. He that playes the King shall be welcome, his Maiestie shall
haue tribute on me, the aduenterous Knight shall vse his foyle and
target, the Louer shall not fight gratis, the humorus Man shall end
his part in peace, and the Lady shall say her minde freely: or the
340 black verse shall halt for't. What players are they?

Rof. Euen those you were wont to take such delight in, the Tragedians
of the City.

Ham. How chanceth it they trauaile? their residence both in repu- [37
tation, and profit was better both wayes.

Rof. I thinke their inhibition, comes by the meanes of the late
innouation.

350 *Ham.* Doe they hold the same estimation they did when I was in
the City; are they so followed.

Rof. No indeede are they not.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

not fight *gratis*, the humorous man shall end his part in
peace: the Clowne shall make those laugh whose lungs
are tickled a'th' sere: and the Lady shall say her minde
freely; or the blanke Verse shall halt for't: what Players
340 are they?

Rofin. Euen those you were wont to take delight in
the Tragedians of the City.

Ham. How chanceth it they trauaile? their resi-
dence both in reputation and profit was better both
wayes.

Rofin. I thinke their Inhibition comes by the meanes
of the late Innouation?

350 *Ham.* Doe they hold the same estimation they did
when I was in the City? Are they so follow'd?

Rofin. No indeed, they are not.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Ham. How comes it? doe they grow rusty?

Refin. Nay, their indeanour keepes in the wonted pace; But there is Sir an ayrie of Children, little Yafes, that crye out on the top of question; and are most tyrannically clapt for't: these are now the fashion, and so be-rattled the common Stages (so they call them) that many wearing Rapiers, are affraide of
360 Goofe-quils, and dare scarce come thither.

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Ham. What are they Children? Who maintains 'em? How are they escoted? Will they pursue the Quality no longer then they can sing? Will they not lay afterwards if they should grow themselves to common Players (as it is like most if their meanes are no better) their Writers do them wrong, to make them exclaim against their owne Succession.

370 *Refin.* Faith there ha's bene much to do on both sides: and the Nation holds it no sinne, to tarre them to Controuersie. There was for a while, no mony bid for argument, vntlesse the Poet and the Player went to Cusses in the Question.

Ham. Is't possible?

Guild. Oh there ha's bene much throwing about of Braines.

II. ii.

380 *Ham.* It is not very ftrange, for my Vncle is King of Denmarke, and those that would make mouths at him while my father liued, giue twenty, fortie, fifty, a hundred duckets a peece, for his Picture in little, s'bloud there is fomthing in this more then naturall, if Philofophie could find it out. *A Flourish.*

Guyl. There are the players.

Ham. Gentlemen you are welcome to *Elfonoure*, your hands come then, th'appurtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremonie; let
390 mee comply with you in this garb: let me extent to the players, which I tell you must shewe fairely outwards, should more appeare like entertainment then yours? you are welcome: but my Vncle-father, and Aunt-mother, are deceaued.

Guyl. In what my deare Lord.

Ham. I am but mad North North west; when the wind is Southerly, I knowe a Hauke, from a hand saw.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Well be with you Gentlemen.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Ham. Do the Boyes carry it away?

Rofin. I that they do my Lord, *Hercules* & his load too.

390 *Ham.* It is not ltrange: for mine Vnckle is King of Denmarke, and those that would make mowes at him while my Father liued; giue twenty, forty, an hundred Ducates a peece, for his picture in Little. There is something in this more then Naturall, if Philofophie could finde it out.

Flourish for the Players.

Guil. There are the Players.

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcom to *Elfonower*: your hands, come: The appurtenance of Welcome, is Fashion and Ceremony. Let me comply with you in the Garbe,
390 left my extent to the Players (which I tell you must shew fairely outward) should more appeare like entertainment then yours. You are welcome: but my Vnckle Father, and Aunt Mother are deceiu'd.

Guil. In what my deere Lord?

Ham. I am but mad North, North-West: when the Winde is Southerly, I know a Hawke from a Handfaw.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Well be with you Gentlemen.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F).

400 *Ham.* Hearke you *Guildenstjerne*, and you too: at each
eare a hearer: that great Baby you see there, is not yet
out of his swathing clouts.

Rofin. Happily he's the second time come to them: for
they say, an old man is twice a childe.

Ham. I will Prophetic. Hee comes to tell me of the
Players. Mark it, you say right Sir: for a Monday mor-
ning 'twas so indeed.

Pol. My Lord, I haue Newes to tell you.

Ham. My Lord, I haue Newes to tell you.

410 When *Roffius* an Actor in Rome —

Pol. The Actors are come hither my Lord.

Ham. Buzzze, buzzze.

Pol. Vpon mine Honor.

II. ii.

400 *Ham.* Harke you *Guyldensterne*, and you to, at each eare a hearer,
that great baby you see there is not yet out of his swadling clouts.

Rof. Happily he is the second time come to them, for they say an
old man is twice a child

Ham. I will prophecy, he comes to tell me of the players, mark it.
You say right fir, a Monday morning, t'was then indeede.

Pol. My Lord I haue newes to tell you.

410 *Ham.* My Lord I haue newes to tel you: when *Roffius* was an Actor
in Rome.

Pol. The Actors are come hether my Lord.

Ham. Buz, buz.

Pol. Vppon my honor.

Ham. Then came each Actor on his Affe.

Pol. The best actors in the world, either for Tragedie, Comedy,
Hiftory, Paftorall, Paftorall Comicall, Hiftoricall Paftorall, scene
420 indeuidible, or Poem vnlimited. *Seneca* cannot be too heauy, nor [33
Plautus too light for the lawe of writ, and the liberty: these are the
only men.

Ham. O *Ieptha* Iudge of Israell, what a treasure had't thou?

Pol. What a treasure had he my Lord?

Ham. Why one faire daughter and no more, the which he loued
pasing well.

Pol. Still on my daughter.

Ham. Am I not i'th right old *Ieptha*?

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Ham. Then can each Actor on his Affe ——

Polon. The best Actors in the world, either for Trage-
die, Comedie, Hiftorie, Paftorall: Paftoricall-Comicall-
Hiftoricall-Paftorall: Tragicall-Hiftoricall: Tragicall-
420 Comicall-Hiftoricall-Paftorall: Scene indiuible, or Po-
em vnlimited. *Seneca* cannot be too heauy, nor *Plautus*
too light, for the law of Writ, and the Liberty. These are
the onely men.

Ham. O *Iephta* Iudge of Ifrael, what a Treasure had't
thou?

Pol. What a Treasure had he, my Lord?

Ham. Why one faire Daughter, and no more.
The which he loued passing well.

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Pol. Still on my Daughter.

Ham. Am I not i'th right old *Iephta*?

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

430 *Polon.* If you call me *Iephth* my Lord, I haue a daughter that I loue passing well.

Ham. Nay that followes not.

Polon. What followes then, my Lord?

Ha. Why, As by lot. God wot: and then you know. It came to passe, as most like it was: The first rowe of the *Pons Chanfon* will shew you more. For looke where my Abridgements come.

Enter foure or foue Players.

440 Yare welcome Masters, welcome all. I am glad to see thee well: Welcome good Friends. O my olde Friend? Thy face is valiant since I saw thee last: Com'ft thou to beard me in Denmarke? What, my yong Lady and Mistress? Byrlady your Ladifhip is neerer Heauen then when

II.ii.

430 *Pol.* If you call me *Iephtha* my Lord, I haue a daughter that I loue

Ham. Nay that followes not. (paſſing well.

Pol. What followes then my Lord?

Ham. Why as by lot God wot, and then you knowe it came to paſſe, as moſt like it was; the firſt rowe of the pious chanſon will ſhowe you more, for looke where my abridgment comes.

Enter the Players.

440 *Ham.* You are welcome maſters, welcome all, I am glad to ſee thee well, welcome good friends, oh old friend, why thy face is va-
lanet ſince I ſaw thee laſt, com'ſt thou to heare me in Denmark?
what my young Lady and miſtris, by lady your Ladifhippe is
nerer to heauen, then when I ſaw you laſt by the altitude of a
chopine, pray God your voyce like a peece of vncurrant gold,
bee not crackt within the ring: maſters you are all welcome,
450 wee'le ento't like friendly Faulkners, flie at any thing we ſee,
wee'le haue a ſpeech ſtraite, come giue vs a taſt of your quality,
come a paſſionate ſpeech.

Player. What ſpeech my good Lord?

Ham. I heard thee ſpeake me a ſpeech once, but it was neuer acted,
or if it was, not aboue once, for the play I remember pleaſd not
the million, t'was canary to the generall, but it was as I receaued
it & others, whoſe iudgements in ſuch matters cried in the top
460 of mine, an excellent play, well digeſted in the ſcenes, ſet downe
with as much modeſtie as cunning, I remember one ſayd there
were no ſallets in the lines, to make the matter ſauory, nor no

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

I ſaw you laſt, by the altitude of a Choppine. Pray God
your voice like a peece of vncurrant Gold be not crack'd
within the ring. Maſters, you are all welcome: wee'l e'ne
450 to't like French Faulconers, flie at any thing we ſee: wee'l
haue a Speech ſtraight. Come giue vs a taſt of your qua-
lity: come, a paſſionate ſpeech.

1. *Play.* What ſpeech, my Lord?

Ham. I heard thee ſpeak me a ſpeech once, but it was
neuer Acted: or if it was, not aboue once, for the Play I
remember pleas'd not the Million, 'twas *Canarie* to the
Generall: but it was (as I receiv'd it, and others, whoſe
iudgement in ſuch matters, cried in the top of mine) an
460 excellent Play; well digeſted in the Scenes, ſet downe
with as much modeſtie, as cunning. I remember one ſaid,
there was no Sallets in the lines, to make the matter fa-

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

noury; nor no matter in the phraſe, that might indite the
 Author of affectation, but cal'd it an honeſt method. One
 cheefe Speech in it, I cheefely lou'd, 'twas *Aeneas* Tale
 to *Dido*, and thereabout of it eſpecially, where he ſpeaks
 470 of *Priams* flaughter. If it live in your memory, begin at
 this Line, let me ſee, let me ſee: The rugged *Pyrrhus* like
 th'*Hyreanian* Beaſt. It is not ſo: it begins with *Pyrrhus*
 The rugged *Pyrrhus*, he whole Sable Armes
 Blacke as his purpoſe, did the night reſemble
 When he lay couched in the Ominous Horſe.
 Hath now this dread and blacke Complexion ſinear'd
 With Heraldry more diſmall: Head to foote
 Now is he to take Gentle, horridly Trick'd
 480 With blood of Fathers, Mothers, Daughters, Sonnes,

11. ii.

matter in the phraſe that might indite the author of affection,
but call it an honeſt method, as wholeſome as ſweete, & by very
much, more handſome then fine: one ſpeech in't I chiefly loued,
t'was *Aeneas* talke to *Dido*, & there about of it eſpecially when he
470 ſpeakes of *Priams* ſlaught, if it liue in your memory begin at
this line, let me ſee, let me ſee, the rugged *Pirrhus* like Th'ircanian
beaſt, tis not ſo, it begins with *Pirrhus*, the rugged *Pirrhus*, he whole [39
fable *Armes*,
Black as his purpoſe did the night reſemble,
When he lay couch'd in th'omynous horſe.
Hath now this dread and black complection ſineard,
With heraldy more diſmall head to foote,
Now is he totall Gules horridly trickt
480 With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, ſonnes,
Bak'd and empaſted with the parching ſtreets
That lend a tyrannus and a damned light
To their Lords murder, roſted in wrath and fire.
And thus ore-fiz'd with coagulate gore,
With eyes like Carbunkles, the helliſh *Pirrhus*
Old grandfire *Priam* ſeekes; ſo proceede you.
Pol. Foregod my Lord well ſpoken, with good accent and good
490 *Play.* Anon he finds him. (diſcretion.
Striking too ſhort at Greekes, his anticke ſword
Rebellious to his arme, lies where it falls,
Repugnant to command: vnequall match.
Pirrhus at *Priam* drives, in rage ſtrikes wide.
But with the whiffe and winde of his fell ſword.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Bak'd and impaſted with the parching ſtreets,
That lend a tyrannous, and damned light
To their vilde Murthers, roaſted in wrath and fire.
And thus o're-fiz'd with coagulate gore,
VVith eyes like Carbuncles, the helliſh *Pyrrhus*
Old Grandfire *Priam* ſeekes.
Pol. Fore God, my Lord, well ſpoken, with good ac-
cent, and good diſcretion.
490 1. *Player.* Anon he findes him.
Striking too ſhort at Greekes. His anticke Sword.
Rebellious to his Arme, lyes where it falles
Repugnant to command: vnequall match.
Pyrrhus at *Priam* drives, in Rage ſtrikes wide:
But with the whiffe and winde of his fell Sword.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Th'vnmerned Father fals. Then fenfeleffe Illium,
 Seeming to feele his blow, with flaming top
 Stoopest to his Bace, and with a hideous crafh
 Takes Prifoner *Pyrrhus* care. For loe, his Sword
 500 Which was declining on the Milkie head
 Of Reuerend *Priam*, feem'd i'th'Ayre to fticke:
 So as a painted Tyrant *Pyrrhus* flood. [264a
 And like a Newtrall to his will and matter, did nothing.
 But as we often fee againft fome ftorme,
 A filence in the Heauens, the Racke stand ftill,
 The bold windes fpeechleffe, and the Orbe below
 As huff as death: Anon the dreadfull Thunder
 Doth rend the Region. So after *Pyrrhus* paufe,
 510 A ro wfd Vengeance fets him new a-worke,

II.ii.

Th'vnnerned father fals:

Seeming to feele this blowe, with flaming top
Stoopest to his bafe; and with a hiddious crafh
Takes prisoner *Pirrhus* care, for loe his sword

500 Which was declining on the milkie head
Of reuerent *Priam*, seem'd i'th ayre to sticke.

So as a painted tirant *Pirrhus* stood
Like a newtrall to his will and matter.

Did nothing:

But as we often see against some storme,
A silence in the heauens, the racke stand still,
The bold winds speechlesse, and the orbe belowe
As hush as death, anon the dreadfull thunder
Doth rend to region, so after *Pirrhus* pause,

510 A rowfed vengeance sets him new a worke,
And neuer did the Cyclops hammers fall,
On *Marses* Armor forg'd for prooffe eterne,
With lesse remorse then *Pirrhus* bleeding sword
Now falls on *Priam*.

Out, out, thou strumpet Fortune, all you gods,
In generall sinod take away her power,

[40

Breake all the spokes, and follies from her wheele,
And boule the round naue downe the hill of heauen
As lowe as to the fiends.

520 *Pol.* This is too long.

Ham It shall to the barbers with your beard; prethee say on, he's
for a ligge, or a tale of bawdry, or he sleepest, say on, come to *Hecuba*.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

And neuer did the Cyclops hammers fall
On Mars his Armours, forg'd for prooffe Eterne,
With lesse remorse then *Pyrrhus* bleeding sword
Now falles on *Priam*.

Out, out, thou Strumpet-Fortune, all you Gods,
In generall Synod take away her power:
Breake all the Spokes and Fallies from her wheele,
And boule the round Naue downe the hill of Heauen,
As low as to the Fiends.

520 *Pol.* This is too long.

Ham. It shall to'th Barbars, with your beard. Pry-
thee say on: He's for a ligge, or a tale of Baudry, or hee
sleepest. Say on; come to *Hecuba*.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

1. *Play.* But who, O who, had seen the inobled Queen.

Ham. The inobled Queene?

Pol. That's good: Inobled Queene is good.

1. *Play.* Run bare-foot vp and downe.

Threatning the flame

With Biffon Rheume: A clout about that head.

530 Where late the Diadem stood, and for a Robe

About her lanke and all ore-teamed Loines,

A blanket in th'Alarum of feare caught vp.

Who this had seene, with tongue in Venome steep'd,

'Gainst Fortunes State, would Treason haue pronounc'd?

Put if the Gods themselves did see her then,

When she saw *Pyrrhus* make malicious sport

In mincing with his Sword her Husbands limbes.

H.ii.

Play. But who, a woe, had feene the mobled Queene,

Ham. The mobled Queene

Pol. That's good.

Play Runne barefoote vp and downe, threatning the flames
With *Bifon* rehume, a clout vppon that head

530 Where late the Diadem stood, and for a robe,

About her lank and all ore teaned loynes.

A blancket in the alarme of feare caught vp,

Who this had feene, with tongue in venom steeped,

Gainst fortunes state would treason haue pronounst;

But if the gods themselues did see her then,

When she saw *Pirrhus* make malicious sport

In mincing with his sword her husband limmes.

The instant burst of clamor that she made,

Vnlesse things mortall moone them not at all.

540 Would haue made milch the burning eyes of heauen

And passion in the gods.

Pol. Looke where he has not turn'd his cullour, and has teares in's eyes, prethee no more.

Ham. 'Tis well, Ile haue thee speake out the rest of this soone,

Good my Lord will you see the players well bestowed: doe you

heare, let them be well vs'd, for they are the abstract and breefe

550 Chronicles of the time; after your death you were better haue a
bad Epitaph then their ill report while you liue.

Pol. My Lord, I will vse them according to their desert.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

The instant Burst of Clamour that she made

(Vnlesse things mortall moue them not at all)

540 Would haue made milche the Burning eyes of Heauen.

And passion in the Gods.

Pol. Looke where he ha's not turn'd his colour, and
ha's teares in's eyes. Pray you no more.

Ham. 'Tis well, Ile haue thee speake out the rest,
soone. Good my Lord, will you see the Players wel be-

ftow'd. Do ye heare, let them be well vs'd: for they are

the Abstracts and breefe Chronicles of the time. After

550 your death, you were better haue a bad Epitaph, then
their ill report while you liued.

Pol. My Lord, I will vse them according to their de-
fart.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F).

Ham. Gods bodykins man, better. Vfe euerie man after his defart, and who fhould fcape whipping: vfe them after your own Honor and Dignity. The leffe they deferue, the more merit is in your bountie. Take them in.

Pol. Come fir.

Exit Polon.

560 *Ham.* Follow him Friends: wee'l heare a play to morrow. Dost thou heare me old Friend, can you play the murder of *Gonzago*?

Play. I my Lord.

Ham. Wee'l ha't to morrow night. You could for a need fludy a fpeech of fome dozen or fixteene lines, which I would fet downe, and infert in't? Could ye not?

Play. I my Lord.

11.ii.

Ham. Gods bodkin man, much better, vse euery man after his desert, & who shall scape whipping, vse them after your owne honor and dignity, the lesse they deserue the more merritt is in your bounty. Take them in.

Pol. Come firs.

560 *Ham.* Follow him friends. wee heare a play to morrowe; dost thou heare me old friend, can you play the murther of *Gonzago*? [41

Play. I my Lord.

Ham. Weele hate to morrowe night, you could for neede study a speech of some dosen lines, or sixteene lines, which I would set downe and insert in't, could you not?

Play. I my Lord.

570 *Ham.* Very well, followe that Lord, & looke you mock him not. My good friends. He leaue you tell night, you are welcome to *Elfonoure*. *Exeunt Pol. and Players.*

Rof. Good my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Ham. I fo God buy to you, now I am alone.

O what a rogue and pefant flaue am I.

Is it not monftrous that this player heere

But in a fixion, in a dreame of pafsion

Could force his foule fo to his owne conceit

580 That from her working all the visage wand,

Teares in his eyes, diftraction in his aspect,

A broken voyce, an his whole function futing

With formes to his conceit; and all for nothing.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

570 *Ham.* Very well. Follow that Lord, and looke you mock him not. My good Friends, He leaue you til night you are welcome to *Elfonower*?

Rofin. Good my Lord. *Exeunt.* [264^b

Manet Hamlet.

Ham. I fo, God buy'ye: Now I am alone.

Oh what a Rogue and Pefant flaue am I?

Is it not monftrous that this Player heere,

But in a Fixion, in a dreame of Paffion.

Could force his foule fo to his whole conceit,

580 That from her working, all his visage warm'd;

Teares in his eyes, diftraction in's Aspect,

A broken voyce, and his whole Function futing

With Formes, to his Conceit? And all for nothing?

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).For *Hecuba*?What's *Hecuba* to him, or he to *Hecuba*,

That he should weepe for her? What would he doe.

Had he the Motine and the Cue for passion

That I haue? He would drowne the Stage with teares,

And cleane the generall eare with horrid speech:

590 Make mad the guilty, and apale the free,

Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed.

The very faculty of Eyes and Eares. Yet I,

A dull and muddy-metled Rascall, peake

Like Iohn a-dreames, vnpregnant of my cause,

And can say nothing: No, not for a King,

Vpon whose property, and most deere life,

A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a Coward?

II.ii.

For *Hecuba*.

What's *Hecuba* to him, or he to her,
 That he should weepe for her? what would he doe
 Had he the motive, and that for passion
 That I haue? he would drowne the stage with teares.
 And cleaue the generall eare with horrid speech,
 590 Make mad the guilty, and appale the free,
 Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeede
 The very faculties of eyes and eares; yet I,
 A dull and muddy metteld raskall peake,
 Like Iohn a dreames, vnpregnant of my cause.
 And can say nothing; no not for a King,
 Vpon whose property and most deare life,
 A damn'd defeate was made: am I a coward.
 Who calls me villaine, breakes my pate a croffe,
 600 Pluckes off my beard, and blowes it in my face,
 Twekes me by the nose, giues me the lie i'th' throate
 As deepe as to the lunges, who does me this,
 Hah, s'wounds I should take it: for it cannot be
 But I am pidgion liuer'd, and lack gall
 To make oppression bitter, or ere this
 I should a fatted all the region kytes
 With this slaues offall, bloody, bawdy villaine,
 Remorselesse, trecherous, lecherous, kindlesse villaine.
 Why what an Affe am I, this is most braue,
 That I the sonne of a deere murthered,
 Prompted to my reuenge by heauen and hell.

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The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Who calles me Villaine? breakes my pate a-croffe?
 600 Pluckes off my Beard, and blowes it in my face?
 Tweakes me by'th' Nose? giues me the Lye i'th' Throate.
 As deepe as to the Lungs? Who does me this?
 Ha? Why I should take it: for it cannot be,
 But I am Pigeon-Liuer'd, and lacke Gall
 To make Oppression bitter, or ere this.
 I should haue fatted all the Region Kites
 With this Slaues Offall, bloudy: a Bawdy villaine.
 Remorselesse, Treacherous, Letcherous, kindles villaine!
 610 Oh Vengeance!
 Who? What an Affe am I? I fure, this is most braue,
 That I, the Sonne of the Deere murthered,
 Prompted to my Reuenge by Heauen, and Hell,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Muft (like a Whore) vnpacke my heart with words,
 And fall a Curfing like a very Drab,
 A Scullion? Eye vpon't: Foh. About my Braine,
 I haue heard, that guilty Creatures fitting at a Play,
 Haue by the very cunning of the Scène,
 Bene strooke fo to the foule, that prefently
 They haue proclaim'd their Malefactions,
 For Murther, though it haue no tongue, will fpeake
 With moft myraculous Organ. He haue thefe Players,
 Play fomething like the murder of my Father,
 Before mine Vnkle. He obferue his lookes,
 He tent him to the quicke: If he but blench
 I know my courfe. The Spirit that I haue feene

II.ii.

Muft like a whore vnpacke my hart with words,
And fall a curfing like a very drabbe; a ftallyon, fie vpon, foh.
About my braines; hum. I haue heard.
That guilty creatures fitting at a play.
Haue by the very cunning of the fcene.

620 Beene ftrooke fo to the foule, that prefently
They haue proclaim'd their malefactions:
For murther, though it haue no tongue will fpeake
With moft miraculous organ: He haue thefe Players
Play fomething like the murther of my father
Before mine Vncle, He obferue his looks,
He tent him to the quicke, if a doe blench
I know my courfe. The fpirit that I haue feene
May be a deale, and the deale hath power
T'affume a pleafing fhape, yea, and perhaps,
630 Out of my weakenes, and my melancholy,
As he is very potent with fuch fpirits.
Abufes me to damne me: He haue grounds
More relative then this, the play's the thing
Wherein He catch the confcience of the King. *Exit.*

III.i. *Enter King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelia, Roferenraus, Guyl-
denfterne, Lords.*

King. An can you by no drift of conference
Get from him why he puts on this confufion,
Grating fo harfhly all his dayes of quiet
With turbulent and dangerous lunacie?

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

May be the Diuell, and the Diuel hath power
T'affume a pleafing fhape. yea and perhaps
630 Out of my Weakneffe, and my Melancholly,
As he is very potent with fuch Spirits.
Abufes me to damne me. He haue grounds
More Relative then this: The Play's the thing,
Wherein He catch the Confcience of the King. *Exit*

III.i. *Enter King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelia, Ro-
finerance, Guildenftern, and Lords.*

King And can you by no drift of circumstance
Get from him why he puts on this Confufion:
Grating fo harfhly all his dayes of quiet
With turbulent and dangerous Lunacy.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Rosin. He does confesse he fees himfelfe diftracted.
But from what caufe he will by no meanes fpeake.

Guild. Nor do we finde him forward to be founded.
But with a crafty Madneffe keepes aloofe:
When we would bring him on to fome Confeflion

10 Of his true ftate.

Qu. Did he receiue you well?

Rosin. Moft like a Gentleman.

Guild. But with much forcing of his difpofition.

Rosin. Niggard of queftion, but of our demands
Moft free in his reply.

Qu. Did you affay him to any paffime?

Rosin. Madam, it fo fell out, that certaine Players

III.i.

Rof. He dooes confesse he feesles himfelfe diftracted,
But from what caufe, a will by no meanes fpeake.

Guyll. Nor doe we find him forward to be founded.
But with a craftie madnes keepes aloofe
When we would bring him on to fome confeffion

10 Of his true ftate.

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Quee. Did he receiue you well?

Rof. Moft like a gentleman.

Guyll. But with much forcing of his difpofition.

Rof. Niggard of queftion, but of our demaunds
Moft free in his reply.

Quee. Did you affay him to any pafftime?

Rof. Maddam, it fo fell out that certaine Players
We ore-raught on the way, of thefe we told him.
And there did feeme in him a kind of ioy
To heare of it: they are heere about the Court.

20 And as I thinke, they haue already order
This night to play before him.

Pol. Tis moft true,

And he befeccht me to intreat your Maiefties
To heare and fee the matter.

King. With all my hart,

And it doth much content me

To heare him fo inclin'd.

Good gentlemen giue him a further edge,

And drine his purpofe into thefe delights.

Rof. We fhall my Lord.

Exeunt Rof. & Guyll.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

We ore-wrought on the way: of thefe we told him.

And there did feeme in him a kinde of ioy

To heare of it. They are about the Court.

20 And (as I thinke) they haue already order

This night to play before him.

Pol. Tis moft true:

And he befecch'd me to intreate your Maiefties

To heare, and fee the matter.

King. With all my heart, and it doth much content me

To heare him fo inclin'd. Good Gentlemen,

Giue him a further edge, and drine his purpofe on

To thefe delights.

Rofin. We fhall my Lord.

Exeunt.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

King. Sweet *Gertrude* leaue vs too,
 For we haue closely sent for *Hamlet* hither,
 30 That he, as 'twere by accident, may there
 Affront *Ophelia*. Her Father, and my selfe (lawful espial)
 Will so bestow our selues, that seeing vscene
 We may of their encounter frankly indge,
 And gather by him, as he is behaued,
 If't be th'affliction of his loue, or no,
 That thus he suffers for.

Qu. I shall obey you.
 And for your part *Ophelia*, I do wish
 That your good Beauties be the happy cause
 40 Of *Hamlets* wideneffe; so shall I hope your Vertues

III.i.

King. Sweet *Gertrard*, leane vs two.
For we haue clofely fent for *Hamlet* hether.
30 That he as t'were by accedent, may heere
Affront *Ophelia*; her father and my felfe,
Wee'le fo beftow our felues, that feeing vfeene,
We may of their encounter franckly iudge.
And gather by him as he is behau'd,
If it be th'affliction of his loue or no
That thus he fuffers for.

Quee. I fhall obey you.
And for your part *Ophelia*, I doe wifh
That your good beauties be the happy caufe
40 Of *Hamlets* wildnes, fo fhall I hope your vertues,
Will bring him to his wonted way againe,
To both your honours.

Oph. Maddam, I wifh it may.

Pol. *Ophelia* walke you heere, gracious fo pleafe you.
We will beftow our felues; reade on this booke,
That fhew of fuch an exercife may cullour
Your lowlines; we are oft too blame in this,
Tis too much proun'd, that with denotions vifage
And pious action, we doe fugar ore
The deuill himfelfe.

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King. O tis too true.

50 How fmart a lafh that fpeech doth giue my confeience.
The harlots cheeke beautied with plaftiring art.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Will bring him to his wonted way againe,
To both your Honors.

Ophe. Madam, I wifh it may.

Pol. *Ophelia*, walke you heere. Gracious fo pleafe ye
We will beftow our felues: Reade on this booke.
That fhew of fuch an exercife may colour
Your loneliness. We are oft too blame in this,
'Tis too much prou'd, that with Denotions vifage,
And pious Action, we do furge o're
The diuell himfelfe.

King. Oh 'tis true:

50 How fmart a lafh that fpeech doth giue my Confeience?
The Harlots Cheeke beautied with plaiftiring Art

Ham. To be, or not to be, I there's the point,

60 To Die, to sleepe, is that all? I all:
 No, to sleepe, to dreame, I mary there it goes,
 For in that dreame of death, when wee awake,
 And borne before an euerlasting Iudge,
 From whence no paffenger euer retur'nd,
 The vndiscover'd countrie, at whose sight
 The happy smile, and the accursed damnd.
 But for this, the ioyfull hope of this.

70 Who'd beare the fernes and flattery of the world,
 Scorned by the right rich, the rich curlied of the poore?
 The widow being opprested, the orphan wrong'd,
 The taste of hunger, or a tirants raigne, [26
 And thousand more calamities besides,
 To grunt and sweate vnder this weary life,
 When that he may his full *Quietus* make,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Is not more vgly to the thing that helpes it,
 Then is my deede, to my most painted word.
 Oh heauie burthen!

Pol. I heare him conning, let's withdraw my Lord.

Exeunt.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the Question:
 Whether 'tis Nobler in the minde to suffer
 The Slings and Arrowes of outragious Fortune,
 Or to take Armes against a Sea of troubles,
 60 And by opposing end them: to dye, to sleepe
 No more; and by a sleepe, to fay we end
 The Heart-ake, and the thousand Naturall flocks

III.i.

Is not more ougly to the thing that helps it.
Then is my deede to my moft painted word:
O heany burthen.

Enter Hamlet.

Pol. I heare him comming, with-draw my Lord.

Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the queſtion.
Whether tis nobler in the minde to ſuffer
The flings and arrowes of outragious fortune,
Or to take Armes againſt a ſea of troubles.
60 And by oppoſing, end them, to die to ſleepe
No more, and by a ſleepe, to ſay we end
The hart-ake, and the thouſand naturall ſhocks
That fleſh is heire to; tis a conſumation
Deuoutly to be wiſht to die to ſleepe.
To ſleepe, perchance to dreame. I there's the rub.
For in that ſleepe of death what dreames may come
When we haue ſhuffled off this mortall coyle
Muſt giue vs pauſe, there's the reſpect
That makes calamitie of ſo long life:
70 For who would beare the whips and ſcornes of time,
Th'oppreſſors wrong, the proude mans contumely,
The pangs of deſpiz'd loue, the lawes delay,
The inſolence of office, and the ſpurnes
That patient merriſt of th'vnworthy takes.
When he himſelfe might his quietas make
With a bare bodkin; who would fardels beare,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁)

That Fleſh is heyre too? 'Tis a conſumation [265b
Deuoutly to be wiſh'd. To dye to ſleepe.
To ſleepe, perchance to Dreame; I. there's the rub,
For in that ſleepe of death, what dreames may come.
When we haue ſhuffel'd off this mortall coile.
Muſt giue vs pawſe. There's the reſpect
That makes Calamity of ſo long life:
70 For who would beare the Whips and Scornes of time,
The Oppreſſors wrong, the poore mans Contumely,
The pangs of diſpriz'd Loue, the Lawes delay,
The inſolence of Office, and the Spurnes
That patient merit of the vnworthy takes.
When he himſelfe might his *Quietus* make
With a bare Bodkin? Who would theſe Fardles beare

III. i.

With a bare bodkin, who would this indure,
But for a hope of something after death?

- 80 Which puffes the braine, and doth confound the fence,
Which makes vs rather beare those euilles we haue,
Than flie to others that we know not of.
I that, O this conscience makes cowards of vs all,

- 90 Lady in thy orizons, be all my finnes remembered.

Ofel. My Lord, I haue fought opportunitie, which now
I haue, to redeliuer to your worthy handes, a small remem-
brance, such tokens which I haue receiued of you.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

- To grunt and sweate vnder a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The vndiscover'd Countrey, from whose Borne
80 No Traueller returnes, Puzels the will,
And makes vs rather beare those illes we haue,
Then flye to others that we know not of.
Thus Conscience does make Cowards of vs all,
And thus the Native hew of Resolution
Is ficklied o're, with the pale cast of Thought,
And enterprizes of great pith and moment,
With this regard their Currants turne away,
And loose the name of Action. Soft you now.
The faire *Ophelia*? Nimph, in thy Orizons
90 Be all my finnes remembered.

III.i.

To grunt and fweat vnder a wearie life,
 But that the dread of fomething after death,
 The vndifcouer'd country, from whose borne
 80 No trauiler returnes, puzzels the will, [45
 And makes vs rather beare thofe ills we haue.
 Then flie to others that we know not of.
 Thus confeience dooes make cowards,
 And thus the natiue hiew of refolution
 Is fickled ore with the pale caft of thought,
 And enterprifes of great pitch and moment,
 With this regard theyr currents turne awry,
 And loofe the name of action. Soft you now,
 The faire *Ophelia*, Nymph in thy orizons
 90 Be all my finnes remembred.

Oph. Good my Lord,
 How does your honour for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thanke you well.

Oph. My Lord, I haue remembrances of yours
 That I haue longed long to redeliuer,
 I pray you now receiue them.

Ham. No, not I, I neuer gaue you ought.

Oph. My honor'd Lord, you know right well you did,
 And with them words of fo fweet breath compofd
 As made thefe things more rich, their perfume loft,
 100 Take thefe againe, for to the noble mind
 Rich gifts wax poore when giuers prooue vnkind,
 There my Lord.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Ophe. Good my Lord,
 How does your Honor for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thanke you: well, well, well.

Ophe. My Lord, I haue Remembrances of yours,
 That I haue longed long to re-deliiuer.
 I pray you now, receiue them.

Ham. No, no, I neuer gaue you ought.

Ophe. My honor'd Lord, I know right well you did.
 And with them words of fo fweet breath compos'd,
 As made the things more rich, then perfume left:
 100 Take thefe againe, for to the Noble minde
 Rich gifts wax poore, when giuers proue vnkinde.
 There my Lord.

III.i.

Ham. Are you faire?*Ofel.* My Lord.*Ham.* Are you honest?*Ofel.* What meanes my Lord?*Ham.* That if you be faire and honest,

Your beauty should admit no discourse to your honesty.

110 *Ofel.* My Lord, can beauty haue better priuiledge than
with honesty?*Ham.* Yea mary may it: for Beauty may transforme
Honesty, from what she was into a bawd:

Then Honesty can transforme Beauty:

This was sometimes a Paradox.

But now the time giues it scope.

I neuer gaue you nothing.

Ofel. My Lord, you know right well you did.

And with them such earnest vowes of lone,

As would haue moon'd the foniest breast aline,

But now too true I finde,

Rich giftes waxe poore, when giners grow vniinde.

120 *Ham.* I neuer loued you.*Ofel.* You made me beleue you did.*Ham.* O thou shouldst not a beleued me!

[27

Go to a Nunnery goe, why shouldst thou

Be a breeder of finners? I am my selfe indifferent honest.

But I could accuse my selfe of such crimes

It had bene better my mother had ne're borne me,

O I am very proud, ambitious, disdainefull,

With more finnes at my backe, then I haue thoughts

The Tragedie of Hamlet (Fr).*Ham.* Ha, ha: Are you honest?*Ophe.* My Lord.*Ham.* Are you faire?*Ophe.* What meanes your Lordship?*Ham.* That if you be honest and faire, your Honesty
should admit no discourse to your Beautie.110 *Ophe.* Could Beautie my Lord, haue better Commerce
then your Honesty?*Ham.* I trulie: for the power of Beautie, will sooner
transforme Honesty from what it is, to a Bawd, then the
force of Honesty can translate Beautie into his likeness.

III. i.

Ham. Ha, ha, are you honest.

Oph. My Lord.

Ham. Are you faire?

Oph. What meanes your Lordship?

Ham. That if you be honest & faire, you should admit
no discourse to your beautie.

110 *Oph.* Could beauty my Lord haue better comers
Then with honestie?

Ham. I truly, for the power of beautie will sooner transforme honestie from what it is to a bawde, then the force of honestie can translate beautie into his likeness. this was sometime a paradox, but now the time giues it prooffe. I did loue you once.

Oph. Indeed my Lord you made me believe so.

Ham. You should not haue beleen'd me, for vertue cannot so
120 enoculat our old stock, but we shall relish of it. I loued you not.

Oph. I was the more deceiued.

[46

Ham. Get thee a Nunry, why would'st thou be a breeder of finners, I am my selfe indifferent honest, but yet I could accuse mee of such things, that it were better my Mother had not borne mee: I am very proude, reuengefull, ambitious, with more offences at my beck, then I haue thoughts to put them in, imagination to giue them shape,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

This was sometime a Paradox, but now the time giues it
prooffe. I did loue you once.

Ophe. Indeed my Lord, you made me beleue so.

Ham. You should not haue beleued me. For vertue
120 cannot so innoculate our old stocke, but we shall relish
of it. I loued you not.

Ophe. I was the more deceiued.

Ham. Get thee to a Nunnerie. Why would'st thou be a breeder of Sinners? I am my selfe indifferent honest, but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were better my Mother had not borne me. I am very proud, reuengefull, Ambitious, with more offences at my becke, then I haue thoughts to put them in imagination, to giue

III.i.

130 To put them in, what should such fellows as I
Do, crawling between heaven and earth?
To a Nunnery goe, we are arrant knaues all.
Beleeue none of vs. to a Nunnery goe.

Ofel. O heanens secure him!

Ham. Wher's thy father?

Ofel. At home my lord.

Ham. For Gods sake let the doores be shut on him.
He may play the foole no where but in his
Owne house: to a Nunnery goe.

Ofel. Help him good God.

Ham. If thou dost marry, Ile giue thee

140 This plague to thy dowry:

Be thou as chaste as yce, as pure as snowe,
Thou shalt not scape calumny, to a Nunnery goe.

Ofel. Alas, what change is this?

Ham. But if thou wilt needes marry, marry a foole,
For wifemen know well enough,
What monsters you make of them. to a Nunnery goe.

Ofel. Pray God restore him.

Ham. Nay, I haue heard of your paintings too,
God hath giuen you one face.

150 And you make your selues another.

You fig, and you amble, and you nickname Gods creatures,
Making your wantonneffe, your ignorance.

A pox, t'is scurvy. Ile no more of it.

It hath made me madde: Ile no more marriages,

All that are married but one, shall line.

The rest shall keepe as they are. to a Nunnery goe.

To a Nunnery goe. *exit.*

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The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

130 them shape, or time to acte them in. What should such
Fellows as I do, crawling betweene Heauen and Earth.
We are arrant Knaues all, beleeue none of vs. Goe thy
wayes to a Nunnery. Where's your Father?

[266a

Ophe. At home. my Lord.

Ham. Let the doores be shut vpon him, that he may
play the Foole no way, but in's owne house. Farewell.

Ophe. O helpe him, you sweet Heauens.

140 *Ham.* If thou doest Marry, Ile giue thee this Plague
for thy Dowrie. Be thou as chaste as Ice, as pure as Snow,
thou shalt not escape Calumny. Get thee to a Nunnery.
Go, Farewell. Or if thou wilt needes Marry, marry a fool:

III. i.

130 or time to act them in: what should such fellowes as I do crawling betweene earth and heauen, wee are arrant knaues, beleeue none of vs, goe thy waies to a Nunry. Where's your father?

Oph. At home my Lord.

Ham. Let the doores be shut vpon him,
That he may play the foole no where but in's owne house.
Farewell.

Oph. O helpe him you sweet heauens.

140 *Ham.* If thou doost marry, Ile giue thee this plague for thy dowrie, be thou as chaste as yce, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny; get thee to a Nunry, farewell. Or if thou wilt needes marry, marry a foole, for wife men knowe well enough what monstres you make of them: to a Nunry goe, and quickly to, farewell.

Oph. Heauenly powers restore him.

Ham. I haue heard of your paintings well enough. God hath giuen you one face, and you make your selves another, you gig & amble, and you lift you nickname Gods creatures, and make your wantonnes ignorance; goe to, Ile no more on't, it hath made me madde, I say we will haue no mo marriage, those that are married already, all but one shall liue, the rest shall keep as they are: to a Nunry go. *Exit.*

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

for Wife men know well enough, what monstres you make of them. To a Nunnery go, and quickly too. Farewell.

Oph. O heauenly Powers, restore him.

Ham. I haue heard of your pratlings too wel enough.
150 God has giuen you one pace, and you make your selfe another: you gidge, you amble, and you lispe, and nickname Gods creatures, and make your Wantonneffe, your Ignorance. Go too, Ile no more on't, it hath made me mad. I say, we will haue no more Marriages. Those that are married already, all but one shall liue, the rest shall keep as they are. To a Nunnery, go. *Exit Hamlet.*

III.i.

Ofe. Great God of heauen, what a quicke change is this?
 The Courtier, Scholler, Souldier, all in him,
 All dashed and splinterd thence, O woe is me.
 To a feene what I haue feene, see what I see. *exit.*

170 *King.* Loue? No, no, that's not the cause, *Enter King and*
 Some deeper thing it is that troubles him. *Corambis.*

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Ophe. O what a Noble minde is heere o're-throwne?
 The Courtiers, Soldiers, Schollers: Eye, tongue, sword,
 160 Th'expectantie and Rose of the faire State,
 The glasse of Paffion, and the mould of Forme,
 Th'obseru'd of all Obseruers, quite, quite downe.
 Haue I of ladies most delect and wretched,
 That suck'd the Honie of his Musicke Vowes:
 Now see that Noble, and most Soueraigne Reason,
 Like sweet Bels iangled out of tune, and harsh,
 That vnmatch'd Forme and Feature of blowne youth,
 Blasted with extasie. Oh woe is me,
 T'haue seene what I haue seene: see what I see.

Enter King, and Polonius.

170 *King.* Loue? His affections do not that way tend,

III.i.

Oph. O what a noble mind is here orethrowne!
 The Courtiers, fouldiers, schollers, eye, tongue, sword,
 160 Th'expectation, and Rose of the faire state,
 The glasse of fashion, and the mould of forme.
 Th'obseru'd of all obseruers, quite quite downe.
 And I of Ladies most delect and wretched,
 That suckt the honny of his musickt vowes;
 Now see what noble and most soueraigne reason
 Like sweet bells iangled out of time, and harsh,
 That unmatched forme, and stature of blowne youth
 Blasted with extacie, ô woe is mee
 Th'haue seene what I haue seene, see what I see. *Exit,*

Enter King and Polonius.

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170 *King.* Loue, his affections doe not that way tend,
 Not what he spake, though it lackt forme a little,
 Was not like madnes, there's something in his foule
 Ore which his melancholy fits on brood,
 And I doe doubt, the hatch and the disclose
 VVill be some danger; which for to preuent,
 I haue in quick determination
 Thus set it downe: he shall with speede to *England*,
 For the demaund of our neglected tribute,
 Haply the seas, and countries different,
 180 With variable obiects, shall expell
 This something fetled matter in his hart.
 Whereon his braines still beating
 Puts him thus from fashion of himselfe.
 What thinke you on't?

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Nor what he spake, though it lack'd Forme a little,
 Was not like Madnesse. There's something in his foule?
 O're which his Melancholly fits on brood,
 And I do doubt the hatch, and the disclose
 Will be some danger, which to preuent
 I haue in quicke determination
 Thus set it downe. He shall with speed to England
 For the demand of our neglected Tribute:
 Haply the Seas and Countries different
 180 With variable Obiects, shall expell
 This something fetled matter in his heart:
 Whereon his Braines still beating, puts him thus
 From fashion of himselfe. What thinke you on't?

Cor. Wel, fomething it is: my Lord, content you a while.
 170 I will my felfe goe feele him: let me worke.
 He try him euery way: fee where he comes,
 Send you thofe Gentlemen, let me alone
 To finde the depth of this, away, be gone. *exit King.*
 Now my good Lord, do you know me? *Enter Hamlet.*

Ham. Yea very well, y'are a fifhmonger.

Cor. Not I my Lord.

Ham. Then fir, I would you were fo honeft a man,
 For to be honeft, as this age goes,
 Is one man to be pickt out of tenne thoufand.

Cor. What doe you reade my Lord?

Ham. Wordes, wordes.

Cor. What's the matter my Lord?

Ham. Betweene who?

Cor. I meane the matter you reade my Lord.

Ham. Mary moft vile herefie:

For here the Satyricall Satyre writes,
 That olde men haue hollow eyes, weake backes.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Pol. It fhall do well. But yet do I belecue
 The Origin and Commencement of this greefe
 Sprung from neglected loue. How now *Ophelia*?
 You neede not tell vs, what Lord *Hamlet* faide,
 We heard it all. My Lord, do as you please.
 But if you hold it fit after the Play,
 190 Let his Queene Mother all alone intreat him
 To fhew his Greefes: let her be round with him

III.i.

Pol. It shall doe well.

But yet doe I belieue the origin and comencement of his grieefe,
Sprung from neglected loue: How now *Ophelia*?

You neede not tell vs what Lord *Hamlet* said.

We heard it all: my Lord, doe as you please,

But if you hold it fit, after the play,

190 Let his Queene-mother all alone intreate him
To shew his grieefe, let her be round with him,
And Ile be plac'd (so please you) in the care
Of all their conference, if she find him not,
To *England* fend him: or confine him where
Your wisedome best shall thinke.

King. It shall be so,

Madnes in great ones must not vnmateht goe.

Exeunt.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

And Ile be plac'd so, please you in the eare
Of all their Conference. If she finde him not,
To *England* fend him: Or confine him where
Your wisedome best shall thinke.

King. It shall be so:

Madnesse in great Ones, must not vnwatch'd go.

Exeunt.

11.ii.

Grey bearded, pittifull weake hammes, gowty legges,
 All which fir, I most potently beleuee not:
 For fir, your fesse shalbe olde as I am,
 If like a Crabbe, you could goe backward.

Cor. How pregnant his replies are, and full of wit:

190 Yet at first he tooke me for a fishmonger:
 All this comes by loue, the vemenie of loue.
 And when I was yong, I was very idle,
 And suffered much extasie in loue, very neere this:
 Will you walke out of the aire my Lord?

210 *Ham.* Into my graue.

[29

Cor. By the masse that's out of the aire indeed,
 Very fhrewd answers,
 My lord I will take my leaue of you.

Enter Gilderstone, and Rossenecraft.

220 *Ham.* You can take nothing from me fir,
 I will more willingly part with all.
 Olde doating foole.

Cor. You seeke Prince Hamlet, see, there he is. *exit.*

Gil. Health to your Lordship.

Ham. What, Gilderstone, and Rossenecraft,
 Welcome kinde Schoole-fellowes to *Elfanoure*.

Gil. We thanke your Grace, and would be very glad
 You were as when we were at *Wittenberg*.

Ham. I thanke you, but is this visitation free of
 Your felues, or were you not sent for?

230 Tell me true, come, I know the good King and Queene
 Sent for you, there is a kinde of confession in your eye:
 Come, I know you were sent for.

300 *Gil.* What say you?

Ham. Nay then I see how the winde fits,
 Come, you were sent for.

Ross. My lord, we were, and willingly if we might,
 Know the cause and ground of your discontent.

Ham. Why I want preferment.

Ross. I thinke not so my lord.

310 *Ham.* Yes faith, this great world you see contents me not,
 No nor the spangled heauens, nor earth nor sea,
 No nor Man that is so glorious a creature,
 Contents not me, no nor woman too, though you laugh.

Gil. My lord, we laugh not at that.

Ham. Why did you laugh then,
 When I said, Man did not content mee?

III. i.

II. ii.

Gil. My Lord, we laughed, when you said, Man did not content you.

What entertainment the Players shall haue,

330 We boarded them a the way: they are coming to you. [30

Ham. Players, what Players be they?

Roff. My Lord, the Tragedians of the City.

Those that you tooke delight to see so often. (He?

Ham. How comes it that they trauell? Do they grow re-

Gil. No my Lord, their reputation holds as it was wont.

Ham. How then?

Gil. Yfaith my Lord, noueltie carries it away.

For the principall publike audience that

Came to them, are turned to priuate playes,

And to the humour of children.

380 *Ham.* I doe not greatly wonder of it,

For those that would make mops and moes

At my vncle, when my father liued,

Now giue a hundred, two hundred pounds

For his picture: but they shall be welcome,

He that playes the King shall haue tribute of me,

The ventrous Knight shall vse his foyle and target,

The louer shall sigh gratis,

The clowne shall make them laugh (for't,

That are tickled in the lungs, or the blanke verse shall halt

And the Lady shall haue leaue to speake her minde freely.

The Trumpets sound, Enter Corambis.

400 Do you see yonder great baby?

He is not yet out of his swadling clowts.

Gil. That may be, for they say an olde man

Is twice a childe. (Players,

Ham. He prophecie to you, hee comes to tell mee a the

You say true, a monday last, t'was so indeede.

Cor. My lord, I haue news to tell you.

Ham. My Lord, I haue newes to tell you:

410 When *Roffios* was an Actor in *Rome*.

Cor. The Actors are come hither, my lord.

Ham. Buz, buz.

Cor. The best Actors in Chriftendome,

Either for Comedy, Tragedy, Historie, Pastorall,

Pastorall, Historicall, Historicall, Comickall,

Comickall historicall, Pastorall, Tragedy historicall:

420 *Seneca* cannot be too heauy, nor *Plato* too light:

For the law hath writ those are the onely men.

[31

III.i.

II.ii.

Ha. O *Iepha* Iudge of *Ifrael*! what a treasure hadst thou?*Cor.* Why what a treasure had he my lord?*Ham.* Why one faire daughter, and no more.

The which he loued paffing well.

Cor. A, ftill harping a my daughter! well my Lord.430 If you call me *Iepha*, I haue a daughter that

I loue paffing well.

Ham. Nay that followes not.*Cor.* What followes then my Lord?*Ham.* Why by lot, or God wot, or as it came to paffe,

And fo it was, the first verfe of the godly Ballet

Wil tel you all: for look you where my abridgement comes:

440 Welcome maifters, welcome all. *Enter players.*

What my olde friend, thy face is vallanced

Since I faw thee laft, com'ft thou to heare me in *Denmarke*?

My yong lady and miftis, burlady but your (you were:

Ladifhip is growne by the altitude of a chopine higher than

Pray God fir your voyce, like a peece of vncurrent

Golde, be not crack't in the ring: come on maifters.

450 Weele euen too't, like French Falconers.

Flie at any thing we fee, come, a tafte of your

Qualitie, a fpeech, a paffionate fpeech.

Players What fpeech my good lord?*Ham.* I heard thee fpeake a fpeech once,

But it was neuer acted: or if it were,

Neuer aboue twice, for as I remember.

It pleased not the vulgar, it was canuary

To the million: but to me

And others, that receined it in the like kinde,

460 Cried in the topp of their iudgements, an excellent play,

Set downe with as great modeftie as cunning:

One faid there was no fallets in the lines to make the fanory,

But called it an honeft methode, as wholefome as fweete. [32

Come, a fpeech in it I chiefly remember

Was *Ancas* tale to *Dido*,

And then efpecially where he talkes of Princes flaughter.

470 If it lue in thy memory beginne at this line.

Let me fee.

The rugged *Pyrus*, like th'arganian beaft:No t'is not fo, it begins with *Pirrus*:

O I haue it.

The rugged *Pirrus*, he whose fable armes,

Blacke as his purpofe did the night refemble,

III.i.

II.ii.

When he lay couched in the ominous horfe,
Hath now his blacke and grimme complexion fmeered
With Heraldry more difmall, head to foote.

Now is he totall guife, horridely tricked
480 With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, fonnes,
Back't and imparched in calagulate gore,
Rifted in earth and fire, olde grandfire *Pryam* fees:
So goe on. (accent.)

Cor. Afore God, my Lord, well spoke, and with good

490 *Play.* Anone he finds him ftriking too fhort at Greeks,
His antike fword rebellious to his Arme,
Lies where it falles, vnable to refift.
Pyrus at *Pryam* driues, but all in rage,
Strikes wide, but with the whiffe and winde
Of his fell fword, th'unnerued father falles.

520 *Cor.* Enough my friend, t'is too long.

Ham. It fhall to the Barbers with your beard:
A pox, hee's for a ligge, or a tale of bawdry,
Or elfe he fleeces, come on to *Hecuba*, come.

Play. But who, O who had feene the mobled Queene?

Cor. Mobled Queene is good, faith very good.

Play. All in the alarum and feare of death rofe vp,
And o're her weake and all ore-teening loynes, a blanket
530 And a kercher on that head, where late the diademe ftoode,
Who this had feene with tongue inuenom'd fpeech,
Would treason haue pronounced,
For if the gods themfelues had feene her then,
When fhe faw *Pirrus* with malicious ftrokes,
Mincing her husbandes limbs,
540 It would haue made milch the burning eyes of heauen,
And paffion in the gods.

Cor. Looke my lord if he hath not chang'd his colour,
And hath teares in his eyes: no more good heart, no more.

Ham. T'is well, t'is very well, I pray my lord,
Will you fee the Players well beftowed,
I tell you they are the Chronicles
And brieft abtracts of the time.
After your death I can tell you,
550 You were better haue a bad Epiteth.
Then their ill report while you line.

Cor. My lord, I will vfe them according to their deferts.

Ham. O farre better man, vfe euery man after his deferts.
Then who fhould feape whipping?

III. i.

11.ii.

Vfe them after your owne honor and dignitie,
The leffe they deferue, the greater credit's yours.

Cor. Welcome my good fellowes. *exit.*

Ham. Come hither maisters, can you not play the murder of *Gonfago*?

players Yes my Lord.

Ham. And could'st not thou for a neede study me
Some dozen or fixteene lines,
Which I would fet downe and insert?

players Yes very easily my good Lord.

570 *Ham.* T'is well, I thanke you: follow that lord.
And doe you heare firs? take heede you mocke him not.
Gentlemen, for your kindnes I thanke you,
And for a time I would desire you leaue me.

Gil. Our loue and duetie is at your commaund.

Exeunt all but Hamlet.

Ham. Why what a dunghill idiote flauie am I?

Why these Players here draw water from eyes:
For Hecuba, why what is Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba? [34
What would he do and if he had my losse?

His father muredred, and a Crowne bereft him,
He would turne all his teares to droppes of blood,

590 Amaze the standers by with his laments,
Strike more then wonder in the iudiciall eares,
Confound the ignorant, and make mute the wife,
Indeede his passion would be generall.
Yet I like to an asse and Iohn a Dreames,
Hauing my father muredred by a villaine,
Stand still, and let it passe, why fure I am a coward:

600 Who pluckes me by the beard, or twites my nose,
Giue's me the lie i'th throate downe to the lungs,
Sure I should take it, or else I haue no gall,
Or by this I should a fatted all the region kites
With this flauies offell, this damned villaine,
Treacherous, bawdy, murderous villaine:
Why this is braue, that I the sonne of my deare father,
Should like a fealion, like a very drabbe
Thus raile in wordes. About my braine,
I haue heard that guilty creatures fitting at a play,
Hath, by the very cunning of the scene, confest a murder
Committed long before.

This spirit that I haue scene may be the Diuell,
630 And out of my weakeuesse and my melancholy.
As he is very potent with such men,

III. i.

II.ii.

Doth seeke to damne me. I will haue founder proofes.
 The play's the thing.
 Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the King. *exit.*

III.i.

Enter the King, Queene, and Lordes.

King Lordes, can you by no meanes finde
 The cause of our sonne Hamlets lunacie?
 You being so neere in loue, euen from his youth.
 Me thinkes should gaine more than a stranger should.

Gil. My lord, we haue done all the best we could, [35
 To wring from him the cause of all his griefe.
 But still he puts vs off, and by no meanes
 Would make an answere to that we expofde.

Roff. Yet was he something more inclin'd to mirth
 Before we left him, and I take it,

20 He hath giuen order for a play to night,
 At which he craues your highnesse company.

King With all our heart, it likes vs very well:
 Gentlemen, seeke still to increase his mirth.
 Spare for no cost, our coffers shall be open,
 And we vnto your felues will still be thankefull.

Both In all wee can, be sure you shall commaund.

Queene Thanks gentlemen, and what the Queene of
 May pleasure you, be sure you shall not want. (*Denmarke*

Gil. Weele once againe vnto the noble Princee.

King Thanks to you both: Gertred you'l see this play.

Queene My lord I will, and it ioyes me at the soule
 He is inclin'd to any kinde of mirth.

Cor. Madame, I pray be ruled by me:
 And my good Soneraigne, giue me leaue to speake,
 We cannot yet finde out the very ground
 Of his distemperance, therefore
 I holde it meete, if so it please you,
 Else they shall not meete, and thus it is.

King What i'ft *Corambis*? (*done.*

Cor. Mary my good lord this, soone when the sports are
 190 Madam, fend you in haste to speake with him,
 And I my selfe will stand behind the Arras,
 There question you the cause of all his griefe.
 And then in loue and nature vnto you, hee'll tell you all:
 My Lord, how thinke you on't?

King It likes vs well, Gertred, what say you?

Queene With all my heart, soone will I fend for him.

Cor. My selfe will be that happy messenger,
 Who hopes his griefe will be reueal'd to her. *exunt omnes.*

III. ii.

Enter Hamlet and the Players.

[36]

Ham. Pronounce me this speech trippingly a the tongue
as I taught thee.

Mary and you mouth it, as a many of your players do

I'de rather heare a towne bull bellow,

Then such a fellow speake my lines.

Nor do not faw the aire thus with your hands,

But giue euery thing his action with temperance. (fellow.

10 O it offends mee to the foule, to heare a rebuftious periwig

To teare a paffion in totters, into very ragges,

To split the eares of the ignorant, who for the (noifes.

Most parte are capable of nothing but dumbe flewes and

I would haue such a fellow whipt, for o're doing, tarmagant

It out, Herodes Herod.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

III. ii.

Enter Hamlet, and two or three of the Players.

[265b]

Ham. Speake the Speech I pray you, as I pronounc'd
it to you trippingly on the Tongue: But if you mouth it,

as many of your Players do, I had as liue the Town-Cryer

had spoke my Lines: Nor do not faw the Ayre too much

your hand thus, but vse all gently; for in the verie Tor-

rent, Tempest, and (as I may say) the Whirle-winde of

Paffion, you must acquire and beget a Temperance that

10 may giue it Smoothnesse. O it offends mee to the Soule,

to see a rebuftious Pery-wig-pated Fellow, teare a Paffi-

on to tatters, to verie ragges, to split the eares of the

Groundlings: who (for the most part) are capeable of

nothing, but inexplicable dumbe flewes, & noife: I could

haue such a Fellow whipt for o're-doing Termagant: it

out-*Herod's Herod*. Pray you auoid it.

III. ii.

Enter Hamlet, and three of the Players.

Ham. Speake the speech I pray you as I pronoun'd it to you, trippingly on the tongue, but if you mouth it as many of our Players do, I had as liue the towne cryer spoke my lines, nor doe not saw the ayre too much with your hand thus, but vse all gently, for in the very torrent tempest, and as I may say, whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may giue it smoothnesse, o it
10 offends mee to the foule, to heare a robustious perwig-pated fellowe tere a passion to totters, to very rags, to spleet the eares of the groundlings, vwho for the most part are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumbe showes, and noyse: I would haue such a fellow whipt for ore-dooing Termagant, it out Herods Herod, pray you auoyde it.

Player. I warrant your honour.

Hamlet. Be not too tame neither, but let your owne discretion be
20 your tutor, sute the action to the word, the word to the action, with this speciall obseruance, that you ore-steppe not the modestie of nature: For any thing so ore-doone, is from the purpose of playing, whose end both at the first, and now, was and is, to holde as twere the Mirrour vp to nature, to shew vertue her feature; scorne her own Image, and the very age and body of the time his forme and preffure: Now this ouer-done, or come tardie off, though it makes the vnskil-
30 full laugh, cannot but make the iudicious greeue, the censure of which one, must in your allowance ore-weigh a whole Theater of others. O there be Players that I haue seene play, and heard others prayfd, and that highly, not to speake it prophanely, that neither ha-

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Player. I warrant your Honor.

Ham. Be not too tame neyther: but let your owne
20 Diferetion be your Tutor. Sute the Action to the Word, the Word to the Action, with this speciall obseruance: That you ore-stop not the modestie of Nature; for any thing so ouer-done, is frō the purpose of Playing, whose end both at the first and now, was and is, to hold as 'twere the Mirrour vp to Nature; to shew Vertue her owne Feature, Scorne her owne Image, and the verie Age and Bodie of the Time, his forme and preffure. Now, this ouer-done, or come tardie off, though it make the vnskil-
30 full laugh, cannot but make the Iudicious greeue: The censure of the which One, must in your allowance o're-way a whole Theater of Others. Oh, there bee Players that I haue seene Play, and heard others praise, and that highly (not to speake it prophanely) that neyther haning

40 *players* My Lorde, wee haue indifferently reformed that among vs.

Ham. The better, the better, mend it all together:

There be fellowes that I haue seene play,
And heard others commend them, and that highly too.
That hauing neither the gate of Christian, Pagan,
Nor Turke, haue so strutted and bellowed,
That you would a thought, some of Natures journeymen
Had made men, and not made them well,
They imitated humanitie, so abhominable:
Take heede, auoyde it.

players I warrant you my Lord.

Ham. And doe you heare? let not your Clowne speake
More then is set downe, there be of them I can tell you
That will laugh themselues, to set on some
Quantitie of barren spectators to laugh with them.
Albeit there is some necessary point in the Play
Then to be obserued: O t'is vile, and shewes
A pittifull ambition in the foole that vseth it.
And then you haue some agen, that keepe one fute
Of ieafts, as a man is knowne by one fute of
Apparell, and Gentlemen quotes his ieafts downe
In their tables, before they come to the play, as thus: [37
Cannot you stay till I eate my porridge? and, you owe me
A quarters wages: and, my coate wants a cullifon:
And, your beere is fowre: and, blabbering with his lips,
And thus keeping in his cinkapase of ieafts,
When, God knows, the warme Clowne cannot make a iest
Vnlesse by chance, as the blinde man catcheth a hare:
Masters tell him of it.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

the accent of Christians, nor the gate of Christian, Pagan,
or Norman, haue so strutted and bellowed, that I haue
thought some of Natures Iouerney-men had made men,
and not made them well. they imitated Humanity fo ab-
hominably.

40 *Play.* I hope we haue reform'd that indifferently with
vs, Sir.

III. ii.

uing th'accent of Chriftians, nor the gate of Chriftian, Pagan, nor man, haue fo ftrutted & bellowed, that I haue thought fome of Natures Iornimen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanitie fo abhominably.

40 *Player.* I hope we haue reform'd that indifferently with vs.

Ham. O reforme it altogether, and let thofe that play your clownes fpeake no more then is fet downe for them, for there be of them that wil themfelues laugh, to fet on fome quantitie of barraine fpectators to laugh to, though in the meane time, fome neceffary queftion of the play be then to be confidered, that's villanous, and fhewes a moft
50 pittifull ambition in the foole that vfes it: goe make you readie. How now my Lord, will the King heare this peece of worke?

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Ham. O reforme it altogether. And let thofe that play your Clownes, fpeake no more then is fet downe for them. For there be of them, that will themfelues laugh, to fet on fome quantitie of barron Spectators to laugh too, though in the meane time, fome neceffary Queftion of the Play be then to be confidered: that's Villanous. &
50 fhewes a moft pittifull Ambition in the Foole that vfes it. Go make you readie. *Exit Players.*

III. ii.

50 *players* We will my Lord.*Ham.* Well, goe make you ready. *exeunt players.**Horatio.* Heere my Lord.*Ham.* *Horatio*, thou art euen as iust a man.

60 As e're my conuerſation cop'd withall.

Hor. O my lord!*Ham.* Nay why ſhould I flatter thee?

Why ſhould the poore be flattered?

What gaine ſhould I receiue by flattering thee,

That nothing hath but thy good minde?

Let flattery fit on thoſe time-pleaſing tongs,

To gloſe with them that loues to heare their praiſe,

And not with ſuch as thou *Horatio*.*The Tragedie of Hamlet* (F₁).*Enter Polonius, Roſinerance, and Guildenſterne.*

How now my Lord,

Will the King heare this peece of Worke?

Pol. And the Queene too, and that preſently.*Ham.* Bid the Players make haſt. *Exit Polonius.*

Will you two helpe to haſten them?

Both. We will my Lord.*Exeunt.**Enter Horatio.**Ham.* What hoa, *Horatio*?*Hora.* Heere ſweet Lord, at your Service.*Ham.* *Horatio*, thou art eene as iuſt a man

60 As ere my Conuerſation coap'd withall.

Hora. O my deere Lord.*Ham.* Nay, do not thinke I flatter:

III. ii.

Enter Polonius, Guyldensterne, & Rosencraus.

Pol. And the the Queene to, and that presently.

Ham. Bid the Players make haft. Will you two help to haften the.

Ros. I my Lord. *Exeunt they two.*

Ham. What howe, *Horatio.* *Enter Horatio.*

Hora. Heere fweet Lord, at your seruice.

Ham. *Horatio*, thou art een as iust a man,
60 As ere my conuerfation copt withall.

Hor. O my deere Lord.

Ham. Nay
[49

Nay, doe not thinke I flatter,

For what aduancement may I hope from thee

That no reuennue haft but thy good fpirits

To feede and clothe thee, why fhould the poore be flatter'd?

No, let the candied tongue like abfurd pompe,

And crooke the pregnant hindges of the knee

Where thrift may follow fauning; dooft thou heare,

Since my deare foule was miftris of her choice,

And could of men diftinguifh her election,

70 S'hath feald thee for herfelfe, for thou haft been

As one in fuffring all that fuffers nothing,

A man that Fortunes buffets and rewards

Haft tane with equall thanks; and bleft are thofe

Whofe blood and iudgement are fo well comedled,

That they are not a pype for Fortunes finger

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

For what aduancement may I hope from thee,

That no Reuennue haft, but thy good fpirits

To feed & cloath thee. Why fhould the poor be flatter'd? [267^a

No, let the Candied tongue, like abfurd pompe,

And crooke the pregnant Hindges of the knee,

Where thrift may follow fauning? Dooft thou heare,

Since my deere Soule was Miftris of my choyle,

And could of men diftinguifh, her election

70 Hath feald thee for herfelfe. For thou haft bene

As one in fuffering all, that fuffers nothing.

A man that Fortunes buffets, and Rewards

Hath 'tane with equall Thankes. And bleft are thofe,

Whofe Blood and iudgement are fo well co-mingled.

That they are not a Pipe for Fortunes finger,

80 There is a play to night, wherein one Sceane they haue
Comes very neere the murder of my father,

When thou fhalt see that Act afoote,

Marke thou the King. doe but obserue his lookes,

For I mine eies will riuet to his face:
And if he doe not bleach, and change at that,
It is a damned ghofst that we haue seene.

Horatio, haue a care, obserue him well.

Hor. My lord, mine eies fhall ftill be on his face,
And not the fnalleft alteration
That fhall appeare in him, but I fhall note it.

Ham. Harke, they come.

Enter King, Queene, Corambis, and other Lords. (a play?

King How now fon *Hamlet*, how fare you, fhall we haue

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

To found what ftop fhe please. Giue me that man.

That is not Paffions Slaue, and I will weare him

In my hearts Core: I. in my Heart of heart.

As I do thee. Something too much of this.

80 There is a Play to night before the King.

One Scene of it comes neere the Circumftance

Which I haue told thee, of my Fathers death.

I prythee, when thou fee'ft that Acte a-foot,

Euen with the verie Comment of my Soule

Obferue mine Vnkle: If his occulted guilt,

Do not it felfe vnkennell in one fpeech,

It is a damned Ghofst that we haue feene:

And my Imaginations are as foule

As Vulcans Stythe. Giue him needfull note,

III. ii.

To found what ftop fhe pleafe: giue me that man
 That is not pafsions flaue, and I will weare him
 In my harts core, I in my hart of hart
 As I doe thee. Something too much of this,
 80 There is a play to night before the King,
 One fcene of it comes neere the circumftance
 Which I haue told thee of my fathers death.
 I prethee when thou feelt that act a foote,
 Euen with the very comment of thy foule
 Obferue my Vncle, if his occulted guilt
 Doe not it felfe vnkennill in one fpeech,
 It is a damned ghofte that we haue feene.
 And my imaginations are as foule
 As *Vulcans* ftithy; giue him heedfull note,
 90 For I mine eyes will riuet to his face,
 And after we will both our iudgements ioine
 In cenfure of his feeming.

Hor. Well my lord,
 If a fteale ought the wilft this play is playing
 And fcape detected, I will pay the theft.

*Enter Trumpets and Kettle Drummes, King, Queene,
 Polonius, Ophelia.*

Ham. They are comming to the play. I muft be idle,
 Get you a place.

[50

King. How fares our cofin *Hamlet*?

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

90 For I mine eyes will riuet to his Face:
 And after we will both our iudgements ioine.
 To cenfure of his feeming.

Hora. Well my Lord.
 If he fteale ought the whilft this Play is Playing,
 And fcape detecting, I will pay the Theft.

*Enter King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosincrance,
 Guildenfterne, and other Lords attendant, with
 his Guard carrying Torches. Danifh
 March. Sound a Flourifh.*

Ham. They are comming to the Play: I muft be idle.
 Get you a place.

King. How fares our Cofin *Hamlet*?

111. ii.

100 *Ham.* Yfaith the Camelions difh, not capon crammd,
 feede a the ayre. 138

I father: My lord, you playd in the Vniuerfitie.

Cor. That I did my L: and I was counted a good actor.

Ham. What did you enact there?

Cor. My lord, I did act *Julius Cæfar*, I was killed
 in the Capitoll, *Brutus* killed me.

110 *Ham.* It was a brute parte of him,
 To kill fo capitall a calfe.

Come, be thefe Players ready?

Queene Hamlet come fit downe by me.

Ham. No by my faith mother, heere's a mettle more at-
 Lady will you giue me leaue, and fo forth: (tractive:
 To lay my head in your lappe?

120 *Ofel.* No my Lord. (trary matters?

Ham. Vpon your lap, what do you thinke I meant con-

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F).

100 *Ham.* Excellent Ifaith, of the Camelions difh: I eate
 the Ayre promife-crammd, you cannot feede Capons fo.

King. I haue nothing with this anfwer *Hamlet*, thefe
 words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine. Now my Lord, you plaid once
 i'th' Vniuerfity, you fay?

Polon. That I did my Lord, and was accounted a good
 Actor.

Ham. And what did you enact?

Pol. I did enact *Julius Cæfar*, I was kill'd i'th' Capitoll:
Brutus kill'd me.

110 *Ham.* It was a brute part of him, to kill fo Capitall a
 Calfe there. Be the Players ready?

Rofin. I my Lord, they ftay vpon your patience.

III. ii.

- Ham.* Excellent yfaith,
Of the Camelions difh, I eate the ayre,
100 Promiferam'd, you cannot feede Capons fo.
- King.* I haue nothing with this aunfwer *Hamlet*,
Thefe words are not mine.
- Ham.* No, nor mine now my Lord.
You playd once i'th Vniuerfitie you fay,
- Pol.* That did I my Lord, and was accounted a good Actor,
- Ham.* What did you enact?
- Pol.* I did enact *Iulius Cæſar*, I was kild i'th Capitall.
Brutus kild mee.
- 110 *Ham.* It was a brute part of him to kill fo capitall a calfe there,
Be the Players readie?
- Rof.* I my Lord, they ſtay vpon your patience.
- Ger.* Come hether my deere *Hamlet*, fit by me.
- Ham.* No good mother, heere's mettle more attractiue.
- Pol.* O ho, doe you marke that.
- Ham.* Lady ſhall I lie in your lap?
- 120 *Ophe.* No my Lord.
- Ham.* Doe you thinke I meant country matters?
- Oph.* I thinke nothing my Lord.
- Ham.* That's a fayre thought to lye betweene maydes legs.
- Oph.* What is my Lord?
- Ham.* Nothing.
- Oph.* You are merry my Lord.
- 130 *Ham.* Who I?

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

- Qu.* Come hither my good *Hamlet*, fit by me.
- Ha.* No good Mother, here's Mettle more attractiue.
- Pol.* Oh ho, do you marke that?
- Ham.* Ladie, ſhall I lye in your Lap?
- 120 *Ophe.* No my Lord.
- Ham.* I meane, my Head vpon your Lap?
- Ophe.* I my Lord.
- Ham.* Do you thinke I meant Country matters?
- Ophe.* I thinke nothing my Lord.
- Ham.* That's a faire thought to ly between Maids legs
- Ophe.* What is my Lord?
- Ham.* Nothing. [267b
- Ophe.* You are merrie. my Lord?
- 130 *Ham.* Who I?

Enter in a Dumb Shew, the King and the Queene, he sits downe in an Arbor, she leaues him: Then enters Lucianus with poyson in a Viall, and powres it in his eares, and goes away: Then the Queene commeth and findes him dead: and goes away with the other.

Ofel. What meanes this my Lord? *Enter the Prologue.*

Ham. This is myching Mallico, that meanes my chiefe.

Ofel. What doth this meane my lord?

Ham. you shall heare anone, this fellow will tell you all.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Ophe. I my Lord.

Ham. Oh God, your onely ligge-maker: what should a man do, but be merrie. For looke you how cheerefully my Mother lookes, and my Father dyed within's two Houres.

Ophe. Nay, 'tis twice two moneths, my Lord.

Ham. So long? Nay then let the Diuel weare blacke, for He haue a suite of Sables. Oh Heauens! dye two moneths ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there's hope, a
 140 great mans Memorie, may out-line his life halfe a yeare: But byrlady he must builde Churches then: or else shall he suffer not thinking on, with the Hoby-horffe, whose Epitaph is, For o, For o, the Hoby-horfe is forgot.

Hoboyes play. The dumb shew enters.

Enter a King and Queene, very louingly; the Queene embracing him. She kneeles, and makes shew of Protestation vnto him. He takes her vp, and declines his head vpon her neck.

III. ii.

Oph. I my Lord.

Ham. O God your onely Iigge-maker, what should a man do but be merry, for looke you how cheerefully my mother lookes, and my father died within's two howres.

Oph. Nay, tis twice two months my Lord.

Ham. So long, nay then let the deule weare blacke, for He haue a fute of fables; ô heauens, die two months agoe, and not forgotten yet,
140 then there's hope a great mans memorie may out-live his life halfe a yeere, but her Lady a muft build Churches then, or els fhall a suffer not thinking on, with the Hobby-horfe, whose Epitaph is, for ô, for ô, the hobby-horfe is forgot.

The Trumpets founds. Dumbes show followes:

[51

*Enter a King and a Queene, the Queene embracing him, and he her, he takes her vp, and declines his head vpon her necke, he lyes him downe vpon a bancke of flowers, she seeing him asleepe, leaues him: anon come in an other man, takes off his crowne, kisses it, pours poyson in the sleepers eares, and leaues him: the Queene returnes, finds the King dead, makes passionate action, the poyfner with some three or foure come in againe, seeme to con-
dole with her, the dead body is carried away, the poyfner wooes the Queene with gifts, shee seemes hursh awhile, but in the end accepts loue.*

Oph. VVhat meanes this my Lord?

Ham. Marry this munching *Mallico*, it meanes milchiefe.

150 *Oph.* Belike this fhow imports the argument of the play.

Ham. We fhall know by this fellow, *Enter Prologue.*
The Players cannot keepe, they'le tell all.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Layes him downe vpon a Banke of Flowers. She seeing him a-sleepe, leaues him. Anon comes in a Fellow, takes off his Crowne, kisses it, and powres poyson in the Kings eares, and Exits. The Queene returnes, findes the King dead, and makes passionate Action. The Poyfoner, with some two or three Mutes comes in againe, seeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away: The Poyfoner Wooes the Queene with Gifts, she seemes loath and vncwilling awhile, but in the end, accepts his loue. Exeunt

Oph. What meanes this, my Lord?

Ham. Marry this is Miching *Malicho*, that meanes Mifeheefe.

150 *Oph.* Belike this fhow imports the Argument of the Play?

Ham. We fhall know by these Fellowes: the Players cannot keepe counsell, they'l tell all.

III. ii.

Ofel. Will he tell vs what this fthew meanes?*Ham.* I, or any fthew you'le fthew him,

Be not afeard to fthew, hee'le not be afeard to tell:

O thefe Players cannot keepe counfell, thei'le tell all

Prol. For vs, and for our Tragedie.

160 Heere fhowping to your clemencie,

We begge your hearing patiently.

Ham. I'tt a prologue, or a poefie for a ring?*Ofel.* T'is fhort my Lord.*Ham.* As womens loue.*Enter the Duke and Dutcheffe.**Duke* Full fortie yeares are paff, their date is gone,

Since happy time ioyn'd both our hearts as one: [39

And now the blood that fill'd my youthfull veines,

Runnes weakely in their pipes, and all the ftraines

Of muficke, which whilome pleafde mine eare,

Is now a burthen that Age cannot beare:

And therefore fweete Nature muft pay his due,

To heauen muft I, and leaue the earth with you.

Dutcheffe O fay not fo, left that you kill my heart.

When death takes you, let life from me depart.

Duke Content thy felfe, when ended is my date,

Thou maift (perchance) haue a more noble mate,

More wife, more youthfull, and one.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).*Ophe.* Will they tell vs what this fthew meant?*Ham.* I, or any fthew that you'l fthew him. Bee not
you afham'd to fthew, hee'l not fhame to tell you what it
meanes.*Ophe.* You are naught, you are naught, Ile marke the
Play.*Enter Prologue.**For vs, and for our Tragedie,*160 *Heere fhowping to your Clemencie:**We begge your hearing Patientlie.**Ham.* Is this a Prologue, or the Poefie of a Ring?*Ophe.* T'is briefe my Lord.*Ham.* As Womans loue.

III. ii.

Oph. Will a tell vs what this fhow meant?

Ham. I, or any fhow that you will fhow him, be not you afham'd
to fhow, heele not fhaime to tell you what it meanes.

Oph. You are naught, you are naught, Ile mark the play.

Prologue. For vs and for our Tragedie,

160 Heere ftooping to your clemencie,

We begge your hearing patiently.

Ham. Is this a Prologue, or the poffie of a ring?

Oph. Tis breefe my Lord.

Ham. As womans loue.

Enter King and Queene.

King. Full thirtie times hath *Phebus* cart gone round
Neptunes falt wafh, and *Tellus* orb'd the ground.

And thirtie dozen Moones with borrowed fheene
About the world haue times twelue thirties beene
Since lone our harts, and *Hymen* did our hands

170 Vnite comutuell in moft facred bands.

Quee: So many ioutneyes may the Sunne and Moone
Make vs againe count ore ere lone be doone,

But woe is me, you are, fo ficke of late.

So farre from cheere, and from our former ftate,

That I diftrauft you, yet though I diftrauft,

Difcomfort you my Lord it nothing muft.

For women feare too much, euen as they loue.

And womens feare and loue hold quantitie,

Eyther none, in neither ought, or in extremitie.

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The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Enter King and his Queene.

King. Full thirtie times hath *Phœbus* Cart gon round.
Neptunes falt Wafh, and *Tellus* Orbed ground:

And thirtie dozen Moones with borrowed fheene,

About the World haue times twelue thirties beene.

Since lone our hearts, and *Hymen* did our hands

170 Vnite comutuell. in moft facred Bands.

Bap. So many iournies may the Sunne and Moone
Make vs againe count o're, ere lone be done.

But woe is me, you are fo ficke of late.

So farre from cheere, and from your forme ftate.

That I diftrauft you: yet though I diftrauft,

Difcomfort you (my Lord) it nothing muft:

For womens Feare and Lone, holds quantitie.

In neither ought, or in extremity:

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Dutcheffe O speake no more, for then I am accurst,

190 None weds the second, but she kils the first:

A second time I kill my Lord that's dead.
When second husband kisses me in bed.

Ham. O wormewood, wormewood!

Duke I doe beleene you sweete, what now you speake,
But what we doe determine oft we breake.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1)

Now what my loue is, prooffe hath made you know.

180 And as my Loue is fiz'd, my Feare is so.

King. Faith I must leaue thee Loue, and shortly too:

My operant Powers my Functions leaue to do:
And thou shalt line in this faire world behind,
Honour'd, belou'd, and haply, one as kinde.
For Husband shalt thou —

Bap. Oh confound the rest:

Such Loue, must needs be Treason in my brest:

In second Husband, let me be accurst.

190 None wed the second, but who kill'd the first.

Ham. Wormwood, Wormwood.

Bapt The instances that second Marriage moue,

111. ii.

Now what my Lord is prooffe hath made you know.

180 And as my loue is ciz'd, my feare is fo,
Where loue is great, the littleft doubts are feare,
Where little feares grow great, great loue growes there.

King. Faith I muft leaue thee loue, and fhortly to,
My operant powers their functions leaue to do,
And thou fhalt liue in this faire world behind,
Honord, belou'd, and haply one as kind,
For husband fhalt thou.

Quee. O confound the reft,
Such loue muft needes be treafon in my brest,
In fecond husband let me be accurst,

190 None wed the fecond, but who kild the firft.
The instances that fecond marriage moue
Are bafe refpects of thrift, but none of loue,
A fecond time I kill my husband dead,
When fecond husband kifles me in bed.

Ham. That's
wormwood

King. I doe belieue you thinke what now you fpeake,
But what we doe determine, oft we breake,
Purpofe is but the flauie to memorie,
Of violent birth, but poore validitie,
200 Which now the fruite vnripe fticks on the tree.
But fall vnfhaken when they mellow bee.
Moft neceffary tis that we forget
To pay our felues what to our felues is debt,
What to our felues in paffion we propofe,
The paffion ending, doth the purpofe lofe,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Are bafe refpects of Thrift, but none of Loue.
A fecond time, I kill my Husband dead,
When fecond Husband kifles me in Bed.

King. I do beleue you. Think what now you fpeak:
But what we do determine, oft we breake:
Purpofe is but the flauie to Memorie,
Of violent Birth, but poore validitie:

200 Which now like Fruite vnripe ftickes on the Tree,
But fall vnfhaken, when they mellow bee.
Moft neceffary 'tis, that we forget
To pay our felues, what to our felues is debt:
What to our felues in paffion we propofe,
The paffion ending, doth the purpofe lofe.

For our demises stil are ouerthrowne.
 Our thoughts are ours, their end's none of our owne:
 So thinke you will no second husband wed,
 But die thy thoughts, when thy first Lord is dead.

Dutcheffe Both here and there pursue me lasting strife,
 If once a widdow, euer I be wife.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

The violence of other Greefe or Ioy,
 Their owne enactors with themfelues destroy:
 Where Ioy most Reuels, Greefe doth most lament:
 Greefe ioyes, Ioy greenes on slender accident,
 210 This world is not for aye, nor 'tis not strange
 That euen our Loues should with our Fortunes change.
 For 'tis a question left vs yet to proue,
 Whether Loue lead Fortune, or else Fortune Loue.
 The great man downe, you marke his fauourites flies,
 The poore aduanc'd, makes Friends of Enemies:
 And hitherto doth Loue on Fortune tend,
 For who not needs, shall neuer lacke a Friend:
 And who in want a hollow Friend doth try,

III.ii.

- The violence of eyther. grieve, or ioy,
 Their owne ennaectures with themfelues defstroy,
 Where ioy moft reuels, grieve doth moft lament,
 Greefe ioy, ioy grieves. on flender accedent,
 210 This world is not for aye, nor tis not ftrange,
 That euen our loues fhould with our fortunes change:
 For tis a queftion left vs yet to prone,
 Whether loue lead fortune, or els fortune loue.
 The great man downe, you marke his fauourite flyes,
 The poore aduaunc'd, makes friends of enemies, [53
 And hetherto doth loue on fortune tend.
 For who not needes, fhall neuer lacke a friend.
 And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
 Directly feafons him his enemy.
 220 But orderly to end where I begunne,
 Our wills and fates doe fo contrary runne.
 That our deuifes ftill are ouerthrowne.
 Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our owne.
 So thinke thou wilt no fecond husband wed,
 But die thy thoughts when thy firft Lord is dead.
Quee. Nor earth to me giue foode, nor heauen light,
 Sport and refofe lock from me day and night,
 To defperation turne my truft and hope,
 And Anchors cheere in prifon be my fcope,
 230 Each oppofite that blancks the face of ioy,
 Meete what I would haue well, and it defstroy.
 Both heere and hence purfue me lafting ftrife, *Ham.* If fhe fhould
 If once I be a widdow, euer I be a wife. breake it now.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

- Directly feafons him his Enemie.
 220 But orderly to end, where I begun,
 Our Willes and Fates do fo contrary run,
 That our Deuices ftill are ouerthrowne,
 Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our owne.
 So thinke thou wilt no fecond Husband wed.
 But die thy thoughts, when thy firft Lord is dead.
Bap. Nor Earth to giue me food, nor Heauen light.
 Sport and refofe locke from me day and night:
 230 Each oppofite that blankes the face of ioy,
 Meet what I would haue well, and it defstroy:
 Both heere, and hence, purfue me lafting ftrife.
 If once a Widdow, euer I be Wife.

III. ii.

Ham. If she should breake now.*Duke* 'Tis deeply fworne, sweete leaue me here a while,
My spirites growe dull, and faine I would beguile the tedious
time with sleepe.*Dutcheffe* Sleepe rocke thy braine,
And neuer come mischance betweene vs twaine. *exit Lady**Ham.* Madam, how do you like this play?240 *Queene* The Lady protests too much.*Ham.* O but shee'll keep her word.*King* Haue you heard the argument, is there no offence
in it?*Ham.* No offence in the world, poyson in iest, poison in [40*King* What do you call the name of the phy? (iest.*Ham.* Mouse-trap: mary how trapically: this play isThe image of a murder done in *guyana*, *Albertus*250 Was the Dukes name, his wife *Baptista*;

Father, it is a knauish peece a worke: but what

A that, it toucheth not vs, you and I that haue free

Soules, let the galld iade wince, this is one

Lucianus nephew to the King.*Ofel.* Ya're as good as a *Chorus* my lord.*Ham.* I could interpret the lone you beare, if I sawe the
poopies dallying.*Ofel.* Ya're very pleasant my lord.300 *Ham.* Who I, your onlie jig-maker, why what shoulde
a man do but be merry? for looke how cheerefully my mo-
ther lookes, my father died within these two houres.*The Tragedie of Hamlet* (F).*Ham.* If she should breake it now.*King.* 'Tis deeply fworne:

Sweet, leaue me heere a while,

My spirits grow dull, and faine I would beguile

The tedious day with sleepe.

Qu. Sleepe rocke thy Braine, *Sleepes*
And neuer come mischance betweene vs twaine. *Exit**Ham.* Madam, how like you this Play?0 *Qu.* The Lady protests to much me thinks.*Ham.* Oh but shee'l keepe her word.*King.* Haue you heard the Argument, is there no Of-
fence in't?

III. ii.

King. Tis deeply fworne, sweet leaue me heere a while,
My spirits grow dull, and faine I would beguile
The tedious day with sleepe.

Quce. Sleepe rock thy braine,
And neuer come mischance betweene vs twaine. *Exeunt.*

Ham. Madam, how like you this play?

240 *Quce.* The Lady doth protest too much mee thinks.

Ham. O but shee'le keepe her word.

King. Haue you heard the argument? is there no offence in't?

Ham. No, no, they do but iest, poyson in iest, no offence i'th world.

King. What doe you call the play?

Ham. The Moufetrapp, mary how tropically, this play is the Image
250 of a murther doone in *Vienna*, *Gonzago* is the Dukes name, his wife
Baptista, you shall see anon, tis a knauish peece of worke, but what of
that? your Maiestie, and wee that haue free soules, it touches vs not.
let the gauled iade winch, our withers are vnwrong. This is one *Lu-*
cianus, Nephew to the King.

Enter Lucianus.

Oph. You are as good as a Chorus my Lord.

Ham. I could interpret betweene you and your loue
If I could see the puppets dallying. [54

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Ham. No, no, they do but iest, poyson in iest, no Of-
fence i'th' world. [268b

King. What do you call the Play?

Ham. The Moufe-trap: Marry how? Tropically:
This play is the Image of a murder done in *Vienna*: *Gon-*
250 *zago* is the Dukes name, his wife *Baptista*: you shall see
anon: 'tis a knauish peece of worke: But what o' that?
Your Maiestie, and wee that haue free soules, it touches
vs not: let the gall'd iade winch: our withers are vnwrong.

Enter Lucianus.

This is one *Lucianus* nephew to the King.

Ophe. You are a good Chorus, my Lord.

Ham. I could interpret betweene you and your loue:
if I could see the Puppets dallying.

Ofel. Nay, 'tis twice two months, my Lord.

Ham. Two months, may then let the diuell weare blacke.
For ile haue a fute of Sables: Iefus, two months dead,
And not forgotten yet? nay then there's fome

40 Likelyhood, a gentlemen's death may outline memorie.

But by my faith hee muft build churches then.

Or els hee muft follow the olde Epitithe,

240 With hoh, with ho, the hobi-horfe is forgot.

Ofel. Your iefus are keene my Lord.

Ham. It would coft you a groning to take them off.

Ofel. Still better and worfe.

Ham. So you muft take your husband, begin. Muredred
Begin, a poxe, leaue thy damnable faces and begin.
Come, the croking rauens doth bellow for reuenge.

Murd. Thoughts blacke, hands apt, drugs fit, and time

24 Confederate feafon, elfe no creature feeling: (agreeing.

Thou mixture rancke, of midnight weedes collected.

With *Hecates* bane thrife blafted, thrife infected.

70 Thy naturall magicke, and dire propertie,

One wholefome life vfurps immediately.

exit.

Ham. Hepoyfons him for his eftate.

[41

280 *King* Lights, I will to bed.

Cor. Theking rifes, lights hoe.

Exeunt King and Lordes.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F).

Ophe. You are keene my Lord, you are keene.

260 *Ham.* It would coft you a groaning, to take off my
edge.

Ophe. Still better and worfe.

Ham. So you miftake Husbands.

Begin Murderer. Pox, leaue thy damnable Faces, and
begin. Come, the croaking Rauen doth bellow for Re-
uenge.

Lucian. Thoughts blacke, hands apt,
Drugges fit, and Time agreeing:

Confederate feafon, elfe, no Creature feeling:

Thou mixture rancke, of Midnight Weedes collected.

With Hecats Ban, thrice blafted, thrice infected,

III. ii.

Oph. You are keene my lord, you are keene.

260 *Ham.* It would cost you a groining to take off mine edge.

Oph. Still better and worfe.

Ham. So you mistake your husbands. Beginne murtherer, leaue thy damnable faces and begin, come, the croking Rauens doth bellow for reuenge.

Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugges fit, and time agreeing,
Confiderat season els no creature feeling,

Thou mixture ranck, of midnight weedes collected,

VVith *Hecats* ban thrice blafted, thrice inuected,

270 Thy naturall magicke, and dire property,

On wholfome life vsurps immediatly.

Ham. A poysons him i'th Garden for his estate, his names *Gonzago*, the story is extant, and written in very choice Italian, you shall see anon how the murtherer gets the loue of *Gonzagoes* wife.

Oph. The King rises.

Quee. How fares my Lord?

Pol. Giue ore the play.

280 *King.* Giue me some light, away.

Pol. Lights, lights, lights. *Exeunt all but Ham. & Horatio.*

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

270 Thy naturall Magicke, and dire propertie,

On wholfome life, vsurpe immediatly.

Powres the poyson in his eares.

Ham. He poysons him i'th Garden for's estate: His name's *Gonzago*: the Story is extant and writ in choyce Italian. You shall see anon how the Murtherer gets the loue of *Gonzago's* wife.

Ophe. The King rises.

Ham. What, frighted with false fire.

Qu. How fares my Lord?

Pol. Giue o're the Play.

280 *King.* Giue me some Light. Away.

All. Lights, Lights, Lights.

Exeunt

III. ii.

Ham. What, frighted with false fires?
 Then let the stricken deere goe weepe.
 The Hart vngalled play.
 For some must laugh, while some must weepe.
 Thus runnes the world away.

Hor. The king is moued my lord.

Ham. I *Horatio*, i'll take the Ghosts word
 For more then all the coyne in *Denmarke*.

Enter Rosencraft and Gilderstone.

Ross. Now my lord, how i'st with you?

Ham. And if the king like not the tragedy.
 Why then belike he likes it not perdy.

Ross. We are very glad to see your grace so pleasant.
 My good lord, let vs againe intreate (ture
 To know of you the ground and cause of your distempera-

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F).

Manet Hamlet & Horatio.

Ham. Why let the stricken Deere go weepe.
 The Hart vngalled play:
 For some must watch, while some must sleepe;
 So runnes the world away.
 Would not this Sir, and a Forrest of Feathers, if the rest of
 my Fortunes turne Turke with me; with two Prouinciall
 Rofes on my rac'd Shooes, get me a Fellowship in aerie
 of Players fir.

290 *Hor.* Halfe a share.

Ham. A whole one I,
 For thou dost know: Oh *Damon* deere.
 This Realme dismantled was of loue himselfe,

III. ii.

Ham. Why let the strooken Deere goe weepe,
The Hart vngauled play,
For some muſt watch while ſome muſt ſleepe,
Thus runnes the world away. Would not this fir & a forreſt of ſea-
thers, if the reſt of my fortunes turne Turk with me, with prouinciall
Roſes on my raz'd ſhooes, get me a fellowſhip in a cry of players?

290 *Hora.* Halfe a ſhare.

Ham. A whole one I.

For thou dooſt know oh *Damon* deere
This Realme diſmantled was
Of *Ioue* himſelfe, and now raignes heere
A very very paiocke.

Hora. You might haue rym'd.

Ham. O good *Horatio*, Ile take the Ghoſts word for a thouſand
pound. Did'ſt perceiue?

Hora. Very well my Lord.

300 *Ham.* Vpon the talke of the poyſning.

Hor. I did very well note him.

Ham. Ah ha, come ſome muſique, come the Recorders. [55
For if the King like not the Comedie,
Why then belike he likes it not perdy.
Come, ſome muſique.

Enter Roſencraus and Guyldenſterne.

Guyld. Good my Lord, vouchſafe me a word with you.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

And now reignes heere.
A verie verie Paiocke.

Hora. You might haue Rim'd.

Ham. Oh good *Horatio*, Ile take the Ghoſts word for
a thouſand pound. Did'ſt perceiue?

Hora. Verie well my Lord.

300 *Ham.* Vpon the talke of the poyſoning?

Hora. I did verie well note him.

Enter Roſincrance and Guildenſterne.

Ham. Oh, ha? Come ſome Muſick. Come $\frac{f}{f}$ Recorders:
For if the King like not the Comedie,
Why then belike he likes it not perdie.
Come ſome Muſicke.

Guild. Good my Lord, vouchſafe me a word with you.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).*Ham.* Sir, a whole Hiftory.

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310 *Guild.* The King, fir.*Ham.* I fir, what of him?*Guild.* Is in his retyement, maruellous diftemper'd.*Ham.* With drinke Sir?*Guild.* No my Lord. rather with choller.*Ham.* Your wifedome fhould thew it felfe more richer, to fignifie this to his Doctor: for for me to put him to his Purgation, would perhaps plundge him into farre more Choller.320 *Guild.* Good my Lord put your difcourfe into fome frame. and ftart not fo wildely from my affayre.*Ham.* I am tame Sir, pronounce.

III. ii.

Ham. Sir a whole historie.

310 *Guy.* The King fir.

Ham. I fir, what of him?

Guy. Is in his retirement meruilous diftempred.

Ham. With drinke fir?

Guy. No my Lord, with choller,

Ham. Your wifedome fhould fhewe it felfe more richer to fignifie this to the Doctor, for, for mee to put him to his purgation, would perhaps plunge him into more choller.

320 *Guy.* Good my Lord put your difcourfe into fome frame,
And ftare not fo wildly from my affaire.

Ham. I am tame fir, pronounce.

Guy. The Queene your mother in moft gteat affliction of fpirit, hath fent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guy. Nay good my Lord, this curtefie is not of the right breede, if it fhall pleafe you to make me a wholfome aunfwere, I will doe your
330 mothers commaundement, if not, your pardon and my returne, fhall be the end of bufines.

Ham. Sir I cannot.

Rof. What my Lord.

Ham. Make you a wholfome anfwer, my wits difeas'd, but fir, fuch anfwere as I can make, you fhall commaund, or rather as you fay, my mother, therefore no more, but to the matter, my mother you fay.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Guild. The Queene your Mother, in moft great affliction of fpirit, hath fent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guild. Nay, good my Lord, this courtefie is not of the right breed. If it fhall pleafe you to make me a wholfome anfwer, I will doe your Mothers command'ment:
330 if not, your pardon, and my returne fhall bee the end of my Bufineffe.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Guild. What, my Lord?

Ham. Make you a wholfome anfwere: my wits difeas'd. But fir, fuch anfwers as I can make, you fhall command: or rather you fay, my Mother: therefore no more but to the matter. My Mother you fay.

Gil. My lord, your mother craues to speake with you.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother.

Roff. But my good Lord, shall I intreate thus much?

Ham. I pray will you play vpon this pipe?

Roff. Alas my lord I cannot.

Ham. Pray will you.

Gil. I haue no skill my Lord.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Rofin. Then thus she sayes: your behavior hath stroke her into amazement, and admiration.

340 *Ham.* Oh wonderfull Sonne, that can so astonish a Mother. But is there no sequell at the heeles of this Mothers admiration?

Rofin. She desires to speake with you in her Closet, ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our Mother. Haue you any further Trade with vs?

Rofin. My Lord, you once did loue me.

Ham. So I do still, by these pickers and stealers.

350 *Rofin.* Good my Lord, what is your cause of distemper? You do freely barre the doore of your owne Libertie, if you deny your griefes to your Friend.

Ham. Sir I lacke Aduancement.

III. ii.

Rof. Then thus she fayes, your behauiour hath strooke her into amazement and admiration.

340 *Ham.* O wonderful sonne that can so stonish a mother, but is there no sequell at the heeles of this mothers admiration, impart.

Rof. She desires to speak with you in her closet ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother. haue you any further trade with vs?

Rof. My Lord, you once did loue me.

Ham. And doe still by these pickers and stealers.

350 *Rof.* Good my Lord, what is your cause of distemper, you do surely barre the doore vpon your owne liberty if you deny your griefes to your friend. [56

Ham. Sir I lacke aduancement.

Rof. How can that be, when you haue the voyce of the King himselfe for your succession in Denmarke.

Enter the Players with Recorders.

360 *Ham.* I fir, but while the graffe growes, the prouerbe is something musty, ô the Recorders, let mee see one, to withdraw with you, why doe you goe about to recouer the wind of mee. as if you would driue me into a toyle?

Guyl. O my lord, if my duty be too bold, my loue is too vnmanerly.

Ham. I do not wel vnderstand that, wil you play vpon this pipe?

Guyl. My lord I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guyl. Beleene me I cannot.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Rofin. How can that be, when you haue the voyce of the King himselfe, for your Succession in Denmarke?

Ham. I, but while the graffe growes, the Prouerbe is something musty.

Enter one with a Recorder.

360 O the Recorder. Let me see, to withdraw with you, why do you go about to recouer the winde of mee, as if you would driue me into a toyle?

Guild. O my Lord, if my Dutie be too bold, my loue is too vmannerly.

Ham. I do not well vnderstand that. Will you play vpon this Pipe?

Guild. My Lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guild. Beleene me, I cannot.

III. ii.

Ham. why looke, it is a thing of nothing.
 T'is but stopping of these holes,
 And with a little breath from your lips.
 It will gine most delicate musick.

Gil. But this cannot wee do my Lord.

370 *Ham.* Pray now, pray hartily, I beseech you.

Ros. My lord wee cannot. (me?)

380 *Ham.* Why how vnworthy a thing would you make of
 You would seeme to know my stops, you would play vpon [42
 You would search the very inward part of my hart, mee,
 And diue into the secreet of my soule.

Zownds do you thinke I am easier to be play'd

On, then a pipe? call mee what Instrumēt

You will, though you can fret me, yet you can not

IV. ii. Play vpon mee, besides, to be demanded by a sponge.

Ros. How a sponge my Lord?

Ham. I fir, a sponge, that sokes vp the kings
 Countenance, fauours, and rewardes, that makes
 His liberalitie your store house: but such as you,
 Do the king, in the end, best seruise;

For hee doth keep you as an Ape doth nuttes,

20 In the corner of his law, first mouthes you,

Then swallowes you: so when hee hath need

Of you, t'is but squeeking of you,

And sponge, you shall be dry againe, you shall.

Ros. Wel my Lord wee'll take our leaue.

III. ii. 390 *Ham* Farewell, farewell, God blesse you.

Exit Rosencraft and Gilderstone.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

370 *Ham.* I do beseech you.

Guild. I know no touch of it, my Lord.

Ham. T'is as easie as lying: gouerne these Ventiges
 with your finger and thumb, giue it breath with your
 mouth, and it will discourse most excellent Musicke.
 Looke you, these are the stoppes.

Guild. But these cannot I command to any vtterance
 of hermony. I haue not the skill.

380 *Ham* Why looke you now, how vnworthy a thing

III. ii.

370 *Ham.* I doe beseech you.

Guyl. I know no touch of it my Lord.

Ham. It is as easie as lying; gouerne these ventages with your fingers, & the vंबर, giue it breath with your mouth, & it wil discourse most eloquent musique, looke you, these are the stops.

Guil. But these cannot I commaund to any vttrance of harmonie, I haue not the skill.

380 *Ham.* Why looke you now how vnwoorthy a thing you make of me, you would play vpon mee, you would seeme to know my stops, you would plucke out the hart of my mistery, you would found mee from my lowest note to my compasse and there is much musique excellent voyce in this little organ, yet cannot you make it speak, s'hloud do you think I am easier to be plaid on then a pipe, call mee what instrument you wil, though you fret me not, you cannot play vpon me.

390 God bleffe you sir.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

you make of me: you would play vpon mee; you would
seeme to know my stops: you would pluck out the heart
of my Mysterie; you would found mee from my lowest
Note, to the top of my Compasse: and there is much Mu-
sicke, excellent Voice, in this little Organe, yet cannot
you make it. Why do you thinke, that I am easier to bee
plaid on, then a Pipe? Call me what Instrument you will,
390 though you can fret me, you cannot play vpon me. God
bleffe you Sir. [269^b]

Enter Corambis

Cor. My lord, the Queene would speake with you.

Ham. Do you see yonder clowd in the shape of a camell?

Cor. T'is like a camell in deed.

Ham. Now me thinkes it's like a weafel.

Cor. T'is back't like a weafell.

Ham. Or like a whale.

Cor. Very like a whale. *exit Coram.*

400 *Ham.* Why then tell my mother i'll come by and by.

Good night Horatio.

Hor. Good night vnto your Lordship. *exit Horatio.*

Ham. My mother she hath sent to speake with me:

O God, let ne're the heart of *Nero* enter

This soft bosome.

Let me be cruell, not vnnaturall,

I will speake daggers, those sharpe wordes being spent, [43

To doe her wrong my foule shall ne're consent. *exit.*

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).*Enter Polonius.*

Polon. My Lord; the Queene would speak with you.
and presently.

Ham. Do you see that Clowd? that's almost in shape
like a Camell.

Polon. By'th'Miffe, and it's like a Camell indeed.

Ham. Me thinkes it is like a Weazell.

Polon. It is back'd like a Weazell.

Ham. Or like a Whale?

Polon. Verie like a Whale.

400 *Ham.* Then will I come to my Mother, by and by:

They foole me to the top of my bent.

I will come by and by.

III. ii.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My Lord, the Queene would speake with you, & presently.

Ham Do you see yonder clowd that's almost in shape of a Camel?

Pol. By'th masse and tis, like a Camell indeed.

Ham. Mee thinks it is like a Wezell.

Pol. It is backt like a Wezell.

Ham. Or like a Whale.

400 *Pol.* Very like a Whale.

Ham. Then

Then I will come to my mother by and by, [57
They foole me to the top of my bent, I will come by & by,
Leaue me friends.

I will. say so. By and by is easily said,
Tis now the very witching time of night,
When Churchyards yawne, and hell it selfe breakes out
Contagion to this world: now could I drinke hote blood,
And doe such busines as the bitter day

410 Would quake to looke on: soft, now to my mother.
O hart loofe not thy nature, let not euer
The foule of *Nero* enter this firme bosome.

Let me be cruell, not vnnaturall,
I will speake dagger to her, but vse none,
My tongue and foule in this be hypocrites,
How in my words someuer she be shent,
To giue them scales neuer my foule consent.

Exit.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Polon. I will say so.

Exit.

Ham. By and by, is easily said. Leaue me Friends:
'Tis now the verie witching time of night,
When Churchyards yawne, and Hell it selfe breaths out
Contagion to this world. Now could I drink hot blood,
And do such bitter businesse as the day

410 Would quake to looke on. Soft now, to my Mother:

Oh Heart, loofe not thy Nature; let not euer
The Soule of *Nero*, enter this firme bosome:
Let me be cruell, not vnnaturall,
I will speake Daggers to her, but vse none:
My Tongue and Soule in this be Hypocrites.
How in my words someuer she be shent,
To giue them Scales, neuer my Soule consent.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).*Enter King, Rosincrance, and Guildensterne.*

King. I like him not, nor stands it safe with vs,
 To let his madnesse range. Therefore prepare you.
 I your Commission will forthwith dispatch,
 And he to England shall along with you:
 The termes of our estate, may not endure
 Hazard so dangerous as doth hourly grow
 Out of his Lunacies.

Guild. We will our selues prouide:
 Most holie and Religious feare it is
 To keepe those many many bodies safe
 10 That line and feede vpon your Maiestie.

Rosin. The fingle
 And peculiar life is bound

III. iii.

Enter King, Rosencraus. and Guylidensterne.

King. I like him not, nor stands it safe with vs
To let his madnes range, therefore prepare you,
I your commiffion will forth-with difpatch,
And he to *England* fhall along with you,
The termes of our eftate may not endure
Hazard fo neer's as doth houely grow
Out of his browes.

Guy. We will our felues prouide.
Moft holy and religious feare it is
To keepe thofe many many bodies safe
10 That liue and feede vpon your Maieftie.

Ros. The fingle and peculier life is bound
With all the ftrengh and armour of the mind
To keepe it felfe from noyance, but much more
That fpirit, vpon whose weale depends and refts
The liues of many, the ceffe of Maieftie
Dies not alone; but like a gulfe doth draw
What's neere it, with it, or it is a mafie wheele
Fixt on the fomnet of the higheft mount.
To whose hough fpoakes, tenne thoufand leffer things
20 Are morteift and adioynd, which when it falls,
Each fmall annexment petty confequence
Attends the boyftrous raine, neuer alone
Did the King figh, but a generall grone.

[58

King. Arme you I pray you to this fpeedy viage,
For we will fetters put about this feare

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

With all the ftrengh and Armour of the minde,
To keepe it felfe from noyance: but much more,
That Spirit, vpon whose fpirit depends and refts
The liues of many, the ceafe of Maieftie
Dies not alone; but like a Gulfe doth draw
What's neere it, with it. It is a mafie wheele
Fixt on the Somnet of the higheft Mount,
To whose huge Spoakes, ten thoufand leffer things
20 Are mortiz'd and adioyn'd: which when it falles,
Each fmall annexment, pettie confequence
Attends the boyftrous Ruine. Neuer alone
Did the King figne, but with a generall grone.

King. Arme you, I pray you to this fpeedie Voyage:
For we will Fetters put vpon this feare,

Enter the King.

King O that this wet that falles vpon my face
Would wafh the crime cleere from my confcience!

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Which now goes too free-footed.

[270^a

Both. We will hafte vs.

Exeunt Gent.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My Lord, he's going to his Mothers Cloffet:
Behinde the Arras He conuey my felfe
To heare the Proceffe. He warrant fhee'l tax him home,
30 And as you faid, and wifely was it faid,
'Tis meete that fome more audience then a Mother,
Since Nature makes them partiall, fhould o're-heare
The fpeech of vantage. Fare you well my Liege,
He call vpon you ere you go to bed,
And tell you what I know.

King. Thankes deere my Lord.

III.iii.

Which now goes too free-footed.

Rof. We will haſt vs. *Exeunt Gent.*

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My Lord, hee's going to his mothers cloſet,
Behind the Arras I'll conuay my ſelfe.

To heare the proceſſe, I'll warrant ſhee'll tax him home.

30 And as you ſayd, and wifely was it ſayd,
Tis meete that ſome more audience then a mother,
Since nature makes them parciall, ſhould ore-heare
The ſpeech of vantage; farre you well my Leige,
I'll call vpon you ere you goe to bed.

And tell you what I knowe. *Exit.*

King. Thankes deere my Lord.

O my offence is ranck, it ſmels to heauen,

It hath the primall eldeſt curſe vppont,

A brothers murther, pray can I not,

Though inclination be as ſharpe as will,

40 My ſtronger guilt defeats my ſtrong entent,

And like a man to double buſines bound,

I ſtand in pauſe where I ſhall firſt beginne,

And both neglect, what if this curſed hand

Were thicker then it ſelfe with brothers blood,

Is there not raine enough in the ſweete Heauens

To waſh it white as ſnowe, whereto ſerues mercy

But to confront the viſage of offence?

And what's in prayer but this two fold force,

To be foreſtalled ere we come to fall,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Oh my offence is ranke, it ſmels to heauen,

It hath the primall eldeſt curſe vpon't,

A Brothers murther. Pray can I not,

Though inclination be as ſharpe as will:

40 My ſtronger guilt, defeats my ſtrong intent,

And like a man to double buſineſſe bound,

I ſtand in pauſe where I ſhall firſt begin,

And both neglect; what if this curſed hand

Were thicker then it ſelfe with Brothers blood,

Is there not Raine enough in the ſweet Heauens

To waſh it white as Snow? Whereto ſerues mercy.

But to confront the viſage of Offence?

And what's in Prayer, but this two-fold force,

To be fore-ftalled ere we come to fall,

III. iii.

50 When I looke vp to heauen. I see my trespaffe,
 The earth doth still crie out vpon my fact,
 Pay me the murder of a brother and a king,
 And the adulterous fault I haue committed:
 O these are finnes that are vnpardonable:
 Why say thy finnes were blacker then is ieat.
 Yet may contrition make them as white as snowe:
 I but still to perseuer in a sinne,
 It is an act gainst the vniuerfall power.

70 Most wretched man, stoope, bend thee to thy prayer.
 Aske grace of heauen to keepe thee from despaire.

hee kneeles. enters Hamlet

Ham. I so, come forth and worke thy last.
 And thus hee dies: and so am I reuenged:

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

50 Or pardon'd being downe? Then Ile looke vp,
 My fault is past. But oh, what forme of Prayer
 Can serue my turne? Forgiue me my foule Murther:
 That cannot be, since I am still possesse
 Of those effects for which I did the Murther.
 My Crowne, mine owne Ambition, and my Queene:
 May one be pardon'd, and retaine th'offence?
 In the corrupted currants of this world,
 Offences gilded hand may shoue by Iustice,
 And oft 'tis seene, the wicked prize it selfe
 60 Buies out the Law: but 'tis not so aboue.
 There is no shuffling, there the Action lyes
 In his true Nature, and we our selues compell'd

III.iii.

- 50 Or pardon being downe, then I'lle looke vp.
 My fault is past, but oh what forme of prayer
 Can serue my turne, forgine me my foule murther,
 That cannot be since I am still poſſeſt
 Of thoſe effects for which I did the murther:
 My Crowne, mine owne ambition, and my Queene;
 May one be pardond and retaine th'offence? [59
 In the corrupted currents of this world,
 Offences guilded hand may flowe by iuſtice.
 And oft tis ſeene the wicked prize it ſelfe
 60 Buies out the lawe, but tis not ſo aboue.
 There is no ſhuffling, there the action lies
 In his true nature, and we our ſelues compeld
 Euen to the teeth and forehead of our faults
 To giue in euidence, what then, what reſts,
 Try what repentance can, what can it not,
 Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
 O wretched ſtate, ô boſome blacke as death,
 O limed foule, that ſtruggling to be free,
 Art more ingaged; helpe Angels make affay,
 70 Bowe ſtubborne knees, and hart with ſtrings of ſteale,
 Be ſoft as finnewes of the new borne babe,
 All may be well.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now might I doe it, but now a is a praying,
 And now He doo't, and ſo a goes to heauen,
 And ſo am I reuendge, that would be ſcand

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

- Euen to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
 To giue in euidence. What then? What reſts?
 Try what Repentance can. What can it not?
 Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
 Oh wretched ſtate! Oh boſome, blacke as death!
 Oh limed foule, that ſtrugling to be free,
 Art more ingag'd: Helpe Angels, make affay:
 70 Bow ſtubborne knees, and heart with ſtrings of Steele,
 Be ſoft as finewes of the new-borne Babe,
 All may be well.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now might I do it pat, now he is praying,
 And now He doo't, and ſo he goes to Heauen.
 And ſo am I reueng'd: that would be ſcann'd,

so No, not fo: he tooke my father fleeping, his fins brim full,

And how his foule stocde to the state of heauen

Who knowes, saue the immortall powres.

And shall I kill him now,

When he is purging of his foule?

Making his way for heauen, this is a benefit,

And not reuenge: no, get thee vp agen,

(drunke,

When hee's at game fwaring, taking his carowfe, drinking

90 Or in the incestuous pleasure of his bed,

Or at some act that hath no relish

Of saluation in't, then trip him

That his heeles may kicke at heauen,

And fall as lowe as hel: my mother stayes,

This phisicke but prolongs thy weary dayes. *exit Ham.*

King My wordes fly vp, my finnes remaine below.

No King on earth is safe, if Gods his foe. *exit King.* [44

Enter Queene and Corambis.

Cor. Madame, I heare yong Hamlet comming.

I'll throwde my selfe behinde the Arras. *exit Cor.*

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

A Villaine killes my Father, and for that

I his foule Sonne, do this same Villaine send

To heauen. Oh this is hyre and Sallery, not Reuenge.

80 He tooke my Father groffely, full of bread,

With all his Crimes broad blowne, as fresh as May,

And how his Audit stands, who knowes, saue Heauen:

But in our circumstance and course of thought

'Tis beaue with him: and am I then reueng'd,

To take him in the purging of his Soule.

When he is fit and season'd for his passage? No.

Vp Sword, and know thou a more horrid hent

When he is drunke asleepe: or in his Rage,

[270b

90 Or in th'incestuous pleasure of his bed,

III. iii.

A villaine kills my father, and for that,
I his sole fomme, doe this fame villaine fend
To heauen.

Why, this is bafe and filly, not reuendge,

80 A tooke my father grofly full of bread,
Withall his crimes braod blowne, as fluff as May,
And how his audit ftands who knowes faue heauen,
But in our circumftance and courfe of thought,
Tis heauy with him: and am I then reuendged
To take him in the purging of his foule,
When he is fit and feafond for his paffage?

No.

Vp fword, and knowe thou a more horrid hent,
When he is drunke, a fleepe, or in his rage,

90 Or in th'inceftious pleafure of his bed,
At game a fwearing, or about fome act
That has no relifh of faluation in't,
Then trip him that his heels may kick at heauen,
And that his foule may be as damnd and black
As hell whereto it goes; my mother ftaiues,
This phifick but prolongs thy fickly daies. *Exit.*

[60

King. My words fly vp, my thoughts remaine belowe
Words without thoughts neuer to heauen goe. *Exit.*

III. iv.

Enter Gertrard and Polonius.

Pol. A will come ftrait, looke you lay home to him,
Tell him his prancks haue beene too braod to beare with,
And that your grace hath fcreend and ftood betweene

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

At gaming, fwearing, or about fome acte
That ha's no rellifh of Saluation in't,
Then trip him, that his heeles may kicke at Heauen,
And that his Soule may be as damn'd aud blacke
As Hell, whereto it goes. My Mother ftayes,
This Phyficke but prolongs thy fickly dayes. *Exit.*

King. My words flye vp, my thoughts remain belowe,
Words without thoughts, neuer to Heauen go. *Exit.*

III. iv.

Enter Queene and Polonius.

Pol. He will come ftraight:
Looke you lay home to him,
Tell him his pranckes haue been too broad to beare with.
And that your Grace hath fcreend, and ftoode betweene

Queene Do fo my Lord.

Ham. Mother, mother. O are you here?
How i'ft with you mother?

Queene How i'ft with you?

Ham. I'll tell you, but firft wee'll make all fafe.

Queene Hamlet, thou haft thy father much offended.

10 *Ham.* Mother, you haue my father much offended.

Queene How now boy?

Ham. How now mother! come here, fit downe, for you
fhall heare me fpeake.

Queene What wilt thou doe? thou wilt not murder me:
Helpe hoe.

Cor. Helpe for the Queene.

Ham. I a Rat, dead for a Duckat.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Much heate, and him. He filence me e'ene heere:
Pray you be round with him.

Ham. within. Mother, mother, mother.

Qu. He warrant you, feare me not.

Withdraw, I heare him comming.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now Mother, what's the matter?

Qu. *Hamlet*, thou haft thy Father much offended.

10 *Ham.* Mother, you haue my Father much offended.

Qu. Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.

Ham. Go, go, you queftion with an idle tongue.

Qu. Why how now *Hamlet*?

Ham. Whats the matter now?

III. iv.

Much heate and him, Ile filence me euen heere,
Pray you be round.

Enter Hamlet.

Ger. Ile wait you, feare me not,
With-drawe, I heare him conning.

Ham. Now mother, what's the matter?

Ger. *Hamlet*, thou haft thy father much offended.

10 *Ham.* Mother, you haue my father much offended.

Ger. Come, come, you anfwere with an idle tongue.

Ham. Goe, goe, you queftion with a wicked tongue.

Ger. Why how now *Hamlet*?

Ham. What's the matter now?

Ger. Haue you forgot me?

Ham. No by the rood not fo,

You are the Queene, your husbands brothers wife,
And would it were not fo, you are my mother.

Ger. Nay then Ile fet thofe to you that can fpeake.

Ham. Come, come, and fit you downe, you fhall not boudge.

You goe not till I fet you vp a glaffe

20 Where you may fee the moft part of you.

Ger. What wilt thou doe, thou wilt not murther me,
Helpe how.

Pol. What how helpe.

Ham. How now, a Rat, dead for a Duckat, dead.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Qu. Haue you forgot me?

Ham. No by the Rood, not fo:

You are the Queene, your Husbands Brothers wife,
But would you were not fo. You are my Mother.

Qu. Nay, then Ile fet thofe to you that can fpeake.

Ham. Come, come, and fit you downe, you fhall not
boudge:

You go not till I fet you vp a glaffe,

20 Where you may fee the inmoft part of you?

Qu. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murther me?
Helpe, helpe, hoa.

Pol. What hoa, helpe, helpe, helpe.

Ham. How now, a Rat? dead for a Ducate, dead.

III. iv.

Rafh intruding foole, farewell.

I tooke thee for thy better.

Queene Hamlet, what haft thou done?*Ham.* Not fo much harme, good mother,

As to kill a king, and marry with his brother.

30 *Queene* How! kill a king!*Ham.* I a King: nay fit you downe, and ere you part,
If you be made of penetrable stufte.

I'll make your eyes looke downe into your heart.

And see how horride there and blacke it fthews.

(words?)

Queene Hamlet, what mean'st thou by these killing

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Pol. Oh I am flaine.*Killes Polonius.**Qu.* Oh me, what haft thou done?*Ham.* Nay I know not, is it the King?*Qu.* Oh what a rafh, and bloody deed is this?*Ham.* A bloody deed, almost as bad good Mother,
As kill a King, and marrie with his Brother.30 *Qu.* As kill a King?*Ham.* I Lady, 'twas my word.

Thou wretched, rafh, intruding foole farewell.

I tooke thee for thy Betters, take thy Fortune.

Thou find'st to be too bulie, is fome danger.

Leane wringing of your hands, peace, fit you downe.

And let me wring your heart, for fo I fland

III. iv.

Pol. O I am flaine.

Ger. O me, what haft thou done?

Ham. Nay I knowe not, is it the King?

Ger. O what a rafh and bloody deede is this. [61

Ham. A bloody deede, almoft as bad, good mother
As kill a King, and marry with his brother.

30 *Ger.* As kill a King.

Ham. I Lady, it was my word.
Thou wretched, rafh, intruding foole farwell.
I tooke thee for thy better, take thy fortune,
Thou find'ft to be too bufie is fome danger,
Leaue wringing of your hands, peace fit you downe,
And let me wring your hart, for fo I fhall
If it be made of penetrable ftuffe,
If damned cuftome haue not brafd it fo,
That it be prooffe and bulwark againft fence.

Ger. What haue I done, that thou dar'ft wagge thy tongue
40 In noife fo rude againft me?

Ham. Such an act
That blurres the grace and blufh of modefty.
Cals vertue hippocrit, takes of the Rofe
From the faire forehead of an innocent loue,
And fets a blifter there, makes marriage vowes
As falfe as dicers oathes, ô fuch a deede,
As from the body of contraction plucks
The very foule, and fweet religion makes

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

If it be made of penetrable ftuffe;
If damned Cuftome haue not braz'd it fo,
That it is prooffe and bulwarke againft Senfe.

Qu. What haue I done, that thou dar'ft wag thy tong,
40 In noife fo rude againft me?

Ham. Such an Act
That blurres the grace and blufh of Modeftie,
Cals Vertue Hypocrite, takes off the Rofe
From the faire forehead of an innocent loue,
And makes a blifter there. Makes marriage vowes
As falfe as Dicers Oathes. Oh fuch a deed.
As from the body of Contraction pluckes [271^a
The very foule, and fweete Religion makes

Ham. Why this I meane, see here, behold this picture,
 It is the portraiture, of your deceased husband,
 See here a face, to outface *Mars* himselfe.
 An eye, at which his foes did tremble at,
 A front wherein all vertues are fet downe
 For to adorne a king, and guild his crowne.
 Whose heart went hand in hand euen with that vow,
 He made to you in marriage, and he is dead.
 Muredred, damnably muredred, this was your husband,

[45]

Looke you now, here is your husband,
 With a face like *Vulcan*.
 A looke fit for a murder and a rape,
 A dull dead hanging looke, and a hell-bred eie.
 To affright children and amaze the world:
 And this fame haue you left to change with this.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

A rapfidie of words. Heauens face doth glow.
 Yea this solidity and compound masse,
 50 With triftfull vilage as againft the doome,
 Is thought-licke at the act.

Qu. Aye me; what act, that roares so lowd, & thunders in the Index.

Ham. Looke heere vpon this Picture, and on this.
 The counterfet presentment of two Brothers:
 See what a grace was feated on his Brow,
Hyperions curls, the front of Ioue himselfe.
 An eye like *Mars*, to threaten or command
 A Station, like the Herald *Mercurie*

III. iv.

A rapedy of words: heauens face dooes glowe
Ore this solidity and compound maffe
50 With heated vifage, as againft the doome
Is thought fick at the act

Quee. Ay me, what act?

Ham. That roares fo low'd, and thunders in the Index,
Looke heere vpon this Picture, and on this,
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
See what a grace was feated on this browe,
Hiperions curles, the front of *Ioue* himfelfe,
An eye like *Mars*, to threaten and command,
A ftation like the herald *Mercury*,
New lighted on a heaue, a kifsing hill,
60 A combination, and a forme indeede,
Where euery God did feeme to fet his feale
To giue the world affurance of a man,
This was your husband, looke you now what followes. [62
Heere is your husband like a mildewed eare.
Blafting his wholfome brother, haue you eyes.
Could you on this faire mountaine leaue to feede,
And batten on this Moore; ha, haue you eyes?
You cannot call it loue, for at your age
The heyday in the blood is tame, it's humble,
70 And waits vpon the iudgement, and what iudgement
Would ftep from this to this, fence fure youe haue
Els could you not haue motion, but fure that fence
Is appoplext, for madneffe would not erre
Nor fence to extacie was nere fo thral'd
But it referu'd fome quantity of choife

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

New lighted on a heauen-kiffing hill:
60 A Combination, and a forme indeed.
Where euery God did feeme to fet his Seale,
To giue the world affurance of a man.
This was your Husband. Looke you now what followes.
Heere is your Husband, like a Mildew'd eare
Blafting his wholfom breath. Haue you eyes?
Could you on this faire Mountaine leaue to feed,
And batten on this Moore? Ha? Haue you eyes?
You cannot call it Loue: For at your age,
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble.
70 And waites vpon the Iudgement: and what Iudgement

III. iv.

What Diuell thus hath confounded you at hob-man blinde?
 A! haue you eyes and can you looke on him
 That flew my father, and your deere husband,
 To liue in the incestuous pleasure of his bed?

Queene O Hamlet, speake no more.

Ham. To leaue him that bare a Monarkes minde,
 For a king of clowts, of very thread.

Queene Sweete Hamlet cease.

Ham. Nay but still to persist and dwell in sinne,
 To sweate vnder the yoke of infamie,
 To make increase of flame, to feele damnation.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Would step from this, to this? What diuell was't,
 That thus hath confend you at hoodman-blinde?
 O Shame! where is thy Bluff? Rebellious Hell,
 If thou canst mutine in a Matrons bones,
 To flaming youth, let Vertue be as waxe,
 And melt in her owne fire. Proclaime no shame,
 When the compulsiue Ardure giues the charge,
 Since Frost it selfe, as actiue doth burne,
 As Reason panders Will.

Qu. O Hamlet, speake no more.

Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very foule,
 99 And there I see such blacke and grained spots,
 As will not leaue their Tinct.

III. iv.

To ferue in such a difference, what deuill waft
That thus hath cofund you at hodman blind;
Eyes without feeling, feeling without fight,
Eares without hands, or eyes, fmelling fance all,
80 Or but a fickly part of one true fence
Could not fo mope: ô flame where is thy blufh?
Rebellious hell,
If thou canft mutine in a Matrons bones,
To flaming youth let vertue be as wax
And melt in her owne fire, proclaime no flame
When the compulfine ardure gines the charge.
Since froft it felfe as actiuelly doth burne,
And reafon pardons will.

Ger. O *Hamlet* fpeake no more,
Thou turnft my very eyes into my foule,
90 And there I fee fuch blacke and greened fhots
As will leaue there their tin'ct.

Ham. Nay but to liue
In the ranck fweat of an infeemed bed
Stewed in corruption, honying, and making loue
Ouer the nafty ftie.

Ger. O fpeake to me no more,
Thefe words like daggers enter in my eares,
No more fweete *Hamlet*.

Ham. A murderer and a villaine,
A flauie that is not twentieth part the kyth
Of your precedent Lord, a vice of Kings,
A cut-purfe of the Empire and the rule,

[63

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Ham. Nay, but to liue
In the ranke fweat of an enfeamed bed,
Stew'd in Corruption; honying and making loue
Ouer the nafty Sty.

Qu. Oh fpeake to me, no more,
Thefe words like Daggers enter in mine eares.
No more fweet *Hamlet*.

Ham. A Murderer, and a Villaine:
A Slaue, that is not twentieth part the tythe
Of your precedent Lord. A vice of Kings,
A Cutpurfe of the Empire and the Rule.

Queene Hamlet, no more.

Ham. Why appetite with you is in the waine.
Your blood runnes backward now from whence it came,
Who'le chide hote blood within a Virgins heart,
When hift shall dwell within a matrons breast?

Queene Hamlet, thou cleaves my heart in twaine.

Ham. O throw away the worfer part of it, and keepe the better.

Enter the ghost in his night gowne.

Save me, save me, you grations
Powers above, and houer ouer mee.
With your celestially wings.
Doe you not come your tardy sonne to chide,
That I thus long haue let reuenge flippe by?
O do not glare with lookes so pittifull!
Lest that my heart of stone yeelde to compassion,
And euery part that should affist reuenge,
Forgoe their proper powers, and fall to pittie.

[46]

Ghost Hamlet, I once againe appeare to thee.
To put thee in remembrance of my death:

110 Doe not neglect, nor long time put it off.
But I perceiue by thy distracted lookes,
Thy mother's fearefull, and she stands amaze:

Speake to her Hamlet, for her sex is weake.
Comfort thy mother, Hamlet, thinke on me.

Ham. How i'ft with you Lady?

The Tragédie of Hamlet (F₁).

100 That from a shelfe, the precious Diadem stole,
And put it in his Pocket.

Qu. No more.

Enter Ghost.

Ham. A King of fhreds and patches.
Save me; and houer o're me with your wings
You heavenly Guards. What would you gracious figure?

Qu. Alas he's mad.

Ham. Doe you not come your tardy Sonne to chide,

III. iv.

100 That from a fhelfe the precious Diadem stole
And put it in his pocket.
Ger. No more.

Enter Ghost.

Ham. A King of fhreds and patches,
Saue me and houer ore me with your wings
You heauenly gards: what would your gracious figure?

Ger. Alas hee's mad.

Ham. Doe you not come your tardy fonne to chide,
That lap't in time and pafsion lets goe by
110 Th'important acting of your dread command, ô fay.

Ghost. Doe not forget, this vifitation
Is but to whet thy almoft blunted purpofe.
But looke, amazement on thy mother fits,
O ftep betweene her, and her fighting foule,
Conceit in weakeft bodies ftrongeft workes.
Speake to her *Hamlet*.

Ham. How is it with you Lady?

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

That laps't in Time and Paffion, lets go by
110 Th'important acting of your dread command? Oh fay.

Ghost. Do not forget: this Vifitation
Is but to whet thy almoft blunted purpofe.
But looke, Amazement on thy Mother fits;
O ftep betweene her, and her fighting Soule,
Conceit in weakeft bodies, ftrongeft workes.
Speake to her *Hamlet*.

Ham. How is it with you Lady?

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III. iv.

Queene Nay, how i'll with you
That thus you bend your eyes on vacancie,
And holde discourse with nothing but with ayre?

Ham. Why doe you nothing heare?

Queene Not I.

Ham. Nor doe you nothing see?

Queene No neither. (habite

Ham. No, why see the king my father, my father, in the
As he liued, looke you how pale he lookes,
See how he steales away out of the Portall.
Looke, there he goes. *exit ghost.*

Queene Alas, it is the weakenesse of thy braine,
Which makes thy tongue to blazon thy hearts grieve:
But as I haue a foule, I sweare by heauen,
I neuer knew of this most horride murder:

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Qu. Alas, how is't with you?

That you bend your eye on vacancie,
And with their corporall ayre do hold discourse.
Forth at your eyes, your spirits wildely peepe,
120 And as the sleeping Soldiours in th'Alarme,
Your bedded haire, like life in excrements,
Start vp, and stand an end. Oh gentle Sonne,
Vpon the heate and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle coole patience. Whereon do you looke?

Ham. On him, on him: look you how pale he glares.
His forme and cause conioyn'd, preaching to stones,
Would make them capeable. Do not looke vpon me,
Least with this pittieous action you conuert

III. iv.

Ger. Alas how i't with you?

That you doe bend your eye on vacancie,
And with th'incorporall ayre doe hold difcoursfe,
Foorth at your eyes your fpirits wildly peep,

120 And as the fleeping fouldiers in th'alarme,
Your bedded haire like life in excrements
Start vp and fstand an end, o gentle fomme
Vpon the heat and flame of thy diftemper
Sprinkle coole patience, whereon doe you looke?

Ham. On him, on him, looke you how pale he glares.
His forme and caufe conioynd, preaching to ftones
Would make them capable, doe not looke vpon me,
Leaft with this pittious action you conuert
My ftearne effects, then what I haue to doe

130 Will want true cullour, teares perchance for blood.

Ger. To whom doe you fpeake this?

Ham. Doe you fee nothing there?

Ger. Nothing at all, yet all that is I fee.

Ham. Nor did you nothing heare?

Ger. No nothing but our felues.

Ham. Why looke you there, looke how it fteales away, [64
My father in his habit as he liued,
Looke where he goes, euen now out at the portall. *Exit Ghost.*

Ger. This is the very coynage of your braine,
This bodilleffe creation extacie is very cunning in.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

My fterne effects: then what I haue to do,

130 Will want true colour; teares perchance for blood.

Qu. To who do you fpeake this?

Ham. Do you fee nothing there?

Qu. Nothing at all, yet all that is I fee.

Ham. Nor did you nothing heare?

Qu. No, nothing but our felues.

Ham. Why look you there: looke how it fteals away:
My Father in his habite, as he liued,
Looke where he goes euen now out at the Portall. *Exit.*

Qu. This is the very coynage of your Braine,
This bodilleffe Creation extafie is very cunning in.

III. iv.

But Hamlet, this is onely fantasie,
And for my loue forget theſe idle fits.

140 *Ham.* Idle, no mother, my pulſe doth beate like yours,
It is not madneſſe that poſſeſſeth Hamlet.

O mother, if euer you did my deare father loue,
Forbeare the adulterous bed to night,
And win your ſelfe by little as you may.
In time it may be you wil lothe him quite:
And mother, but aſſiſt mee in reuenge,
And in his death your infamy ſhall die.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F).

Ham. Extasie?

140 My Pulſe as yours doth temperately keepe time,
And makes as healthfull Muſicke. It is not madneſſe
That I haue vttered; bring me to the Teſt
And I the matter will re-word: which madneſſe
Would gamboll from. Mother, for loue of Grace,
Lay not a flattering Vnction to your ſoule,
That not your treſpaſſe, but my madneſſe ſpeakes:
It will but ſkin and ſilme the Vlceroſ place,
Whilſt ranke Corruption mining all within,
Infects vnſcene. Confeſſe your ſelfe to Heauen.
150 Repent what's paſt, auoyd what is to come,

III. iv.

140 *Ham.* My pulfe as yours doth temperatly keepe time,
And makes as healthfull muficke, it is not madneffe
That I haue vttered, bring me to the reft.
And the matter will reword, which madneffe
Would gambole from, mother for loue of grace,
Lay not that flattering vnction to your foule
That not your trespaffe but my madneffe fpeakes,
It will but skin and filme the vlcerous place
Whiles ranck corruption mining all within
Infects vnfeene, confeffe your felfe to heauen.
150 Repent what's paff. auoyd what is to come,
And doe not fpread the compoft on the weedes
To make them rancker, forgiue me this my vertue.
For in the fatneffe of thefe purfue times
Vertue it felfe of vice muft pardon beg,
Yea curbe and wooe for leaue to doe him good.

Ger. O *Hamlet* thou haft cleft my hart in twaine.

Ham. O throwe away the worfer part of it,
And leaue the purer with the other halfe.
Good night, but goe not to my Vncles bed,
160 Affume a vertue if you haue if not,
That monfter custome, who all fence doth eate
Of habits deuill, is angell yet in this
That to the vfe of actions faire and good,
He likewise giues a frock or Liuary
That aptly is put on to refraine night,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

And do not fpread the Compofit or the Weedes,
To make them ranke. Forgiue me this my Vertue.
For in the fatneffe of this purfue times,
Vertue it felfe, of Vice muft pardon begge,
Yea courb, and woe. for leaue to do him good.

Qu. Oh *Hamlet*,
Thou haft cleft my heart in twaine.

Ham. O throw away the worfer part of it,
And liue the purer with the other halfe.
Good night, but go not to mine Vnkles bed,
160 Affume a Vertue. if you haue it not, refraine to night.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

And that shall lend a kinde of easinesse
 170 To the next abstinence. Once more goodnight,
 And when you are desirous to be blest
 He blessing begge of you. For this same Lord,
 I do repent: but heauen hath pleas'd it so,
 To punish me with this, and this with me,
 That I must be their Scourge and Minister.
 I will bestow him, and will answer well
 The death I gave him: so againe, good night.
 I must be cruell, onely to be kinde;
 Thus bad begins, and worse remaines behinde.
 180 *Qu.* What shall I do?

III. iv.

And that shall lend a kind of easiness
To the next abstinence, the next more easie:
For we almost can change the stamp of nature.
And either the deuill, or throwe him out

170 With wonderous potency: once more good night.

And when you are desirous to be blest,
He blessing beg of you, for this same Lord
I doe repent; but heauen hath pleased it so
To punish me with this, and this with me.
That I must be their scourge and minister.
I will bestowe him and will answere well
The death I gaue him; so againe good night
I must be cruell only to be kinde,
This bad beginnes, and worse remains behind.

[65]

180 One word more good Lady.

Ger. What shall I doe?

Ham. Not this by no meanes that I bid you doe.
Let the blowt King tempt you againe to bed.
Pinch wanton on your cheek, call you his Mousse.
And let him for a paire of reechie kisses,
Or padding in your necke with his damn'd fingers.
Make you to rouell all this matter out
That I essentially am not in madnesse.
But mad in craft, 'twere good you let him knowe.
For who that's but a Queene, faire, sober, wife,

190 Would from a paddack, from a bat, a gib.

Such deare concernings hide, who would doe so,
No, in dispiight of fence and seerecy,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁)

Qu. Not this by no meanes that I bid you do:
Let the blunt King tempt you againe to bed,
Pinch Wanton on your cheek, call you his Mousse.
And let him for a paire of reechie kisses.
Or padding in your necke with his damn'd Fingers.
Make you to rauell all this matter out.

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That I essentially am not in madnesse,
But made in craft. 'Twere good you let him know,
For who that's but a Queene, faire, sober, wife.
190 Would from a Paddocke, from a Bat, a Gibbe,
Such deere concernings hide. Who would do fo,
No in dispiight of Sense and Secrecie.

Queene Hamlet, I vow by that maiesty,
 That knowes our thoughts, and lookes into our hearts, [47
 I will conceale, content, and doe my beft,
 What stratagem foe're thou fhalt deuife.

Ham It is enough, mother good night:
 Come fir, I'll provide for you a graue,
 Who was in life a foolifh prating knaue.
Exit Hamlet with the dead body.

Enter the King and Lordes.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Vnpegge the Basket on the houfes top:
 Let the Birds flye, and like the famous Ape
 To try Conclufions in the Basket, creepe
 And breake your owne necke downe.

Qu Be thou affur'd, if words be made of breath,
 And breath of life: I haue no life to breath
 What thou haft faide to me.

200 *Ham*. I muft to England, you know that?

Qu. Alacke I had forgot: 'Tis fo concluded on.

Ham. This man fhall fet me packing:

III. iv.

Vnpeg the basket on the houfes top,
Let the birds fly, and like the famous Ape,
To try conclusions in the basket creepe,
And breake your owne necke downe.

Ger. Be thou affur'd, if words be made of breath
And breath of life, I haue no life to breath
What thou haft fayd to me.

200 *Ham.* I muft to *England*, you knowe that.

Ger. Alack I had forgot.

Tis fo concluded on.

Ham. Ther's letters feald, and my two Schoolefellowes,
Whom I will truft as I will Adders fang'd,
They beare the mandat, they muft fwEEP my way
And marshall me to knauery: let it worke,
For tis the fport to haue the enginer
Hoift with his owne petar, an't fhall goe hard
But I will delue one yard belowe their mines,
And blowe them at the Moone: ô tis moft sweete

210 When in one line two crafts directly meete,

This man fhall fet me packing,

[66

He lugge the guts into the neighbour roome;

Mother good night indeed, this Counfayler

Is now moft still, moft fecret, and moft grane,

Who was in life a moft foolifh prating knaue.

Come fir, to draw toward an end with you.

Good night mother.

Exit.

IV. i.

*Enter King, and Queene, with Rosencraus
and Gylidensterne.*

King. There's matter in thefe fighes, thefe profound heaues,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

He lugge the Guts into the Neighbor roome,
Mother goodnight. Indeede this Counfeller
Is now moft still, moft fecret, and moft grane,
Who was in life, a foolifh prating Knaue.
Come fir, to draw toward an end with you.
Good night Mother.

Exit Hamlet tugging in Polonius.

IV. i.

Enter King.

King. There's matters in thefe fighes.
Thefe profound heaues ,

King Now Gertred, what sayes our sonne, how doe you finde him?

Queene Alas my lord, as raging as the sea:
 Whenas he came, I first bespake him faire,
 But then he throwes and toffes me about,
 As one forgetting that I was his mother:
 At last I call'd for help: and as I cried, *Corambis*
 10 Call'd, which Hamlet no sooner heard, but whips me
 Out his rapier, and cries, a Rat, a Rat, and in his rage
 The good olde man he killes.

King. Why this his madnesse will vndoe our state.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F).

You must translate; Tis fit we vnderstand them.
 Where is your Sonne?

Qu. Ah my good Lord, what haue I seene to night?

King. What *Gertrude*? How do's *Hamlet*?

Qu. Mad as the Seas, and winde, when both contend
 Which is the Mightier, in his lawlesse fit
 Behinde the Arras, hearing something stirre,
 10 He whips his Rapier out, and cries a Rat, a Rat,
 And in his brainish apprehension killes
 The vnseene good old man.

King. Oh heauy deed:
 It had bin so with vs had we bene there:

IV. i.

You must translate, tis fit we vnderstand them,
Where is your sonne?

Ger. Bestow this place on vs a little while.
Ah mine owne Lord, what haue I seene to night?

King. What *Gertrard*, how dooes *Hamlet*?

Ger. Mad as the sea and wind when both contend
Which is the mightier, in his lawlesse fit,
Behind the Arras hearing some thing stirre,

10 Whypes out his Rapier, cryes a Rat, a Rat,
And in this brainish apprehension kills
The vnseene good old man.

King. O heauy deede!
It had beene so with vs had wee been there,
His libertie is full of threates to all,
To you your selfe, to vs, to euery one,
Alas, how shall this bloody deede be answer'd?
It will be layd to vs, whose prouidence
Should haue kept short, restrain'd, and out of haunt
This mad young man; but so much was our loue,

20 We would not vnderstand what was most fit,
But like the owner of a foule disease
To keepe it from divulging, let it feede
Euen on the pith of life: where is he gone?

Ger. To draw apart the body he hath kild,
Ore whom, his very madnes like some ore

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

His Liberty is full of threats to all,
To you your selfe, to vs, to euery one.
Alas, how shall this bloody deede be answered?
It will be laide to vs, whose prouidence
Should haue kept short, restrain'd, and out of haunt,
This mad yong man. But so much was our loue,

20 We would not vnderstand what was most fit,
But like the Owner of a foule disease,
To keepe it from divulging, let's it feede
Euen on the pith of life. Where is he gone?

Qu. To draw apart the body he hath kild,
O're whom his very madnesse like some Oare

Lordes goe to him, inquire the body out.

Gil. We will my Lord. *Exeunt Lordes.*

King. Gertred, your sonne shall presently to England,
His shipping is already furnished,
And we haue sent by *Roffenecraft* and *Gilderstone*,
Our letters to our deare brother of England,
For Hamlets welfare and his happineffe:
Happly the aire and climate of the Country
May please him better than this native home:
See where he comes.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Among a Minerall of Mettels base
Shewes it selfe pure. He weepes for what is done.

King. Oh *Gertrude*, come away:

The Sun no sooner shall the Mountaines touch,
30 But we will ship him hence, and this vilde deed,
We must with all our Maiefty and Skill
Both countenance, and excuse. *Enter Ros. & Guild.*
Ho Guildenstern:
Friends both go ioyne you with some further ayde:
Hamlet in madnesse hath *Polonius* slaine,

IV. i.

Among a minerall of mettals base,
Shows it selfe pure, a weepes for what is done.

King. O *Gertrard*, come away,

The funne no fooner shall the mountaines touch, [67

30 But we will ship him hence, and this vile deede

We must with all our Maiestie and skill *Enter Ros. & Guild.*

Both countenance and excuse. Ho *Guyldensterne*,

Friends both, goe ioyne you with some further ayde,

Hamlet in madnes hath *Polonius* flaine,

And from his mothers closet hath he dreg'd him,

Goe seeke him out speake fayre, and bring the body

Into the Chappell: I pray you haile in this.

Come *Gertrard*, wee'll call vp our wisest friends,

And let them know both what we meane to doe

40 And whats vntimely doone,

Whose whifper ore the worlds dyameter,

As leuell as the Cannon to his blance,

Transports his poyfined shot. may misse our Name,

And hit the woundlesse ayre. o come away,

My foule is full of discord and dismay. *Exeunt.*

IV. ii.

Enter Hamlet, Roseneraus and others.

Ham. Safely stowd, but soft, what noyse, who calls on *Hamlet*?

O heere they come.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

And from his Mother Cloffets hath he drag'd him.

Go seeke him out, speake faire, and bring the body

Into the Chappell. I pray you haile in this. *Exit Gent.*

Come *Gertrude*, wee'll call vp our wisest friends,

To let them know both what we meane to do, [272b

40 And what's vntimely done. Oh come away,

My foule is full of discord and dismay. *Exeunt.*

IV. ii.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Safely stowd.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).*Gentlemen within. Hamlet, Lord Hamlet.**Ham.* What noife? Who calls on *Hamlet*?Oh heere they come. *Enter Ros. and Guildenstern.**Ros.* What haue you done my Lord with the dead body?*Ham.* Compounded it with dust, whereto 'tis Kinne.*Rosin.* Tell vs where 'tis, that we may take it thence,
And beare it to the Chappell.*Ham.* Do not beleuee it.10 *Rosin.* Beleene what?*Ham.* That I can keepe your counsell, and not mine
owne. Besides, to be demanded of a Spundge, what re-
plication should be made by the Sonne of a King.*Rosin.* Take you me for a Spundge, my Lord?*Ham.* I fir, that fokes vp the Kings Countenance, his
Rewards, his Authorities (but such Officers do the King
best service in the end. He keeps them like an Ape in

IV.ii.

Rof. What haue you doone my Lord with the dead body?

Ham. Compound it with duft whereto tis kin.

Rof. Tell vs where tis that we may take it thence,
And beare it to the Chappell.

Ham. Doe not beleene it.

10 *Rof.* Beleene what.

Ham. That I can keepe your counsaile & not mine owne besides
to be demaunded of a sponge, what replycation shoud be made by
the sonne of a King.

Rof. Take you me for a sponge my Lord?

Ham. I fir, that fokes vp the Kings countenaunce, his rewards, his
authorities, but such Officers doe the King best seruice in the end, he
20 keepesthem like an apple in the corner of his iaw, first mouth'd to be
laft swallowed, when hee needs what you haue glean'd, it is but squee-
zing you, and sponge you shall be dry againe.

Rof. I vnderstand you not my Lord.

Ham. I am glad of it, a knauish speech sleepest in a foolish eare.

Rof. My Lord, you must tell vs where the body is, and goe with vs
to the King.

30 *Ham.* The body is with the King, but the King is not with the [65
body. The King is a thing.

Guyl. A thing my Lord.

Ham. Of nothing, bring me to him. *Exeunt.*

Enter King, or two or three.

IV.iii.

King. I haue sent to seeke him, and to find the body,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

20 the corner of his iaw, first mouth'd to be laft swallowed,
when hee needs what you haue glean'd, it is but squee-
zing you, and Spundge you shall be dry againe.

Rofin. I vnderstand you not my Lord.

Ham. I am glad of it: a knauish speech sleepest in a
foolish eare.

Rofin. My Lord, you must tell vs where the body is,
and go with vs to the King.

30 *Ham.* The body is with the King, but the King is not
with the body. The King, is a thing ——

Guild. A thing my Lord?

Ham. Of nothing: bring me to him, hide Fox, and all
after. *Exeunt*

IV.iii.

Enter King.

King. I haue sent to seeke him, and to find the bodie:

IV. ii.

Enter Hamlet and the Lordes.

Gil. My lord, we can by no meanes
Know of him where the body is.

King Now fenne Hamlet, where is this dead body?

20 *Ham.* At supper, not where he is eating, but
Where he is eaten, a certaine company of politicke wormes [48
are euen now at him.
Father, your fatte King, and your leane Beggar
Are but variable seruices, two dishes to one messe:

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

How dangerous is it that this man goes loose:
Yet must not we put the strong Law on him:
Hee's loned of the diftracted multitude,
Who like not in their iudgement, but their eyes:
And where 'tis so, th'Offenders scourge is weigh'd
But neerer the offence: to beare all smooth, and euen,
This fodaine sending him away, must seeme
Deliberate pause, diseases desperate growne,

10 By desperate appliance are releued,
Or not at all. *Enter Rosincrane.*
How now? What hath befallne?

Rosin. Where the dead body is bestow'd my Lord,
We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he?

IV.iii.

How dangerous is it that this man goes loofe,
 Yet muft not we put the ftrong Law on him,
 Hee's lou'd of the diftracted multitude,
 VVho like not in their indgement, but theyr eyes,
 And where tis fo, th'offenders fcouge is wayed
 But neuer the offence: to beare all fsmooth and euen,
 This fuddaine fending him away muft feeme
 Deliberate pause, difeafes desperat growne,
 10 By desperat applyance are relieu'd
 Or not at all.

Enter Rosencrans and all the rest.

King. How now, what hath befallne?

Rof. Where the dead body is beftowd my Lord
 VVe cannot get from him.

King. But where is hee?

Rof. Without my lord, guarded to know your pleafure

King. Bring him before vs.

Rof. How, bring in the Lord. *They enter.*

King. Now *Hamlet*, where's *Polonius*?

Ham. At fupper.

King. At fupper, where.

20 *Ham.* Not where he eates, but where a is eaten, a certaine conuacation of politike wormes are een at him: your worme is your onely Emperour for dyet, we fat all creatures els to fat vs, and wee fat our felues for maggots, your fat King and your leane begger is but variable feruice, two difhes but to one table, that's the end.

King. Alas, alas.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Rofin. Without my Lord, guarded to know your
 pleafure.

King. Bring him before vs.

Rofin. Hoa, *Guildenfterne*? Bring in my Lord.

Enter Hamlet and Guildenfterne.

King. Now *Hamlet*, where's *Polonius*?

Ham. At Supper.

King. At Supper? Where?

20 *Ham.* Not where he eats, but where he is eaten, a certaine conuocation of wormes are e'ne at him. Your worm is your onely Emperor for diet. We fat all creatures elfe to fat vs, and we fat our felfe for Magots. Your fat King, and your leane Begger is but variable feruice to difhes, but to one Table that's the end.

IV.iii.

Looke you, a man may fith with that worme
That hath eaten of a King,
And a Beggar eate that fith,

30 Which that worme hath caught.

King What of this?

Ham. Nothing father, but to tell you, how a King
May go a progresse through the guttes of a Beggar.

King But sonne *Hamlet*, where is this body?

Ham. In heau'n, if you chance to misse him there.
Father, you had best looke in the other partes below
For him, and if you cannot finde him there,
You may chance to nose him as you go vp the lobby.

40 *King* Make hafte and finde him out.

Ham. Nay doe you heare? do not make too much hafte.
I'll warrant you hee'll stay till you come.

King Well sonne *Hamlet*, we in care of you: but specially
in tender preferuation of your health,
The which we price euen as our proper selfe,
It is our minde you forthwith goe for *England*,
The winde fits faire, you shall aboorde to night,
Lord *Roffencraft* and *Gilderstone* shall goe along with you.

Ham. O with all my heart: farewell mother.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

King. What doft thou meane by this?

Ham. Nothing but to shew you how a King may go [27.1a
a Progresse through the guts of a Begger.

King. Where is *Polonius*.

Ham. In heauen, send thither to see. If your Messen-
ger finde him not there, seeke him i'th other place your
selfe: but indeed, if you finde him not this moneth, you
shall nose him as you go vp the staires into the Lobby.

40 *King.* Go seeke him there.

Ham. He will stay till ye come.

K. Hamlet, this deed of thine, for thine especial safety
Which we do tender, as we deerely greeue

IV.iii.

Ham. A man may fih with the worme that hath eate of a King, &
30 eate of the fih that hath fedde of that worme.

King. King. VVhat dooft thou meane by this?

Ham. Nothing but to fhew you how a King may goe a progresse
through the guts of a begger. [69]

King. Where is *Polonius*?

Ham. In heauen, fend thether to fee, if your meffenger finde him
not thre, feeke him i'th other place your felfe, but if indeed you find
him not within this month, you fhall nofe him as you goe vp the
ftayres into the Lobby.

40 *King.* Goe feeke him there.

Ham. A will ftay till you come.

King. Hamlet this deede for thine efpeciall fafety
Which we do tender, as we deerely grieue
For that which thou haft done, muft fend thee hence.
Therefore prepare thy felfe,
The Barck is ready, and the wind at helpe,
Th'Affociats tend, and euery thing is bent
For *England*.

Ham. For *England*.

King. I *Hamlet*.

Ham. Good.

King. So is it if thou knew'ft our purpofes.

50 *Ham.* I fee a Cherub that fees the, but come for *England*,
Farewell deere Mother.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

For that which thou haft done, muft fend thee hence
With ferie Quickneffe. Therefore prepare thy felfe,
The Barke is readie, and the winde at helpe.
Th'Affociates tend, and euery thing at bent
For *England*.

Ham. For *England*?

King. I *Hamlet*.

Ham. Good.

King. So is it, if thou knew'ft our purpofes.

50 *Ham.* I fee a Cherube that fees him: but come, for
England. Farewell deere Mother.

IV.iii.

King Your louing father, *Hamlet*.

Ham My mother I fay: you married my mother.
 My mother is your wife, man and wife is one flefh,
 And fo (my mother) farewel: for England hoe.

exeunt all but the king.

king Gertred, leaue me,
 And take your leaue of *Hamlet*,
 To England is he gone, ne're to returne:
 Our Letters are vnto the King of England,
 That on the fight of them, on his allegiance,
 He prefently without demaunding why,

[49]

That *Hamlet* loofe his head, for he muft die,
 There's more in him than fhallow eyes can fee:

70 He once being dead, why then our ftate is free. *exit.*

IV.iv.

Enter Fortenbraffe, Drumme and Souldiers.

Fort. Captaine, from vs goe greete
 The king of Denmarke:
 Tell him that *Fortenbraffe* nephew to old *Norway*,
 Craues a free paffe and conduct ouer his land,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).*King.* Thy louing Father *Hamlet*.

Hamlet. My Mother: Father and Mother is man and
 wife: man & wife is one flefh, and fo my mother. Come,
 for England. *Exit*

King. Follow him at foote,
 Tempt him with fpeed aboard:
 Delay it not, He hane him hence to night.
 Away, for euery thing is Seal'd and done
 That elfe leanes on th'Affaire pray you make haft.
 60 And England, if my lone thou holdft at ought,
 As my great power thereof may giue thee fenfe,
 Since yet thy Cicatrice lookes raw and red
 After the Danifh Sword, and thy free awe

IV. iii.

King. Thy louing Father *Hamlet*.

Ham. My mother, Father and Mother is man and wife,
Man and wife is one flefh, fo my mother:
Come for *England*. *Exit.*

King. Follow him at foote,
Tempt him with fpeede aboard,
Delay it not, Ile haue him hence to night.
Away, for euery thing is feald and done
That els leanes on th'affayre, pray you make haft,
60 And *England*, if my loue thou hold'ft at ought,
As my great power thereof may giue thee fence,
Since yet thy Cicatrice lookes raw and red,
After the Danifh fword and thy free awe
Payes homage to vs, thou mayft not coldly fet
Our foueraigne proceffe, which imports at full
By Letters congruing to that effect
The prefent death of *Hamlet*, doe it *England*.
For like the Hectique in my blood he rages,
And thou muft cure me; till I know tis done,
70 How ere my haps, my ioyes will nere begin. *Exit.*

[70

IV. iv.

Enter Fortinbrasse with his Army ouer the stage.

Fortin. Goe Captaine, from me greet the Danifh King,
Tell him, that by his lycence *Fortinbrasse*
Craues the conueyance of a promis'd march
Ouer his kingdome, you know the randeuous

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Payes homage to vs; thou maift not coldly fet
Our Soueraigne Proceffe, which imports at full
By Letters coniuring to that effect
The prefent death of *Hamlet*. Do it *England*.
For like the Hecticke in my blood he rages,
And thou muft cure me: Till I know 'tis done,
70 How ere my happes, my ioyes were ne're begun. *Exit*

IV. iv.

Enter Fortinbras with an Armie.

For. Go Captaine, from me greet the Danifh King,
Tell him that by his licenfe, *Fortinbras*
Claimes the conueyance of a promis'd March
Ouer his Kingdome. You know the Rendeuous:

1V. iv.

According to the Articles agreed on:

You know our Randevous, goe march away. *exeunt all.*

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

If that his Maiefty would ought with vs,
We fhall expresse our dutie in his eye,
And let him know fo.

IV.iv.

If that his Maieftie would ought with vs,
We fhall exprefle our dutie in his eye,
And let him know fo.

Cap. I will doo't my Lord.

For. Goe foftly on.

Enter Hamlet. Roseneraus, &c.

Ham. Good fir whole powers are thefe?

10 Cap. They are of *Norway* fir.

Ham. How purpofd fir I pray you?

Cap. Againft fome part of *Poland*.

Ham. Who commaunds them fir?

Cap. The Nephew to old *Norway*, *Fortenbraffe*.

Ham. Goes it againft the maine of *Poland* fir,
Or for fome frontire?

Cap. Truly to fpeake, and with no addition,
We goe to gaine a little patch of ground
That hath in it no profit but the name

20 To pay five duckets, five I would not farme it;

Nor will it yeeld to *Norway* or the *Pole*

A rancker rate, fhould it be fold in fee.

Ham. Why then the *Pollacke* neuer will defend it.

Cap. Yes, it is already garifond.

Ham. Two thoufand foules, & twenty thoufand duckets
VVill not debate the queftion of this ftaw

This is th'Impoftume of much wealth and peace,

That inward breakes, and fhoves no caufe without

Why the man dies. I humbly thanke you fir.

30 Cap. God buy you fir.

Rof. Wilt please you goe my Lord?

Ham. Ile be with you ftraight, goe a little before.

How all occafions doe informe againft me,

And fpur my dull reuenge. What is a man

If his chiefe good and market of his time

Be but to fleepe and feede, a beaft, no more:

Sure he that made vs with fuch large difcourfe

Looking before and after, gaue vs not

That capabilitie and god-like reafon

[71

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Cap. I will doo't, my Lord.

For. Go fafely on.

Exit.

IV. iv.

IV. v.

enter King and Queene.

King *Hamlet* is ship't for England, fare him well,
 I hope to heare good newes from thence ere long,
 If euery thing fall out to our content,
 As I doe make no doubt but so it shall.

Queene God grant it may, heau'ns keep my *Hamlet* safe:
 But this mischance of olde *Corambis* death,
 Hath pierfed to the yong *Ofeliues* heart,
 That she, poore maide, is quite bereft her wittes.

King Alas deere heart! And on the other side,
 We vnderstand her brother's come from *France*,
 And he hath halfe the heart of all our Land,
 And hardly hee'le forget his fathers death,
 Vnlesse by some meanes he be pacified.

Qu. O see where the yong *Ofelia* is!

IV. iv.

To fust in vs vnvd, now whether it be
40 Bestiall obliuion, or some crauen scruple
Of thinking too precisely on th'euent,
A thought which quarterd hath but one part wifedom,
And euer three parts coward, I doe not know
Why yet I liue to say this thing's to doe,
Sith I haue cause, and will, and strength, and meanes
To doo't; examples grosse as earth exhort me,
Witness this Army of such masse and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender Prince,
Whose spirit with diuine ambition puffed,
50 Makes mouthes at the invisible euent,
Exposing what is mortall, and vn Timer, sure,
To all that fortune, death, and danger dare.
Euen for an Egge-shell. Rightly to be great,
Is not to stirre without great argument,
But greatly to find quarrell in a straw
When honour's at the stake, how stand I then
That haue a father kild, a mother staine'd,
Excytements of my reason, and my blood,
And let all sleepe, while to my shame I see
60 The imminent death of twenty thousand men,
That for a fantasie and tricke of fame
Goe to their graues like beds, fight for a plot
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
Which is not tombe enough and continent
To hide the shame, ô from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth.

Exit.

*Enter Ofelia playing on a Lute, and her haire
downe finging.*

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

IV. v.

Enter Queene and Horatio.

Qu. I will not speake with her.

Hor. She is importunate, indeed distract, her moode
will needs be pittied.

Qu. What would she haue?

Hor. She speakes much of her Father; saies she heares
There's trickes i'th'world, and hems, and beats her heart,
Spurnes enuiously at Strawes, speakes things in doubt,
That carry but halfe sence: Her speech is nothing,

Yet the vnshaped vse of it doth moue

The hearers to Collection; they ayme at it.

10 And botch the words vp fit to their owne thoughts,

Which as her winks, and nods, and gestures yeeld them,

IV. v.

Enter Horatio, Gertrard, and a Gentleman.

Quee. I will not speake with her.

Gent. Shee is importunat,
Indeede diftract, her moode will needes be pittied.

Quee. What would she haue? [72

Gent. She speakes much of her father, sayes she heares
There's tricks i'th world, and hems, and beates her hart.
Spurnes enuioufly at strawes, speakes things in doubt
That carry but halfe fence, her speech is nothing,
Yet the vnshaped vse of it doth moue
The hearers to collection, they yawne at it.

10 And botch the words vp fit to theyr owne thoughts,
Which as her wincks, and nods, and gestures yeeld them,
Indeede would make one thinke there might be thought
Though nothing fure, yet much unhappily.

Hora. Twere good she were spoken with, for shee may strew
Dangerous coniectures in ill breeding mindes,
Let her come in.

Enter Ophelia.

Quee. 'To my sicke foule, as finnes true nature is,
'Each toy seemes prologue to some great amisse,
'So full of artleffe ieaiousie is guilt,

20 'It spills it selfe, in fearing to be spilt.

Oph. Where is the beautilous Maiestie of Denmarke?

Quee. How now *Ophelia*? *[shee sings.]*

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Indeed would make one thinke there would be thought, [273b
Though nothing fure, yet much unhappily.

Qu. Twere good she were spoken with,
For she may strew dangerous coniectures
In ill breeding minds. Let her come in.
To my sicke foule (as finnes true Nature is)
Each toy seemes Prologue, to some great amisse,
So full of Artleffe ieaiousie is guilt,

20 It spill's it selfe, in fearing to be spilt.

Enter Ophelia diftracted,

Ophe, Where is the beauteous Maiefty of Denmark.

Qu. How now *Ophelia*?

IV. v.

Ofelia How should I your true loue know
 From another man?
 By his cockle hatte, and his staffe,
 And his sandall shoone.

[50]

White his fthrowde as mountaine snowe,

Larded with fweete flowers.
 That bewept to the grane did not goe
 With true louers flowers:

30 He is dead and gone Lady, he is dead and gone.
 At his head a grasse greene turffe,
 At his heeles a stone.

40 *king* How i't with you fweete *Ofelia*?
Ofelia. Well God yeeld you,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Ophe. How should I your true loue know from another one?
 By his Cockle hat and staffe, and his Sandal shoone.

Qu. Alas sweet Lady: what imports this Song?

Ophe. Say you? Nay pray you marke.

30 He is dead and gone Lady, he is dead and gone,
 At his head a grasse-greene Turfe, at his heeles a stone.

Enter King.

Qu. Nay but *Ophelia*.

Ophe. Pray you marke.

White his Shrow'd as the Mountaine Snow.

Qu. Alas, looke heere my Lord.

IV. v.

Oph. How should I your true loue know from another one,

By his cockle hat and staffe, and his Sendall shooone.

Quee. Alas sweet Lady, what imports this song?

Oph. Say you, nay pray you marke,

30 He is dead & gone Lady, he is dead and gone,
At his head a gra Greene turph, at his heeles a stone.
O ho.

Quee. Nay but *Ophelia*.

Oph. Pray you marke. White his shrowd as the mountaine snow.

Enter King.

Quee. Alas looke heere my Lord.

Oph. Larded all with sweet flowers,
Which bewept to the ground did not go *Song.*
With true loue shouers.

40 *King.* How doe you pretty Lady?

Oph. Well good dild you, they say the Owle was a Bakers daughter,
Lord we know what we are, but know not what we may be.
God be at your table.

King. Conceit vpon her Father. [73

Oph. Pray lets haue no words of this, but when they aske you
what it meanes, say you this.

To morrow is S. Valentines day, *Song.*
All in the morning betime,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Ophe. Larded with sweet flowers:

Which bewept to the grane did not go.

With true-loue shoures.

40 *King.* How do ye, pretty Lady?

Ophe. Well, God dil'd you. They say the Owle was
a Bakers daughter. Lord, wee know what we are, but
know not what we may be. God be at your Table.

King. Conceit vpon her Father.

Ophe. Pray you let's haue no words of this: but when
they aske you what it meanes, say you this:
To morrow is S. Valentines day, all in the morning betime,

It grieues me to see how they laid him in the cold ground,
I could not chuse but weepe:

- 190 And will he not come againe?
And will he not come againe?
No, no, hee's gone, and we cast away mone,
And he neuer will come againe.
His beard as white as snowe:
All flaxen was his pole,
He is dead, he is gone,
And we cast away moane:
God a mercy on his foule.
- 200 And of all chriſten foules I pray God.
God be with you Ladies, God be with you. *exit Ofelia.*

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

- 50 *And I a Maid at your Window, to be your Valentine,
Then vp he roſe, & don'd his clothes, & dupt the chamber dore,
Let in the Maid, that out a Maid, neuer departed more.*
- King.* Pretty Ophelia.
- Ophe.* Indeed la? without an oath Ile make an end ont.
By gis, and by S. Charity,
- 60 *Alacke, and ſie for ſhame:
Yong men wil doo't, if they come too't,
By Cocke they are too blame.
Quoth ſhe before you tumbled me,*

1V. v.

50 And I a mayde at your window
To be your Valentine.

Then vp he rofe, and dond his clofe, and dupt the chamber doore,
Let in the maide, that out a maide, neuer departed more.

King. Pretty *Ophelia*.

Oph. Indeede without an oath Ile make an end on't,
By gis and by Saint Charitie,

60 alack and fie for fhame,

Young men will doo't if they come too't,
by Cock they are too blame.

Quoth she, Before you tumbled me, you promif'd me to wed,
(Ile anfwers.) So would I a done by yonder funne

And thou hadft not come to my bed.

King. How long hath she beene thus?

Oph. I hope all will be well, we muft be patient, but I cannot chufe
70 but weepe to thinke they would lay him i'th cold ground my brother
fhall know of it, and fo I thanke you for your good counsaile. Come
my Coach, God night Ladies, god night.
Sweet Ladyes god night, god night.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

You promis'd me to Wed:

So would I ha done by yonder Sune,

And thou hadft not come to my bed.

King. How long hath she bin this?

Ophe. I hope all will be well. We muft bee patient,
70 but I cannot choofe but weepe, to thinke they fhould
lay him i'th cold ground: My brother fhall knowe of it,
and fo I thanke you for your good counfell. Come, my
Coach: Goodnight Ladies: Goodnight sweet Ladies:
Goodnight, goodnight. *Exit.*

IV.v.

king A pretty wretch! this is a change indeede:
 O Time, how swiftly runnes our ioyes away?
 Content on earth was neuer certaine bred,
 To day we laugh and liue, to morrow dead.
 How now, what noyfe is that?

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

King. Follow her clofe,
 Giue her good watch I pray you:
 Oh this is the poyfon of deepe greefe, it fprings
 All from her Fathers death. Oh *Gertrude*, *Gertrude*,
 When forrowes comes, they come not fingle fpies,
 But in Battaliaes. Firft, her Father flaine,
 80 Next your Sonne gone, and he moft violent Author
 Of his owne iuft remoue: the people muddied,
 Thicke and vnwholfome in their thoughts, and whifpers
 For good *Polonius* death; and we haue done but greenly
 In hugging mugger to interre him. Poore *Ophelia*
 Diuided from her felfe, and her faire Indgement
 Without the which we are Pictures, or meere Beasts. [274a
 Laft, and as much containing as all thefe,

IV. v.

King. Follow her clofe, giue her good watch I pray you.

O this is the poyfon of deepe griefe, it fprings all from her Fathers death, and now behold, ô *Gertrard, Gertrard.*

When forrowes come, they come not fingle fpyes,

But in battalians: firft her Father flaine,

80 Next, your fonne gone, and he moft violent Author

Of his owne iuft remoue, the people muddied

Thick and vnwholfome in thoughts, and whifpers

For good *Polonius* death: and we haue done but greenly

In hugger mugger to inter him: poore *Ophelia*

Deuided from herfelfe, and her faire iudgement,

VVithout the which we are pictures, or meere beafts,

Laft, and as much contayning as all thefe,

Her brother is in fecret come from Fraunce,

Feeds on this wonder, keepes himfelfe in clowdes,

90 And wants not buzzers to infect his eare

[74

With peftilent fpeeches of his fathers death,

Wherein neceffity of matter beggerd,

Will nothing ftick our perfon to arraigne

In eare and eare: ô my deare *Gertrard*, this

Like to a murdring peece in many places

Giues me fuperfluous death.

A noife within.

Enter a Meffenger.

King. Attend, where is my Swiffers, let them guard the doore,
What is the matter?

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Her Brother is in fecret come from France,

Keepes on his wonder, keepes himfelfe in clouds,

90 And wants not Buzzers to infect his eare

With peftilent Speeches of his Fathers death,

Where in neceffitie of matter Beggard,

Will nothing fticke our perfons to Arraigne

In eare and eare. O my deere *Gertrude*, this,

Like to a murdering Peece in many places,

Giues me fuperfluous death.

A Noife within.

Enter a Meffenger.

Qu. Alacke, what noyfe is this?

King.^{xx} Where are my *Switzers*?

Let them guard the doore. What is the matter?

A noyse within. enter Leartes.

Lear. Stay there vntill I come,
O thou vilde king, giue me my father:

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F).

Mef. Saue your selfe, my Lord,
The Ocean (ouer-peering of his List)
100 Eates not the Flats with more impittious haste
Then young *Laertes*, in a Riotous head,
Ore-beares your Officers, the rabble call him Lord,
And as the world were now but to begin,
Antiquity forgot, Custome not knowne.
The Ratifiers and props of euery word,
They cry choofe we? *Laertes* shall be King,
Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds,
Laertes shall be King, *Laertes* King.

Qu. How cheerefully on the false Traile they cry,
110 Oh this is Counter you false Danish Dogges.

Noyse within. Enter Laertes.

IV. v.

Messen. Saue your selfe my Lord.

The Ocean ouer-peering of his lift

100 Eates not the flats with more impitious haft

Then young *Laertes* in a riotous head

Ore-beares your Officers: the rabble call him Lord,

And as the world were now but to beginne,

Antiquity forgot, custome not knowne.

The ratifiers and props of euery word,

The cry choole we, *Laertes* shall be King,

Caps, hands, and tongues applau'd it to the clouds,

Laertes shall be King, *Laertes* King.

Quee. How cheerefully on the false traile they cry. *A noise within.*

110 O this is counter you false Danish dogges.

Enter Laertes with others.

King. The doores are broke.

Laer. Where is this King? firs stand you all without.

All. No lets come in.

Laer. I pray you giue me leaue.

All. VVe will, we will.

Laer. I thanke you, keepe the doore, ô thou vile King,
Giue me my father.

Quee. Calmely good *Laertes*.

Laer. That drop of blood thats calme proclames me Bastard,
Cries cuckold to my father, brands the Harlot
Euen heere betweene the chaff vnfmirched browe

120 Of my true mother.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

King. The doores are broke.

Laer. Where is the King, firs? Stand you all without.

All. No, let's come in.

Laer. I pray you giue me leaue.

Al. We will, we will.

Laer. I thanke you: Keepe the doore.
Oh thou vilde King, giue me my Father.

Qu. Calmely good *Laertes*.

Laer. That drop of blood, that calmes
Proclames me Bastard:
Cries Cuckold to my Father, brands the Harlot
Euen heere betweene the chaste vnfmirched brow

120 Of my true Mother.

Speake, say, where's my father?

king Dead.

130 *Lear*. Who hath mured him? speake, i'll not
Be juggled with, for he is mured.

Queene True, but not by him.

Lear. By whome, by heau'n I'll be refoled. [51

king Let him goe *Gertred*. away, I feare him not,
There's such diuinitie doth wall a king,

That treason dares not looke on.

Let him goe *Gertred*, that your father is mured,

'Tis true, and we most fory for it

Being the chiefeft pillar of our state:

Therefore will you like a most desperate gamfter,
Swoop-ftake-like, draw at friend, and foe, and all?

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

King. What is the canfe *Laertes*,
That thy Rebellion lookes fo Gyant-like?

Let him go *Gertrude*: Do not feare our perfon:

There's such Diuinity doth hedge a King,

That Treason can but peepe to what it would,

Acts little of his will. Tell me *Laertes*,

Why thou art thus Incenft? Let him go *Gertrude*.

Speake man.

Laer. Where's my Father?

King. Dead.

Qu. But not by him.

King. Let him demand his fill.

130 *Laer*. How came he dead? He not be luggel'd with.
To hell Allegiance: Vowes, to the blackeft diuell.

IV. v.

King. VVhat is the caufe *Laertes*
That thy rebellion lookes fo gyant like?
Let him goe *Gertrard*, doe not feare our perfon, [75
There's fuch diuinitie doth hedge a King,
That treafon can but peepe to what it would,
Act's little of his will, tell me *Laertes*
Why thou art thus incenft. let him goe *Gertrard*.
Speake man.

Laer. Where is my father?

King. Dead.

Quee. But no by him.

King. Let him demaund his fill.

130 *Laer.* How came he dead, I'le not be iugled with,
To hell allegiance, vovves to the blackeft deuill,
Confcience and grace, to the profoundeft pit
I dare damnation, to this poynt I ftand,
That both the worlds I giue to negligence,
Let come what comes, onely I'le be reueng'd
Moft throughly for my father.

King. Who fhall ftay you?

Laer. My will, not all the worlds:
And for my meanes I'le husband them fo well,
They fhall goe farre with little.

140 *King.* Good *Laertes*, if you defire to know the certainty
Of your deere Father, i'ft writ in your reuenge,
That looptake, you will draw bothfriend and foe
Winner and loofer.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Confcience and Grace, to the profoundeft Pit.
I dare Damnation: to this point I ftand,
That both the worlds I giue to negligence,
Let come what comes: onely Ile be reueng'd
Moft throughly for my Father.

King. Who fhall ftay you?

Laer. My Will, not all the world,
And for my meanes, Ile husband them fo well,
They fhall go farre with little.

King. Good *Laertes*: [274^b

140 If you defire to know the certaintie
Of your deere Fathers death, if writ in your reuenge,
That Soop-ftake you will draw both Friend and Foe,
Winner and Loofer.

Lear. To his good friends thus wide I'll ope mine arms,
And locke them in my hart, but to his foes,
I will no reconciliation but by blood.

king Why now you speake like a most louing soune:

150 And that in foule we sorrow for for his death,
Your selfe ere long shall be a witnesse.
Meane while be patient, and content your selfe.

Enter Ofelia as before.

Lear. Who's this, *Ofelia*? O my deere sister!
Ift possible a yong maides life,
160 Should be as mortall as an olde mans lawe?
O heau'ns themselves! how now *Ofelia*?

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F).

Laer. None but his Enemies.

King. Will you know them then.

La. To his good Friends, thus wide I'll ope my Armes:
And like the kinde Life-rend'ring Politician,
Repast them with my blood.

King. Why now you speake
Like a good Childe, and a true Gentleman.
That I am guiltlesse of your Fathers death,
150 And am most sensible in griefe for it,
I shall as leuell to your Iudgement pierce
As day do's to your eye.

A noise within. Let her come in.

Enter Ophelia.

Laer. How now? what noise is that?
Oh heate drie vp my Braines, teares fenen times salt.

IV. v.

Laer. None but his enemies,

King. Will you know them then?

Laer. To his good friends thus wide I'll ope my armes.
And like the kind life-rendring Pelican,
Repast them with my blood.

King. Why now you speake
Like a good child, and a true Gentleman.
That I am guiltlesse of your fathers death,
150 And am most fencibly in griefe for it,
It shall as leuell to your iudgement peare
As day dooes to your eye.

A noyse within.

Enter Ophelia.

Laer. Let her come in.

How now, what noyse is that?

O heate, dry vp my braines, teares seauen times salt

[76

Burne out the fence and vertue of mine eye,

By heauen thy madnes shall be payd with weight

Tell our scale turne the beame. O Rose of May,

Deere mayd, kind sifter, sweet *Ophelia*,

O heauens. ift possible a young maids wits

160 Should be as mortall as a poore mans life.

Oph. They bore him bare-faste on the Beere,

Song.

And in his graue rain'd many a teare,

Fare you well my Doue.

Laer. Hadst thou thy wits, and didst perfwade reuenge
It could not mooue thus.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Burne out the Sence and Vertue of mine eye.

By Heauen, thy madnesse shall be payed by waight.

Till our Scale turnes the beame. Oh Rose of May,

Deere Maid, kinde Sifter, sweet *Ophelia*:

Oh Heauens, is't possible, a yong Maids wits,

160 Should be as mortall as an old mans life?

Nature is fine in Loue, and where 'tis fine,

It sends some precious instance of it selfe

After the thing it loues.

Ophe. They bore him bare fac'd on the Beer,

Hey non nony, nony, hey nony:

And on his graue raines many a teare,

Fare you well my Doue.

Laer. Hadst thou thy wits. and didst perfwade Re-
uenge, it could not mone thus.

Ofel. Wel God a mercy, I a bin gathering of floures:
 Here, here is rew for you,
 You may call it hearb a grace a Sundayes,
 Heere's some for me too: you muft weare your rew
 With a difference, there's a dazie.
 Here Loue, there's rofemary for you
 For remembrance: I pray Loue remember:
 And there's panfey for thoughts.

Lear. A document in madnes, thoughts, remembrance:
 O God, O God!

180 *Ofelia* There is fennell for you, I would a giu'n you
 Some violets, but they all withered, when
 My father died: alas, they fay the owle was
 A Bakers daughter, we fee what we are,
 But can not tell what we fhall be.
 For bonny fweete Robin is all my ioy.

|52

Lear. Thoughts & afflictions, torments worfe than hell.

Ofel. Nay Loue, I pray you make no words of this now:
 I pray now, you fhall fing a downe,
 And you a downe a, t'is a the Kings daughter
 And the falfe fteward, and if any body
 Aske you of any thing, fay you this.
 To morrow is faint Valentines day,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

170 *Ophe.* You muft fing downe a-downe, and you call
 him a-downe-a. Oh, how the wheele becomes it? It is
 the falfe Steward that ftole his mafters daughter.

Laer. This nothings more then matter.

Ophe. There's Roſemary, that's for Remembraunce.
 Pray loue remember: and there is Paconcies, that's for
 Thoughts.

Laer. A document in madneffe, thoughts & remem-
 brance fitted.

180 *Ophe.* There's Fennell for you, and Columbines: ther's
 Rew for you, and heere's some for me. Wee may call it
 Herbe-Grace a Sundaies: Oh you muft weare your Rew

IV. v.

- 170 *Oph.* You muſt fing a downe a downe,
And you call him a downe a. O how the wheele becomes it,
It is the falſe Steward that ſtole his Maſters daughter.
Laer. This nothing's more then matter.
Oph. There's Roſemary, thats for remembrance, pray you loue re-
member, and there is Pancies, thats for thoughts.

Laer. A document in madnes, thoughts and remembrance fitted.

- 180 *Oph.* There's Fennill for you, and Colembines, there's Rewe for
you, & heere's ſome for me, we may call it herbe of Grace a Sondaies,
you may weare your Rewe with a difference, there's a Daſie, I would
giue you ſome Violets, but they witherd all when my Father dyed,
they ſay a made a good end.
For bonny ſweet Robin is all my ioy.

Laer. Thought and afflictions, paſſion, hell it ſelfe
She turnes to fauour and to prettines.

- 190 *Oph.* And wil a not come againe, *Song.*
And wil a not come againe,
No, no, he is dead, goe to thy death bed,
He neuer will come againe.
His beard was as white as ſnow,
Flaxen was his pole,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

with a difference. There's a Dayfie, I would giue you
ſome Violets, but they wither'd all when my Father dy-
ed: They ſay, he made a good end;

For bonny ſweet Robin is all my ioy.

Laer. Thought, and Affliction, Paſſion, Hell it ſelfe:
She turnes to Fauour, and to prettineſſe.

- 190 *Oph.* And will he not come againe,
And will he not come againe:
No, no, he is dead, go to thy Death-bed,
He neuer wil come againe.
His Beard as white as Snow,
All Flaxen was his Pole:

IV. v.

All in the morning betime,
 And a maide at your window,
 To be your Valentine:
 The yong man rofe, and dan'd his clothes,
 And dapt the chamber doore,
 Let in the maide, that out a maide
 Nener departed more.
 Nay I pray marke now.
 By giffe, and by faint Charitie,
 Away, and fie for fhame:
 Yong men will doo't when they come too't:
 By cocke they are too blame.
 Quoth she, before you tumbled me,
 You promised me to wed.
 So would I a done, by yonder Sunne,
 If thou hadft not come to my bed.
 So God be with you all, God bwy Ladies.
 God bwy you Loue. *exit Ofelia.*

Lear. Griefe vpon griefe, my father murdered,
 My fifter thus diftracted:
 Curfed be his foule that wrought this wicked act.

210 *king* Content you good Leartes for a time,
 Although I know your griefe is as a floud,
 Brimmed full of forrow, but forbear a while,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

*He is gone, he is gone, and we cast away mone,
 Gramercy on his Soule.*

200 And of all Chriftian Soules. I pray God.
 God buy ye.

Exeunt Ophelia

Laer. Do you fee this, you Gods?

King. *Laertes*, I muft common with your greefe,
 Or you deny me rights: go but apart,
 Make choice of whom your wifeft Friends you will,

[275a

IV. v.

He is gone, he is gone, and we cast away mone,
200 God a mercy on his foule, and of all Chriftians foules,
God buy you.

Laer. Doe you this ô God.

King Laertes, I muſt commune with your grieve,
Or you deny me right, goe but apart,
Make choice of whom your wifeſt friends you will, [77
And they ſhall heare and iudge twixt you and me,
If by direct, or by colaturall hand
They find vs toucht, we will our kingdome giue,
Our crowne, our life, and all that we call ours
To you in ſatisfaction; but if not,
210 Be you content to lend your patience to vs,
And we ſhall ioyntly labour with your foule
To giue it due content.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

And they ſhall heare and iudge 'twixt you and me;
If by direct or by Colateral hand
They finde vs touch'd, we will our Kingdome giue,
Our Crowne, our Life, and all that we call Ours
To you in ſatisfaction. But if not,
210 Be you content to lend your patience to vs,
And we ſhall ioyntly labour with your foule
To giue it due content.

IV. v.

And thinke already the reuenge is done
On him that makes you such a hapleffe sonne.

Lear. You haue preuail'd my Lord, a while I'll striue,
To bury griefe within a tombe of wrath,
Which once vnhearsed, then the world shall heare
Leartes had a father he held deere. [53

king No more of that, ere many dayes be done,
You shall heare that you do not dreame vpon. *exeunt om.*

IV. vi.

Enter Horatio and the Queene.

Hor. Madame, your sonne is safe arriv'de in *Denmarke*,
This letter I euen now receiv'd of him,
Whereas he writes how he escap't the danger.
And subtile treason that the king had plotted,
Being crossed by the contention of the windes,
He found the Packet sent to the king of *England*,
Wherein he saw himselfe betray'd to death,
As at his next conuersion with your grace,
He will relate the circumstance at full.

Queene Then I perceiue there's treason in his lookes
That seem'd to fugar o're his villanie:
But I will soothe and please him for a time,
For murderous mindes are alwayes jealous,
But know not you *Horatio* where he is?

Hor. Yes Madame, and he hath appoynted me
To meete him on the east side of the Cittie
To morrow morning.

Queene O faile not, good *Horatio*, and withall, com-
A mothers care to him, bid him a while (mend me
Be wary of his prefence, lest that he
Faile in that he goes about.

Hor. Madam, neuer make doubt of that:
I thinke by this the news be come to court:
He is arriv'de, obserue the king, and you shall

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F).

Laer. Let this be so:
His meanes of death, his obscure buriall;
No Trophee, Sword, nor Hatchment o're his bones,
No Noble rite, nor formall ostentation,

IV. v.

Laer. Let this be fo.
His meanes of death, his obfcure funerall,
No trophe fword, nor hatchment ore his bones,
No noble right, nor formall oftentation,
Cry to be heard as twere from heauen to earth,
That I muft call't in queftion.

King. So you fhall,
And where th'offence is, let the great axe fall.
I pray you goe with me. *Exeunt.*

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Cry to be heard, as 'twere from Heauen to Earth,
That I muft call in queftion.

King. So you fhall:
And where th'offence is, let the great Axe fall.
I pray you go with me. *Exeunt*

IV. vi.

Quickely finde, *Hamlet* being here.

Things fell not to his minde.

Queene But what became of *Gilderstone* and *Roffencraft*?*Hor.* He being fet ashore, they went for *England*,

And in the Packet there writ down that doome

To be perform'd on them poynted for him:

And by great chance he had his fathers Scale,

So all was done without discouerie.

[54

Queene Thanks be to heauen for blessing of the prince,*Horatio* once againe I take my leaue,

With thousand mothers blessings to my sonne.

Horat. Madam adue.*The Tragedie of Hamlet* (F₁).

IV. vi.

*Enter Horatio, with an Attendant.**Hora.* What are they that would speake with me?*Ser.* Saylor's fir, they say they haue Letters for you.*Hor.* Let them come in,

I do not know from what part of the world

I should be greeted, if not from Lord *Hamlet*.*Enter Saylor.**Say.* God bleffe you Sir.*Hor.* Let him bleffe thee too.*Say.* Hee shall Sir, and't please him. There's a Letter
10 for you Sir: It comes from th'Ambassadours that was

IV. v.

Enter Horatio and others.

Hora. VVhat are they that would speake with me?

Gent. Sea-faring men fir, they say they haue Letters for you.

Hor. Let them come in.

I doe not know from what part of the world

I should be greeted. If not from Lord *Hamlet*. *Enter Saylers.*

Say. God bleffe you fir.

Hora. Let him bleffe thee to.

Say. A fhall fir and please him, there's a Letter for you fir, it came
10 fro th'Embassador that was bound for *England*, if your name be *Horatio*, as I am let to know it is.

Hor. *Horatio*, when thou fhalt haue ouer lookt this, giue these fel-
lowes some meanes to the King, they haue Letters for him: Ere wee
were two daies old at Sea, a Pyrat of very warlike appointment gaue
vs chafe, finding our selues too flow of faile, wee put on a compelled
valour, and in the grapple I boorded them, on the instant they got
20 cleere of our shyp, so I alone became theyr prisoner, they haue dealt
with me like thieues of mercie, but they knew what they did, I am to

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

bound for England, if your name be *Horatio*, as I am let
to know it is.

Reads the Letter.

HOratio, When thou shalt haue ouerlook'd this, giue these
Fellowes some meanes to the King: They haue Letters
for him. Sre we were two dayes old at Sea, a Pyrate of very
Warlicke appointment gaue vs Chace. Finding our selues too
flow of Saile, we put on a compelled Valour. In the Grapple, I
boorded them: On the instant they got cleare of our Shippe, so
20 I alone became their Prisoner. They haue dealt with mee, like
Theeues of Mercy, but they knew what they did. I am to doe

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

*a good turne for them. Let the King haue the Letters I haue
sent, and repaire thou to me with as much hast as thou wouldest
flye death. I haue words to speake in your eare, will make thee
dumbe, yet are they much too light for the bore of the Matter.
These good Fellowes will bring thee where I am. Rosinrance
and Guildensterne, hold their course for England. Of them
30 I haue much to tell thee, Farewell.*

He that thou knowest thine,
Hamlet.

Come, I will giue you way for these your Letters.
And do't the speedier, that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them.

Exit.

IV. vii.

Enter King and Laertes.

King. Now must your conscience my acquittance seal.

IV.vi.

doe a turne for them, let the King haue the Letters I haue sent, and
repayre thou to me with as much speede as thou wouldest flie death,
I haue wordes to speake in thine eare will make thee dumbe, yet are
they much too light for the bord of the matter, these good fellows [78
will bring thee where I am, *Roseneraus* and *Guyldensterne* hold theyr
30 course for *England*, of them I haue much to tell thee, farewell.

So that thou knowest thine Hamlet.

Hor. Come I will you way for these your letters,
And doo't the speedier that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them. *Exeunt.*

IV.vii.

Enter King and Laertes.

King. Now muft your conscience my acquittance seale,
And you muft put me in your hart for friend.
Sith you haue heard and with a knowing eare,
That he which hath your noble father flaine
Pursued my life.

Laer. It well appeares: but tell mee
Why you proceede not against these feates
So criminall and so capitall in nature,
As by your safetie, greatnes, wifdome, all things els
You mainly were stirr'd vp.

King. O for two speciall reasons
10 Which may to you perhaps seeme much vnfinnow'd,
But yet to mee thar strong, the Queene his mother
Liues almost by his lookes, and for my selfe,
My vertue or my plague, be it eyther which,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

And you muft put me in your heart for Friend,
Sith you haue heard, and with a knowing eare,
That he which hath your Noble Father flaine,
Pursued my life.

Eaer. It well appeares. But tell me,
Why you proceeded not against these feates,
So crimefull, and so Capitall in Nature,
As by your Safety, Wifedome, all things else,
You mainly were stirr'd vp?

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King. O for two speciall Reasons.
10 Which may to you (perhaps) seeme much vnfinnowed,
And yet to me they are strong. The Queen his Mother,
Liues almost by his lookes: and for my selfe,
My Vertue or my Plague, be it either which,

Enter King and Leartes.

King. Hamlet from *England!* is it possible?

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

She's fo coniunctiue to my life and foule;
 That as the Starre moues not but in his Sphere,
 I could not but by her. The other Motiue,
 Why to a publike count I might not go,
 Is the great loue the generall gender beare him,
 Who dipping all his Faults in their affection,
 20 Would like the Spring that turneth Wood to Stone,
 Conuert his Gyues to Graces. So that my Arrowes
 Too flightly timbred for fo loud a Winde,
 Would haue reuerted to my Bow againe,
 And not where I had arm'd them.

Laer. And fo haue I a Noble Father loft,
 A Sifter driuen into desperate tearmes,
 Who was (if praifes may go backe againe)

IV. vii.

She is so concliue to my life and soule,
That as the starre mooues not but in his sphere
I could not but by her, the other motiue,
Why to a publique count I might not goe,
Is the great loue the generall gender beare him,
Who dipping all his faults in theyr affection,
20 Worke like the spring that turneth wood to stone,
Conuert his Giues to graces, so that my arrowes
Too flightly tymberd for so loued Arm'd,
Would haue reuerted to my bowe againe,
But not where I haue aym'd them.

Laer. And so haue I a noble father loft,
A filter driuen into detprat termes,
Whose worth, if prayles may goe backe againe
Stood challenger on mount of all the age [79
For her perfections, but my reuenge will come.

30 *King.* Breake not your sleepes for that, you must not thinke
That we are made of stufte so flat and dull,
That we can let our beard be shooke with danger,
And thinke it pastime, you shortly shall heare more,
I loued your father, and we loue our selfe,
And that I hope will teach you to imagine.

Enter a Messenger with Letters.

Messen. Thefe to your Maiestie, this to the Queene:

King. From *Hamlet*, who brought them?

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Stood Challenger on mount of all the Age
For her perfections. But my reuenge will come.

30 *King.* Breake not your sleepes for that,
You must not thinke
That we are made of stufte, so flat, and dull,
That we can let our Beard be shooke with danger,
And thinke it pastime. You shortly shall heare more,
I lou'd your Father, and we loue our Selfe,
And that I hope will teach you to imagine. —

Enter a Messenger.

How now? What Newes?

Mef. Letters my Lord from *Hamlet*. This to your
Maiefty: this to the Queene.

King. From *Hamlet*? Who brought them?

50 What chance is this? they are gone, and he come home.

Lear. O he is welcome, by my foule he is:
At it my iocund heart doth leape for ioy,
That I fhall liue to tell him, thus he dies.

60 *King* Leartes, content your felfe, be rulde by me,
And you fhall haue no let for your reuenge.
Lear. My will, not all the world.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Mef. Saylors my Lord they fay, I faw them not:
40 They were giuen me by *Claudio*, he receiu'd them.

King. *Laertes* you fhall heare them:
Leane vs. *Exit Meffenger*

*High and Mighty, you fhall know I am fet naked on your
Kingdome. To morrow fhall I begge leaue to fee your Kingly
Eyes. When I fhall (first asking your Pardon thereunto) re-
count th'Occafions of my fodaine, and more strange returne.*

Hamlet.

50 What fhould this meane? Are all the reft come backe?
Or is it fome abufe? Or no fuch thing?

Laer. Know you the hand?

IV. vii.

Meff. Saylers my Lord they say, I saw them not,

40 They were given me by *Claudio*, he received them
Of him that brought them.

King. *Laertes* you shall heare them: leaue vs.

High and mighty, you shall know I am set naked on your kingdom.
to morrow shall I begge leaue to see your kingly eyes, when I shall first
asking you pardon, there-vnto recount the occasion of my fuddaine
returne.

50 *King.* What should this meane, are all the rest come backe,
Or is it some abuse, and no such thing?

Laer. Know you the hand?

King. Tis *Hamlets* character. Naked,
And in a postscript heere he sayes alone,
Can you deuise me?

Laer. I am lost in it my Lord but let him come,
It warms the very sicknes in my hart
That I liue and tell him to his teeth
Thus didst thou.

King. If it be so *Laertes*,
As how should it be so, how otherwise,

60 Will you be rul'd by me?

Laer. I my Lord, so you will not ore-rule me to a peace.

King. To thine owne peace, if he be now returned
As the King at his voyage, and that he meanes
No more to vndertake it, I will worke him
To an exployt, now ripe in my deuise,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Kin. 'Tis *Hamlets* Character, naked and in a Post-
script here he sayes alone: Can you aduise me?

Laer. I'm lost in it my Lord; but let him come,
It warms the very sicknesse in my heart,
That I shall liue and tell him to his teeth;
Thus diddest thou.

Kin. If it be so *Laertes*, as how should it be so:
60 How otherwise will you be rul'd by me?

Laer. If so you'll not o'rerule me to a peace.

Kin. To thine owne peace: if he be now return'd,
As checking at his Voyage, and that he meanes
No more to vndertake it; I will worke him
To an exployt now ripe in my Deuice,

King Nay but Leartes, marke the plot I haue layde,
 I haue heard him often with a greedy wifh,
 Vpon fome praife that he hath heard of you
 Touching your weapon, which with all his heart,
 He might be once tasked for to try your cunning.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Vnder the which he fhall not choofe but fall;
 And for his death no winde of blame fhall breath,
 But euen his Mother fhall vncharge the practice.
 And call it accident: Some two Monthes hence
 Here was a Gentleman of *Normandy*,
 I'ue feene my felte, and feru'd againft the French,
 And they ran well on Horfebacke; but this Gallant
 Had witchcraft in't; he grew into his Seat,

IV.vii.

Vnder the which he fhall not choofe but fall:
And for his death no wind of blame fhall breathe,
But euen his Mother fhall vcharge the practife,
And call it accedent.

[80

Laer. My Lord I will be rul'd,
70 The rather if you could deuife it fo
That I might be the organ.

King. It falls right,
You haue beene talkt of fince your trauaile much,
And that in *Hamlets* hearing, for a qualitie
Wherein they fay you fhine, your fumme of parts
Did not together plucke fuch enuie from him
As did that one, and that in my regard
Of the vnworthieft fiedge.

Laer. What part is that my Lord?

King. A very ribaud in the cap of youth,
Yet needfull to, for youth no leffe becomes
80 The light and carelefle livery that it weares
Then fetled age, his fables, and his weedes
Importing health and grauenes; two months fince
Heere was a gentleman of *Normandy*.
I haue feene my felfe, and feru'd againft the French,
And they can well on horfebacke, but this gallant
Had witch-craft in't, he grew vnto his feate,
And to fuch wondrous dooing brought his horfe,
As had he beene incorp't, and demy natur'd
With the braue beaft, fo farre he topt me thought,
90 That I in forgerie of fhapes and tricks
Come fhort of what he did.

Laer. A Norman waft?

King. A Norman.

Laer. Vppon my life *Lamord*.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

And to fuch wondrous doing brought his Horfe,
As had he beene encorps't and demy-Natur'd
With the braue Beaft. fo farre he pafft my thought,
90 That I in forgery of fhapes and trickes,
Come fhort of what he did.

Laer. A Norman was't?

Kin. A Norman.

Laer. Vpon my life *Lamound*.

Lea. And how for this? -

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Kin. The very same.

Laer. I know him well, he is the Brooch indeed,
And Iemme of all our Nation.

Kin. Hee mad confession of you,
And gaue you such a Masterly report,
For Art and exercise in your defence;
And for your Rapier most especially,
100 That he cryed out, t'would be a fight indeed,
If one could match you Sir. This report of his
Did *Hamlet* so envenom with his Enuy,
That he could nothing doe but with and begge,

IV, vii.

King. The very fame.

Laer. I know him well, he is the brooch indeed
And Iem of all the Nation.

King. He made confeflion of you,
And gaue you fuch a matterly report
For art and exercife in your defence,
And for your Rapier moft efpeciall,
100 That he cride out t'would be a fight indeed
If one could match you; the Scrimures of their nation [81
He fwoore had neither motion, gnard nor eye,
If you oppofd them; fir this report of his
Did *Hamlet* fo enuenom with his enuy,
That he could nothing doe but wifh and beg
Your fodaine comming ore to play with you
Now out of this.

Laer. What out of this my Lord?

King. *Laertes* was your father deare to you?
Or are you like the painting of a forrowe,
110 A face without a hart?

Laer. Why aske you this?

King. Not that I thinke you did not loue your father,
But that I knowe, loue is begunne by time,
And that I fee in paffages of prooffe,
Time qualifies the fparke and fire of it,
There liues within the very flame of lone
A kind of weeke or fnufe that will abate it,
And nothing is at a like goodnes ftill,
For goodnes growing to a plurifie,
Dies in his owne too much, that we would doe

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Your fodaine comming ore to play with him;
Now out of this.

Laer. Why out of this, my Lord?

Kin. *Laertes* was your Father deare to you?
Or are you like the painting of a forrow,
110 A face without a heart?

Laer. Why aske you this?

Kin. Not that I thinke you did not loue your Father,
But that I know Loue is begun by Time:
And that I fee in paffages of prooffe,
Time qualifies the fparke and fire of it:

King Mary Leartes thus: Ile lay a wager,
 Shalbe on *Hamlets* side, and yon shall gine the oddes,
 The which will draw him with a more desire,
 To try the maiftry, that in twelue venies
 You gaine not three of him: now this being granted,
 When you are hot in midft of all your play,
 Among the foyles shall a keene rapier lie,
 Steeped in a mixture of deadly poyfon,
 That if it drawes but the leaft dramme of blood,
 In any part of him, he cannot liue:
 This being done will free you from fufpition,
 And not the deereft friend that *Hamlet* lov'de
 Will euer haue Leartes in fufpect.

Lear. My lord, I like it well:
 But fay lord *Hamlet* fhould refufe this match.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Hamlet comes backe: what would you vndertake,
 To fhew your felfe your Fathers foune indeed,
 More then in words?

Laer. To cut his throat i'th' Church.

Kin. No place indeed fhould murder Sancturize;
 Reuenge fhould haue no bounds: but good *Laertes*
 130 Will you doe this, keepe clofe within your Chamber,
Hamlet return'd, fhall know you are come home:
 Wee'l put on thofe fhall praife your excellence,
 And fet a double varnifh on the fame
 The Frenchman gaue you, bring you in fine together,
 And wager on your heads, he being remiffe,

IV. vii.

120 We should doe when we would: for this would change,
And hath abatements and delayes as many,
As there are tongues, are hands, are accedents,
And then this should is like a spend thrifts sigh,
That hurts by easing; but to the quick of th'vleer,
Hamlet comes back, what would you vndertake
To shewe your selfe indeede your fathers sonne
More then in words?

Laer. To cut his thraot i'th Church.

King. No place indeede should murther sanctuarife,
Reuendge should haue no bounds: but good *Laertes*
130 Will you doe this, keepe close within your chamber,
Hamlet return'd, shall knowe you are come home,
Wee'll put on those shall praise your excellence,
And set a double varnish on the fame
The french man gaue you, bring you in fine together
And wager ore your heads; he being remisse.
Most generous, and free from all contriuing.
Will not peruse the foyles, so that with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
A sword vnated, and in a pace of practise
140 Requite him for your Father.

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Laer. I will doo't,
And for purpose, Ile annoynt my sword.
I bought an vnction of a Mountibanck
So mortall, that but dippe a knife in it,
Where it drawes blood, no Cataplasme so rare,
Collected from all simples that haue vertue
Vnder the Moone, can saue the thing from death

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Most generous, and free from all contriuing,
Will not peruse the Foiles? So that with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
A Sword vnbaited, and in a passe of practice,
140 Requie him for your Father.

Laer. I will doo't,
And for that purpose Ile annoint my Sword:
I bought an Vnction of a Mountebanke
So mortall, I but dipt a knife in it,
Where it drawes blood, no Cataplasme so rare,
Collected from all Simples that haue Vertue
Vnder the Moone, can saue the thing from death.

King I'll warrant you, we'll put on you
 Such a report of singularity,
 Will bring him on, although against his will.
 And lest that all should misse,
 160 I'll haue a potion that shall ready stand,
 In all his heate when that he calles for drinke,
 Shall be his period and our happinesse.

[55]

Lear. 'Tis excellent, O would the time were come!
 Here comes the Queene. *enter the Queene.*

king How now Gertred, why looke you heauily?

Queene O my Lord, the yong *Ofelia*
 Hauing made a garland of sundry forties of floures,

Sitting vpon a willow by a brooke,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

That is but scratcht withall: Ile touch my point,
 With this contagion, that if I gall him slightly,
 It may be death.

Kin Let's further thinke of this,
 150 Weigh what conuenience both of time and meanes
 May fit vs to our shape, if this should faile;
 And that our drift looke through our bad performance,
 'Twere better not affaid; therefore this Proiect
 Should haue a backe or second, that might hold,
 If this should blaft in prooffe: Soft, let me see
 Wee'll make a solemne wager on your commings,
 I ha't: when in your motion you are hot and dry,
 As make your bowts more violent to the end,
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 160 And that he calls for drinke; Ile haue prepar'd him

IV. vii.

That is but scratcht withall, He tutch my point
With this contagion, that if I gall him slightly, it may be death.

King. Lets further thinke of this.

150 Wey what conuenience both of time and meanes
May fit vs to our shape if this should fayle,
And that our drift looke through our bad performance,
Twere better not affayd, therefore this proiect,
Should haue a back or second that might hold
If this did blast in prooffe; soft let me see,
Wee'le make a solemne wager on your cunnings,
I hate, when in your motion you are hote and dry,
As make your bouts more violent to that end,
160 And that he calls for drinke, He haue prefard him
A Challice for the nonce, whereon but sipping,
If he by chaunce escape your venom'd stuck,
Our purpose may hold there; but stay, what noyse?

Enter Queene.

Quee. One woe doth tread vpon anothers heele,
So fast they follow: your Sisters drown'd *Laertes*.

Laer. Drown'd, ô where?

Quee. There is a Willow growes ascaunt the Brooke
That shewes his horry leaues in the glassy streame,
Therewith fantastique garlands did she make
170 Of Crowflowers, Nettles, Daises, and long Purples
That liberall Shepheards giue a groffer name,
But our cull-cold maydes doe dead mens fingers call them.
There on the pendant boughes her coronet weedes

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

1 A Challice for the nonce; whereon but sipping,
If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,
Our purpose may hold there; how sweet Queene.

Enter Queene.

Queen. One woe doth tread vpon anothers heele,
2 So fast they'l follow: your Sister's drown'd *Laertes*.

Laer. Drown'd! Ô where?

Queen. There is a Willow growes aslant a Brooke,
That shewes his hore leaues in the glassie streame:
There with fantasticke Garlands did she come,
170 Of Crow-flowers, Nettles, Daylies, and long Purples,
That liberall Shepheards giue a groffer name:
But our cold Maids doe Dead Mens Fingers call them:
There on the pendant boughes, her Coronet weedes

IV. vii.

The enuious sprig broke, into the brooke she fell,
 And for a while her clothes spread wide abroad,
 Bore the yong Lady vp: and there she fate smiling,
 Euen Mermaide like, twixt heauen and earth,
 Chaunting olde fundry tunes vncapable
 As it were of her distresse, but long it could not be,

Till that her clothes, being heauy with their drinke,
 Dragg'd the sweete wretch to death.

Lear. So, she is drown'd:
 Too much of water hast thou *Ophelia*,
 Therefore I will not drowne thee in my teares,
 Renenge it is must yeeld this heart reliefe,
 For woe begets woe, and grieve hangs on grieve. *exennt.*

V. i.

enter Clowne and an other.

Clowne I say no, she ought not to be buried
 In christian buriall.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Clambring to hang; an enuious flouer broke,
 When downe the weedy Trophies, and her selfe,
 Fell in the weeping Brooke, her cloathes spread wide,
 And Mermaid-like, a while they bore her vp,
 Which time she chaunted snatches of old tunes,
 As one incapable of her owne distresse,
 180 Or like a creature Natine, and indued
 Vnto that Element: but long it could not be,
 Till that her garments, heauy with her drinke,
 Pul'd the poore wretch from her melodious buy,
 To muddy death.

Lacr. Alas then, is she drown'd?

Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.

IV. vii.

Clambring to hang, an enuious fliner broke,
When downe her weedy trophies and her selfe
Fell in the weeping Brooke, her clothes spred wide,
And Marmaide like awhile they bore her vp,
Which time she chaunted snatches of old landes,
As one incapable of her owne distresse,

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180 Or like a creature native and indewd
Vnto that element, but long it could not be
Till that her garments heauy with theyr drinke,
Puld the poore wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

Laer. Alas, then she is drownd.

Quee. Drown'd, drown'd.

Laer. Too much of water hast thou poore *Ophelia*,
And therefore I forbid my teares; but yet
It is our trick, nature her custome holds,
Let shame say what it will, when these are gone,

190 The woman will be out. Adieu my Lord,
I haue a speech a fire that faine would blase,
But that this folly drownes it. *Exit.*

King. Let's follow *Gertrud*,

How much I had to doe to calme his rage,
Now feare I this will giue it start againe,
Therefore lets follow. *Exeunt.*

V. i.

Enter two Clownes.

Clowne. Is shee to be buried in Chriftian buriall, when she wilfully
seekes her owne saluation?

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Laer. Too much of water hast thou poore *Ophelia*,
And therefore I forbid my teares: but yet
It is our trick, Nature her custome holds,
Let shame say what it will; when these are gone

190 The woman will be out: Aduce my Lord,
I haue a speech of fire, that faine would blaze,
But that this folly doubts it. *Exit.*

King. Let's follow, *Gertrude*:

How much I had to doe to calme his rage?
Now feare I this will giue it start againe;
Therefore let's follow. *Exeunt.*

V. i.

Enter two Clownes.

Clown. Is she to bee buried in Chriftian buriall, that
wilfully seekes her owne saluation?

V. i.

2. Why fir?

Clowne Mary becaufe fhee's drown'd.

2. But fhe did not drowne her felfe.

Clowne No, that's certaine, the water drown'd her.

2. Yea but it was againft her will.

Clowne No, I deny that, for looke you fir. I ftand here,
If the water come to me, I drowne not my felfe:

20 But if I goe to the water, and am there drown'd,

Ergo I am guiltie of my owne death:

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Y'are gone, goe y'are gone fir.

2. I but fee, fhe hath chriitian buriall,
Becaufe fhe is a great woman.

30 *Clowne* Mary more's the pittie, that great folke
Should haue more authoritie to hang or drowne
Themfelues, more than other people:

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Other. I tell thee fhe is, and therefore make her Graue
ftaight, the Crowner hath fate on her, and finds it Chri-
ftian buriall.

Clo. How can that be. vnleffe fhe drowned her felfe in
her owne defence?

Other. Why 'tis found fo.

10 *Clo.* It muft be *Se offendendo*, it cannot bee elfe: for
heere lies the point; If I drowne my felfe wittingly, it ar-
gues an Act: and an Act hath three branches. It is an
Act to doe and to performe: argall fhe drown'd her felfe
wittingly.

Other. Nay but heare you Goodman Deluer.

Clown. Giue me leaue; heere lies the water: good:
heere ftands the man; good: If the man goe to this wa-
ter and drowne himfelfe; it is will he nill he, he goes:

V. i.

Other. I tell thee she is, therefore make her graue straight, the crowner bath fate on her, and finds it Chriftian buriall.

Clowne. How can that be, vnleffe she drown'd herfelfe in her owne defence.

Other. Why tis found fo.

10 *Clowne.* It muft be fo offended, it cannot be els, for heere lyes the poynt, if I drowne my felfe wittingly, it argues an act, & an act hath three branches, it is to act, to doe, to performe, or all; the drown'd her felfe wittingly.

Other. Nay, but heare you good man deluer.

Clowne. Giue mee leaue. here lyes the water, good, here ftands the man, good, if the man goe to this water & drowne himfelfe, it is will [84
20 he, nill he, he goes, marke you that, but if the water come to him, & drowne him, he drownes not himfelfe, argall, he that is not guilty of his owne death, fhortens not his owne life.

Other. But is this law?

Clowne. I marry i't. Crowners queft law.

Other. Will you ha the truth an't, if this had not beene a gentlewoman, fhe fhould haue been buried out a chriftian buriall.

30 *Clowne.* Why there thou fayft, and the more pittie that great folke fhould haue countnaunce in this world to drowne or hang thefelues, more then theyr euen Chriften: Come my fpade, there is no auncient gentlemen but Gardners, Ditchers, and Grauemakers, they hold vp Adams profeffion.

Other. Was he a gentleman?

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

20 marke you that? But if the water come to him & drowne him; hee drownes not himfelfe. Argall, hee that is not guilty of his owne death, fhortens not his owne life.

Other. But is this law?

Clo. I marry is't, Crowners Queft Law.

Other. Will you ha the truth on't: if this had not [277^a
beene a Gentlewoman, fhee fhould haue beene buried out of Chriftian Buriall.

30 *Clo.* Why there thou fay't. And the more pittie that great folke fhould haue countenance in this world to drowne or hang themfelues, more then their euen Chriftian. Come, my Spade: there is no ancient Gentlemen. but Gardiners, Ditchers and Graue-makers: they hold vp Adams Profeffion.

Other. Was he a Gentleman?

Goe fetch me a ftope of drinke, but before thou
Goeft, tell me one thing, who buildes ftrongeft,
Of a Mafon, a Shipwright, or a Carpenter?

2. Why a Mafon, for he buildes all of ftone,
And will indure long.

Clowne That's pretty, too't agen, too't agen.

2. Why then a Carpenter, for he buildes the gallowes,
And that brings many a one to his long home.

Clowne Pretty agen, the gallowes doth well, mary howe
dooes it well? the gallowes dooes well to them that doe ill,
goe get thee gone;

And if any one aske thee hereafter, fay,
A Graue-maker, for the houfes he buildes
Laft till Doomef-day. Fetch me a ftope of beere, goe.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Clo. He was the firft that euer bore Armes.

Other. Why he had none.

40 *Clo.* What; ar't a Heathen? how doft thou vnder-
ftand the Scripture? the Scripture fayer *Adam* dig'd;
could hee digge without Armes? He put another que-
ftion to thee; if thou anfwerelt me not to the purpofe, con-
felle thy felfe —

Other. Go too.

Clo. What is he that builds ftronger then either the
Mafon, the Shipwright, or the Carpenter?

50 *Other.* The Gallowes maker; for that Frame outliues a
thoufand Tenants.

Clo. I like thy wit well in good faith, the Gallowes
does well; but how does it well? it does well to thofe
that doe ill: now, thou doft ill to fay the Gallowes is

V. i.

Clowne. A was the first that euer bore Armes.

He put another question to thee, if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confesse thy selfe.

Other. Goe to.

Clow. What is he that builds stronger then eyther the Mason, the Shipwright, or the Carpenter.

50 *Other.* The gallowes maker, for that out-lines a thousand tenants.

Clowne. I like thy wit well in good fayth, the gallowes dooes well, but howe dooes it well? It dooes well to those that do ill, nowe thou doost ill to say the gallowes is built stronger then the Church, argall, the gallowes may doo well to thee. Too't againe, come.

Other. Who buildes stronger then a Mason, a Shipwright, or a Carpenter.

Clowne. I, tell me that and vnyoke.

60 *Other.* Marry now I can tell.

Clowne. Too't.

Other. Masse I cannot tell.

Clow. Cudgell thy braines no more about it, for your dull asse wil not mend his pace with beating, and when you are askt this question next, say a graue-maker, the houses hee makes lasts till Doomeyday. Goe get thee in, and fetch mee a foope of liquer.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

built stronger then the Church: Argall, the Gallowes may doe well to thee. Too't againe, Come.

Other. Who builds stronger then a Mason. a Shipwright, or a Carpenter?

Clo. I, tell me that, and vnyoake.

60 *Other.* Marry. now I can tell.

Clo. Too't.

Other. Masse, I cannot tell.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio a farre off.

Clo. Cudgell thy braines no more about it: for your dull Asse will not mend his pace with beating, and when you are ask't this question next, say a Graue-maker: the Houses that he makes, lasts till Doomeyday: go, get thee to *Yaughan*, fetch me a stoupe of Liquor.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Clowne A picke-axe and a spade,
A spade for and a winding sheete,
Most fit it is, for t will be made, *he throwes vp a shouel.*
For such a gheft most meete.

Ham. Hath this fellow any feeling of himselfe,
That is thus merry in making of a graue?
See how the flaue joles their heads against the earth.

Hor. My lord, Custome hath made it in him seeme no-
(thing.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Sings.

In youth when I did loue, did loue,
70 *me thought it was very sweete:*
To contract O the time for a my behoue,
O me thought there was nothing meete.

Ham. Ha's this fellow no feeling of his businesse, that
he sings at Graue-making?

Hor. Custome hath made it in him a property of ca-
sinesse.

Ham. 'Tis ee'n so; the hand of little employment hath
the daintier sense.

Clowne sings.

But Age with his stealing steps
80 *hath caught me in his clutch:*

V. i.

In youth when I did loue did loue, *Song.*

70 Me thought it was very fweet

To contract ô the time for a my behoue.

O me thought there a was nothing a meet.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio. [85

Ham. Has this fellowe no feeling of his bufines? a fings in graue-making

Hora. Custome hath made it in him a propertie of eafines.

Ham. Tis een fo, the hand of little imploiment hath the dintier fence

Clow. But age with his stealing steppes *Song.*

80 hath clawed me in his clutch,

And hath fhipped me into the land,

as if I had neuer been fuch.

Ham. That skull had a tongue in it, and could fing once, how the knaue iowles it to the ground, as if were Caines iawbone, that did the first murder, this might be the pate of a pollitician, which this affe now ore-reaches; one that would circumuent God, might it not?

Hora. I might my Lord.

90 *Ham.* Or of a Courtier, which could fay good morrow fweet lord, how dooft thou fweet lord? This might be my Lord fuch a one, that praied my lord fuch a ones horfe when a went to beg it, might it not?

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

*And hath fhipped me intill the Land,
as if I had neuer beene fuch.*

Ham. That Scull had a tongue in it, and could fing once: how the knaue iowles it to th' grownd, as if it were *Caines* Iaw-bone, that did the first murther: It might be the Pateof a Polititian which this Affe o're Offices: one that could circumuent God, might it not?

Hor. It might, my Lord.

90 *Ham.* Or of a Courtier, which could fay, Good Morrow fweet Lord: how doft thou, good Lord? this might be my Lord fuch a one, that prais'd my Lord fuch a ones Horfe, when he meant to begge it; might it not?

Clowne A pick-axe and a spade, a spade,
 For and a winding sheete,
 Most fit it is for to be made,
 For such a ghost most meet.

Ham. Looke you, there's another *Horatio*.

Why mai't not be the scull of some Lawyer?

[57

Me thinkes he should indite that fellow

110 Of an action of Batterie, for knocking

Him about the pate with's flouel: now where is your

Quirkes and quilllets now, your vouchers and

Double vouchers, your leases and free-holde,

120 And tenements? why that same boxe there will scarce

Holde the conceiuaunce of his land, and must

The honor lie there? O pittifull transuormance!

I prethee tell me *Horatio*,

Is parchuient made of sheep-skinnes?

Hor. I my Lorde, and of calues-skinnes too.

Ham. Ifaith they prooue themselves sheepe and calues
 That deale with them, or put their trust in them.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Hor. I, my Lord.

[277b

Ham. Why ee'n so: and now my Lady Wormes,
 Chapleffe, and knockt about the Mazard with a Sextons
 Spade; heere's fine Renolution, if wee had the tricke to
 100 see't. Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but
 to play at Loggets with 'em? mine ake to thinke
 on't.

Clowne sings.

A Pickhaxe and a Spade, a Spade.

for and a shrowding-Sheete:

O a Pit of Clay for to be made,

for such a Guest is meete.

Ham. There's another: why might not that bee the
 Scull of of a Lawyer? where be his Quiddits now? his
 Quilllets? his Cafes? his Tenures, and his Tricks? why
 110 doe's he suffer this rude knaue now to knocke him about

V. i.

Hor. I my Lord.

Ham. Why een so, & now my Lady wormes Choples, & knockt
about the maffene with a Sextens fpade; heere's fine reuolution and
100 we had the tricke to fee't, did thefe bones coft no more the breeding,
but to play at loggits with them: mine ake to thinke ou't.

Clow. A pickax and a fpade a fpade, *Song.*
for and a fhrowding fheet
O a pit of Clay for to be made
for fuch a gneft is meet.

Ham. There's another, why may not that be the skull of a Lawyer,
where be his quiddities now, his quillites, his cafes, his tenurs, and his
110 tricks? why dooes he fuffer this madde knaue now to knocke him a-
bout the fceonce with a durtie shonell, and will not tell him of his acti-
on of battery, hum, this fellowe might be in's time a great buyer of
Land, with his Statuts, his recognifances, his fines, his double vou-
chers, his recoueries, to haue his fine pate full of fine durt, will vou-
chers vouch him no more of his purchafes & doubles then the length
120 and breadth of a payre of Indentures? The very conueyances of his
Lands will fearely lye in this box, & muft th'inheritor himfelfe haue
no more, ha.

Hora. Not a iot more my Lord.

Ham. Is not Parchment made of fheepe-skinnes?

Hora. I my Lord, and of Calues-skinnes to [86

Ham. They are Sheepe and Calues which feeke out affurance in
that, I wil fpeak to this fellow. Whofe graue's this firra?

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

the Sceonce with a dirty Shonell, and will not tell him of
his Action of Battery? hum. This fellow might be in's
time a great buyer of Land, with his Statutes, his Recog-
nizances, his Fines, his double Vouchers, his Reconeries:
Is this the fine of his Fines, and the reconery of his Reco-
ueries, to haue his fine Pate full of fine Dirt? will his
Vouchers vouch him no more of his Purchafes, and dou-
ble ones too, then the length and breadth of a paire of
120 Indentures? the very Conueyances of his Lands will
hardly lye in this Boxe; and muft the Inheritor himfelfe
haue no more? ha?

Hor. Not a iot more, my Lord.

Ham. Is not Parchment made of Sheep-skinnes?

Hor. I my Lord, and of Calue-skinnes too.

Ham. They are Sheepe and Calues that feek out affu-
rance in that. I will fpeake to this fellow: whofe Graue's
this Sir?

V. i.

There's another, why may not that be such a ones
 Scull. that praied my Lord such a ones horfe,
 When he meant to beg him? *Horatio*, I prethee
 Lets question yonder fellow.

Now my friend, whose graue is this?

Cloorne Mine fir.

Ham. But who muft lie in it? (fir.

Cloorne If I fhould fay, I fhould, I fhould lie in my throat

Ham. What man muft be buried here?

Cloorne No man fir.

Ham. What woman?

Cloorne. No woman neither fir, but indeede
 One that was a woman.

Ham. An excellent fellow by the Lord *Horatio*,
 150 This feauen yeares haue I noted it: the toe of the pefant,
 Comes fo neere the heele of the courtier,
 That hee gawles his kibe, I prethee tell mee one thing,
 How long will a man lie in the ground before hee rots?

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Clo. Mine Sir:

130 *O a Pit of Clay for to be made,
 for fuch a Gueft is meete.*

Ham. I thinke it be thine indeed: for thou lieft in't.

Clo. You lye out on't Sir, and therefore it is not yours:
 for my part, I doe not lye in't; and yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou doft lye in't, to be in't and fay 'tis thine:
 'tis for the dead, not for the quicke, therefore thou
 lyest.

140 *Clo.* 'Tis a quicke lye Sir, 'twill away againe from me
 to you.

Ham. What man doft thou digge it for?

Clo. For no man Sir.

Clow. Mine fir, or a pit of clay for to be made.

Ham. I thinke it be thine indeede, for thou lyeft in't.

Clow. You lie out ont fir, and therefore tis not yours: for my part I doe not lie in't. yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou dooft lie in't to be in't & fay it is thine, tis for the dead. not for the quicke, therefore thou lyeft.

140 *Clow.* Tis a quicke lye fir. twill away againe from me to you.

Ham. What man dooft thou digge it for?

Clow. For no man fir

Ham. What woman then?

Clow. For none neither

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

Clow. One that was a woman fir, but reft her foule fhee's dead.

150 *Ham.* How absolute the knane is, we muft speake by the card, or equiuocation will vndoo vs. By the Lord *Horatio*, this three yeeres I haue tooke note of it, the age is growne fo picked, that the toe of the pefant coms fo neere the heele of the Courtier he galls his kybe. How long haft thou been Graue-maker?

Clow. Of the dayes i'th yere I came too't that day that our laft king *Hamlet* ouercame *Fortenbraffe*.

Ham. How long is that fince?

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Ham. What woman then?

Clo. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

Clo. One that was a woman Sir: but reft her Soule, fhee's dead.

150 *Ham.* How absolute the knaue is? wee muft speake by the Carde, or equiuocation will vndoe vs: by the Lord *Horatio*, these three yeares I haue taken note of it, the Age is growne fo picked, that the toe of the Pefant comes fo neere the heeles of our Courtier, hee galls his Kibe. How long haft thou been a Graue-maker?

Clo. Of all the dayes i'th' yere, I came too't that day that our laft King *Hamlet* o'recaue *Fortinbras*.

Ham. How long is that fince?

180 *Clowne* I faith fir, if hee be not rotten before
 He be laide in, as we hane many pocky corfes,
 He will laft you, eight yeares, a tanner
 Will laft you eight yeares full out, or nine.

Ham. And why a tanner?

[58]

Clowne Why his hide is fo tanned with his trade,
 That it will holde out water, that's a parlous
 Denourer of your dead body, a great foaker.
 190 Looke you, heres a feull hath bin here this dozen yeare,
 Let me fee, I euer fince our laft king *Hamlet*
 Slew *Fortenbraffe* in combat, yong *Hamlets* father,
 Hee that's mad.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

160 *Clo.* Cannot you tell that? euery foole can tell that:
 It was the very day, that yong *Hamlet* was borne, hee
 that was mad, and fent into England.

Ham. I marry, why was he fent into England?

Clo. Why, becaufe he was mad; hee fhall reconer his
 wits there; or if he do not, it's no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

[278a]

170 *Clo.* 'Twill not be feene in him, there the men are as
 mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad?

Clo. Very ffrangely they fay.

Ham. How ffrangely?

Clo. Faith e'ene with loofing his wits.

V. i.

160 *Clow.* Cannot you tell that? euery foole can tell that, it was that
very day that young *Hamlet* was horne: hee that is mad and fent into
England.

Ham. I marry why was he fent into *England*?

Clow. Why becaufe a was mad: a fhall recouer his wits there, or if
a doo not, tis no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

170 *Clow.* Twill not be feene in him there, there the men are as mad

Ham. How came he mad? (as hee.

Clow. Very ftrangely they fay.

Ham. How ftrangely?

Clow. Fayth eene with loofing his wits.

Ham. Vpon what ground?

Clow. Why heere in Denmarke: I haue been Sexten heere man
and boy thirty yeeres.

Ham. How long will a man lie i'th earth ere he rot? [87

180 *Clow.* Fayth if a be not rotten before a die, as we haue many poc-
kie corfes, that will fcarce hold the laying in, a will laft you fom eyght
yeere, or nine yeere. A Tanner will laft you nine yeere.

Ham. Why he more then another?

Clow. Why fir, his hide is fo tand with his trade, that a will keepe
out water a great while; & your water is a fore decayer of your whor-
190 fon dead body, heer's a feull now hath lyen you i'th earth 23. yeeres.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Ham. Vpon what ground?

Clow. Why heere in Denmarke: I haue bin fixeteene
heere, man and Boy thirty yeeres.

Ham. How long will a man lie 'ith' earth ere he rot?

180 *Clow.* Ifaith, if he be not rotten before he die (as we haue
many pocky Coarfes now adairs, that will fcarce hold
the laying in) he will laft you fome eight yeare. or nine
yeare. A Tanner will laft you nine yeare.

Ham. Why he, more then another?

Clow. Why fir, his hide is fo tan'd with his Trade, that
he will keepe out water a great while. And your water,
190 is a fore Decayer of your horfon dead body. Heres a Scull
now: this Scul, has laine in the earth three & twenty yeers.

V. i.

Ham. I mary, how came he madde?*Clowne* Ifaith very strangely, by loofing of his wittes.*Ham.* Vpon what ground?*Clowne* A this ground, in *Denmarke*.*Ham.* Where is he now?*Clowne* Why now they sent him to *England*.*Ham.* To *England*! wherefore?

Clowne Why they say he shall haue his wittes there,
 Or if he haue not, t'is no great matter there,
 It will not be seene there.

Ham. Why not there?*Clowne* Why there they say the men are as mad as he.*Ham.* Whose scull was this?

Clowne This a plague on him, a madde rogues it was,
 He powred once a whole flagon of Rhenish of my head,
 Why do not you know him? this was one *Yorickes* scull.

200 *Ham.* Was this? I prethee let me see it, alas poore *Yoricke*
 I knew him *Horatio*,

A fellow of infinite mirth, he hath caried mee twenty times
 vpon his backe, here hung those lippes that I haue Kissed a
 hundred times, and to see, now they abhorre me: Wheres
 210 your iests now *Yoricke*? your flashes of meriment: now go
 to my Ladies chamber, and bid her paint her selfe an inch
 thicke, to this she must come *Yoricke*. *Horatio*, I prethee
 tell me one thing, doost thou thinke that *Alexander* looked
 thus?

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).*Ham.* Whose was it?

Clo. A whorefon mad Fellowes it was;
 Whose doe you thinke it was?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

Clo. A pestlence on him for a mad Rogue, a pou'd a
 Flaggon of Renish on my head once. This same Scull
 Sir, this same Scull fir, was *Yoricks* Scull, the Kings letter.

200 *Ham.* This?

Clo: Eene that.*Ham.* Let mee see. Alas poore *Yorick*, I knew him *Ho-*

Ham. Whofe was it?

Clow. A whorfon mad fellowes it was, whofe do you think it was?

Ham. Nay I know not.

Clow. A peftilence on him for a madde rogue. a poud a flagon of Renifh on my head once: this fame skull fir, was fir *Yoricks* skull, the Kings lefter.

200 *Ham.* This?

Clow. Een that.

Ham. Alas poore *Yorieke*, I knew him *Horatio*, a fellow of infinite left, of moft excellent fancie, hee hath bore me on his backe a thou-
 210 sand times. and now how abhorred in my imagination it is: my gorge rifes at it. Heere hung thofe lypes that I haue kift I know not how oft, where be your gibes now? your gamboles, your songs, your flafhes of merriment, that were wont to fet the table on a roare, not one now to mocke your owne grinning, quite chopfalne. Now get you to my Ladies table, & tell her, let her paint an inch thicke, to this fauour fhe muft come, make her laugh at that.
 Prethee *Horatio* tell me one thing.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

ratio, a fellow of infinite left: of moft excellent fancy, he hath borne me on his backe a thoufand times: And how abhorred my Imagination is, my gorge rifes at it Heere hung thofe lipps. that I haue kift I know not how oft.
 210 VWhere be your libes now? Your Gambals? Your Songs? Your flafhes of Merriment that were wont to fet the Table on a Rore) No one now to mock your own leering? Quite chopfalne? Now get you to my Ladies Chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thicke, to this fauour fhe muft come. Make her laugh at that: pry-thee *Horatio* tell me one thing.

220 *Hor.* Euen fo my Lord.

Ham. And fmelt thus?

Hor. I my lord, no otherwife.

[59]

Ham. No, why might not imagination worke, as thus of *Alexander*, *Alexander* died, *Alexander* was buried, *Alexander* became earth, of earth we make clay, and *Alexander* being but clay, why might not time bring to paffe, that he might stoppe the bounge hole of a beere barrell?

Imperious *Cæsar* dead and turnd to clay.
Might stoppe a hole, to keepe the winde away.

*Enter King and Queene, Leartes, and other lordes,
with a Priest after the coffin.*

Ham. What funerall's this that all the Court laments?
If fhews to be fome noble parentage:
Stand by a while.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F).

Hor. What's that my Lord?

Ham. Dost thou thinke *Alexander* lookt o'this fashion i'th' earth?

220 *Hor.* E'ene fo.

Ham. And fmelt fo? Puh.

Hor. E'ene fo, my Lord.

Ham. To what bafe vses we may returne *Horatio*.
Why may not Imagination trace the Noble dust of *Alexander*, till he find it stopping a bung-hole.

Hor. 'Twere to confider: to curiously to confider fo.

230 *Ham.* No faith, not a iot. But to follow him thether
with modestie enough, & likelihood to lead it; as thus.
Alexander died: *Alexander* was buried: *Alexander* returneth into dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make Lome, and why of that Lome (whereto he was conuer-

V. i.

Hora. What's that my Lord?

Ham. Dooft thou thinke *Alexander* lookt a this fashion i'th earth?

220 *Hora.* Een fo.

Ham. And smelt fo pah.

Hora. Een fo my Lord.

Ham. To what base vſes wee may returne *Horatio*? Why may not imagination trace the noble duſt of *Alexander*, till a find it ſtopping a bunnhole?

Hor. Twere to confider too curiouſly to confider fo.

230 *Ham.* No faith, not a iot, but to follow him thether with modeſty enough, and likelyhood to leade it. *Alexander* dyed, *Alexander* was buried, *Alexander* returneth to duſt, the duſt is earth, of earth vvee make Lome, & why of that Lome whereto he was conuerted, might they not ſtoppe a Beare-barrell? [88

Imperious *Cæſar* dead, and turn'd to Clay,

Might ſtoppe a hole, to keepe the wind away.

O that that earth which kept the world in awe,

Should patch a wall t'expell the waters flaw.

240 But ſoft, but ſoft awhile, here comes the King, *Enter K. Q.*

The Queene, the Courtiers, who is this they follow? *Laertes and*

And with ſuch maimed rites? this doth betoken, *the corſe.*

The corſe they follow, did with deſprat band

Foredoe it owne life, 'twas of ſome eſtate,

Couch we a while and marke.

Laer. What Ceremonie els?

Ham. That is *Laertes* a very noble youth, marke.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

ted) might they not ſtopp a Beere-barrell?

Imperiall *Cæſar*, dead and turn'd to clay,

Might ſtop a hole to keepe the winde away.

Oh, that that earth, which kept the world in awe,

Should patch a Wall, t'expell the winters flaw.

240 But ſoft, but ſoft, aſide; heere comes the King.

Enter King, Queene, Laertes, and a Coffin,
with Lords attendant.

The Queene, the Courtiers. Who is that they follow,

And with ſuch maimed rites? This doth betoken, [278^b

The Coarſe they follow, did with diſperate hand,

Fore do it owne life; 'twas ſome Eſtate.

Couch we a while, and mark.

Laer. What Cerimony elle?

Ham. That is *Laertes*, a very Noble youth: Marke.

V. i.

Lear. What ceremony else? say, what ceremony else?

250

Priest My Lord, we haue done all that lies in vs,
 And more than well the church can tolerate,
 She hath had a Dirge sung for her maiden foule:
 And but for fauour of the king, and you.
 She had beene buried in the open fieldes.
 Where now she is allowed christian buriall.

Lear. So, I tell thee churlish Priest, a ministring Angell
 shall my sifter be, when thou liest howling.

Ham. The faire *Ophelia* dead!*Queene* Sweetes to the sweete, farewell:

I had thought to adorne thy bridale bed, faire maide,
 And not to follow thee vnto thy graue.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).*Laer.* What Cerimony else?*Priest.* Her Obsequies haue bin as farre enlarg'd.

250

As we haue warrantis, her death was doubtfull,
 And but that great Command, o're-swaies the order,
 She should in ground vnfanctified haue lodg'd.
 Till the last Trumpet. For charitable praier,
 Shards, Flints, and Peebles, should be throwne on her:
 Yet heere she is allowed her Virgin Rites,
 Her Maiden strewments, and the bringing home
 Of Bell and Buriall.

Laer. Must there no more be done?*Priest.* No more be done:

We should prophane the seruice of the dead,

V. i.

Laer. What Ceremonie els?

Doct. Her obsequies haue been as farre inlarg'd

250 As we haue warrantie, her death was doubtfull,
And but that great commaund ore-fwayes the order,
She should in ground vnfanctified been lodg'd
Till the last trumpet: for charitable prayers,
Flints and peebles should be throwne on her:
Yet heere she is allow'd her virgin Crants,
Her mayden strewments, and the bringing home
Of bell and buriall.

Laer. Must there no more be doone?

Doct. No more be doone,

We should prophane the seruice of the dead.

260 To sing a Requiem and such rest to her
As to peace-parted soules.

Laer. Lay her i'th earth,
And from her faire and vnpolluted flesh
May Violets spring: I tell thee churlish Priestt,
A ministring Angell shall my sister be
When thou lyeft howling.

Ham. What, the faire *Ophelia*,

Quee. Sweets to the sweet, farewell,
I hop't thou should'ft haue been my *Hamlets* wife,
I thought thy bride-bed to haue deckt sweet maide,
And not haue strew'd thy graue.

Laer. O treble woe

270 Fall tenne times double on that curld head,

[89

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

260 To sing sage *Requiem*, and such rest to her
As to peace-parted Soules.

Laer. Lay her i'th' earth,
And from her faire and vnpolluted flesh.
May Violets spring. I tell thee (churlish Priestt)
A Ministring Angell shall my Sister be,
When thou liest howling?

Ham. What, the faire *Ophelia*?

Queene. Sweets, to the sweet farewell.
I hop'd thou should'ft haue bin my *Hamlets* wife:
I thought thy Bride-bed to haue deckt (sweet Maid)
And not t'haue strew'd thy Graue.

Laer. Oh terrible woer,

270 Fall ten times trebble, on that curld head

Lear. Forbeare the earth a while: filter farewell;

Leartes leapes into the graue.

Now powre your earth on *Olympus* hie,

And make a hill to o're top olde *Pellon*:

Whats he that coniures so?

*Hamlet leapes
in after Leartes*

280 *Ham.* Beholde tis I, *Hamlet* the Dane.

Lear. The diuell take thy foule.

Ham. O thou praieft not well,

I prethee take thy hand from off my throate,
For there is something in me dangerous,
Which let thy wisedome feare, holde off thy hand:

[60]

I lou'de *Ophelia* as deere as twenty brothers could:

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Whose wicked deed, thy most Ingenious fence

Depriu'd thee of. Hold off the earth a while,

Till I haue caught her once more in mine armes:

Leaps in the graue.

Now pile your dust, vpon the quicke, and dead,

Till of this flat a Mountaine you haue made,

To o're top old *Pelion*, or the skyish head

Of blew *Olympus*.

Ham. What is he, whose griefes

Beares such an Emphasis? whose phraze of Sorrow

Coniure the wandring Starres, and makes them stand

280 Like wonder-wounded hearers? This is I,

Hamlet the Dane.

Lear. The deuill take thy foule.

V. i.

Whose wicked deede thy most ingenious fence
Deprived thee of, hold off the earth a while,
Till I haue caught her once more in mine armes;
Now pile your dust vpon the quicke and dead,
Till of this flat a mountaine you haue made
To'retop old *Pelion*, or the skyefh head
Of blew *Olympus*.

Ham. What is he whose grieve
Beares such an emphesis, whose phrafe of forrow
Coniures the wandring itarres, and makes them stand
280 Like wonder wounded hearers: this is I
Hamlet the Dane.

Laer. The deuill take thy soule,

Ham. Thou pray'ft not well, I prethee take thy fingers
For though I am not spleenatiue rafh, (from my throat,
Yet haue I in me something dangerous,
Which let thy wifedome feare; hold off thy hand,

King. Pluck them a funder.

Quee. *Hamlet, Hamlet.*

All. Gentlemen.

Hora. Good my Lord be quiet.

Ham. Why, I will fight with him vpon this theame
290 Vntill my eye-lids will no longer wagge.

Quee. O my sonne, what theame?

Ham. I loued *Ophelia*, forty thousand brothers
Could not with all theyr quantitie of loue
Make vp my fumme. What wilt thou doo for her.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Ham. Thou prai'ft not well,
I prythee take thy fingers from my throat;
Sir though I am not Spleenatiue, and rafh,
Yet haue I something in me dangerous,
Which let thy wifeneffe feare. Away thy hand.

King. Pluck them afunder.

Qu. *Hamlet, Hamlet.*

Gen. Good my Lord be quiet.

Ham. Why I will fight with him vppon this Theme.
290 Vntill my eiels will no longer wag.

Qu. Oh my Sonne, what Theme?

Ham. I lou'd *Ophelia*; fortie thousand Brothers
Could not (with all there quantitie of Lone)
Make vp my fumme. What wilt thou do for her?

Shew me what thou wilt doe for her:
 Wilt fight, wilt fast, wilt pray,
 Wilt drinke vp vessels, eate a crocadile? He doot:
 300 Com'ft thou here to whine?

And where thou talk'ft of burying thee a liue,
 Here let vs stand: and let them throw on vs.
 Whole hills of earth, till with the heighth therof,
 Make Oofell as a Wart.

King. Forbeare *Leartes*, now is hee mad, as is the fea,
 Anone as milke and gentle as a Dove:
 Therfore a while giue his wilde humour scope.

Ham What is the reason fir that you wrong mee thus?
 I neuer gaue you cause: but stand away,
 A Cat will meaw, a Dog will haue a day.

Exit Hamlet and Horatio.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F).

King. Oh he is mad *Laertes*.

Qu. For loue of God forbeare him.

Ham. Come fhow me what thou'lt doe,
 Woo't weepe? Woo't fight? Woo't teare thy selfe?
 Woo't drinke vp *Efile*, eate a Crocodile?
 300 He doot. Dost thou come heere to whine:
 To outface me with leaping in her Graue?
 Be buried quicke with her, and so will I.
 And if thou prate of Mountaines; let them throw
 Millions of Akers on vs; till our ground
 Sindging his pate against the burning Zone,
 Make *Offa* like a wart. Nay, and thou'lt mouth,
 He rant as well as thou.

V. i.

King. O he is mad *Laertes*.

Quee. For loue of God forbear him.

Ham. S'wounds fiew me what th'owt doe:

Woo't weepe, woo't fight, woo't fast, woo't teare thy selfe.

Woo't drinke vp Fill, eate a Crocodile?

300 He doo't, dooft come heere to whine?

To out-face me with leaping in her graue.

Be buried quicke with her, and so will I.

And if thou prate of mountaines, let them throw

Millions of Acres on vs, till our ground

Sindging his pate against the burning Zone

Make Offa like a wart, nay and thou'lt mouthe.

[90

He rant as well as thou.

Quee. This is meere madneffe,

And this a while the fit will worke on him.

Anon as patient as the female Dowe

310 When that her golden cuplets are disclosed

His silence will fit drooping.

Ham. Heare you fir,

What is the reason that you vse me thus?

I lou'd you euer, but it is no matter,

Let *Hercules* himselfe doe what he may

The Cat will mew, and Dogge will haue his day. *Exit Hamlet*

King. I pray thee good *Horatio* waite vpon him. *and Horatio.*
Strengthen your patience in our last nights speech.

Wee'l put the matter to the present push:

Good *Gertrard* let some watch ouer your sonne,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Kin. This is meere Madneffe:

And thus awhile the fit will worke on him:

Anon as patient as the female Dowe.

310 When that her golden Cuplet are disclosed:

His silence will fit drooping.

Ham. Heare you Sir:

What is the reason that you vse me thus?

I loud' you euer; but it is no matter:

Let *Hercules* himselfe doe what he may,

The Cat will Mew, and Dogge will haue his day. *Exit.*

Kin. I pray you good *Horatio* wait vpon him,
Strengthen you patience in our last nights speech,

Wee'l put the matter to the present push:

Good *Gertrude* let some watch ouer your Sonne,

V. i.

Queene. Alas, it is his madnes makes him thus,
And not his heart, *Leartes*.

King. My lord, t'is so: but wee'le no longer tritle,
This very day fhall *Hamlet* drinke his last,
For prefently we meane to fend to him,
Therefore *Leartes* be in readynes.

Lear. My lord, till then my foule will not bee quiet.

King. Come *Gertred*, wee'l haue *Leartes*, and our sonne,
Made friends and Louers, as befittes them both,
Euen as they tender vs, and loue their countrie.

Queene God grant they may. *exeunt omnes.*

V. ii.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

320 This Graue fhall haue a liuing Monument:

An houre of quiet fhortly fhall we fee;

Till then, in patience our proceeding be. *Exeunt.*

V. ii.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. So much for this Sir: now let me fee the other.
You doe remember all the Circumftance.

Hor. Remember it my Lord?

Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kinde of fighting,
That would not let me sleepe; me thought I lay
Worfe then the mutines in the Bilboes, raffly.

V. i.

320 This graue shall haue a liuing monument,
An houre of quiet thirtie shall we see
Tell then in patience our proceeding be. *Exeunt.*

V. ii.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. So much for this fir, now shall you see the other.
You doe remember all the circumstance,

Hora. Remember it my Lord.

Ham. Sir in my hart there was a kind of fighting
That would not let me sleepe, my thought I lay
Worfe then the mutines in the bilbo, rashly,
And prayd be rashnes for it: let vs knowe,
Our indiscretion sometime serues vs well

10 When our deepe plots doe pall, & that should learne vs
Ther's a diuinity that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them how we will.

Hora. That is most certaine.

Ham. Vp from my Cabin,
My sea-gowne scarft about me in the darke
Grop't I to find out them, had my desire,
Fingard their packet, and in fine with-drew

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

(And praise be rashneffe for it) let vs know,
Our indiscretion sometimes serues vs well,

10 When our deare plots do paule, and that should teach vs,
There's a Diuinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

Hor. That is most certaine.

Ham. Vp from my Cabin
My sea-gowne scarft about me in the darke,
Grop'd I to finde out them; had my desire.
Finger'd their Packet. and in fine, withdrew

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

To mine owne roome againe, making so bold,
 (My feares forgetting manners) to vnfeale
 Their grand Commiffion, where I found *Horatio*,
 Oh royall knauery: An exact command.

20 Larded with many feuerall ferts of reafon;
 Importing Denmarks health, and Englands too,
 With hoo, fuch Bugges and Goblins in my life;
 That on the fupernize no leafure bated.
 No not to ftay the grinding of the Axe,
 My head fhould be ftruck off.

Hor. Ift poffible?

Ham. Here's the Commiffion, read it at more leifure:
 But wilt thou heare me how I did proceed?

V. ii.

To mine owne roome againe. making fo bold
My feares forgetting manners to vnfold [91

Their graund commifſion; where I found *Horatio*

A royall knauery, an exact command

20 Larded with many feuerall forts of reaſons.

Importing Denmarkeſ health, and *Englands* to,

With hoe ſuch bugges and goblins in my life.

That on the ſuperuiſe no leaſure bated,

No not to ſtay the grinding of the Axe.

My head ſhould be ſtrooke off.

Hora. Iſt poſſible?

Ham. Heeres the commiſſion, read it at more leaſure,

But wilt thou heare now how I did proceed.

Hora. I beſeech you.

Ham. Being thus benetted round with villaines.

30 Or I could make a prologue to my braines,

They had begunne the play. I ſat me downe.

Deuiſd a new commiſſion. wrote it faire,

I once did hold it as our ſtatifts doe,

A baſeneſſe to write faire, and laboured much

How to forget that learning, but ſir now

It did me yemans ſeruice. wilt thou know

Th'effect of what I wrote?

Hora. I good my Lord.

Ham. An earneſt coniuration from the King,

As *England* was his faithfull tributary,

40 As loue betweene them like the palme might flouriſh,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Hor. I beſeech you.

Ham. Being thus benetted round with Villaines.

30 Ere I could make a Prologue to my braines,

They had begun the Play. I ſate me downe,

Deuiſ'd a new Commiſſion. wrote it faire,

I once did hold it as our Statifts doe,

A baſeneſſe to write faire; and laboured much

How to forget that learning; but Sir now.

It did me Yeomans ſeruice: wilt thou know

The effects of what I wrote?

Hor. I, good my Lord.

[259b

Ham. An earneſt Coniuration from the King.

As *England* was his faithfull Tributary.

40 As loue betweene them, as the Palme ſhould flouriſh.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

As Peace should ftill ber wheaten Garland weare,
 And stand a Comma 'twenee their amities,
 And many fuch like Affis of great charge,
 That on the view and know of thefe Contents.
 Without debatement further, more or leffe,
 He fhould the bearers put to fodaine death,
 Not fhriuing time allowed.

Hor. How was this feal'd?

Ham. Why, euen in that was Heauen ordinate;
 I had my fathers Signet in my Purfe,
 50 Which was the Modell of that Danifh Seale:
 Folded the Writ vp in forme of the other,
 Subferib'd it, gau't th' impreffion, plac't it fafely,
 The changeling neuer knowne: Now, the next day

V. ii.

As peace should still her wheaten garland weare
And stand a Comma twene their amities,
And many such like. as fir of great charge,
That on the view, and knowing of these contents,
Without debatement further more or lesse,
He should those bearers put to suddaine death,
Not flourishing time allow'd.

Hora. How was this seald?

Ham. Why euen in that was heauen ordinant,
I had my fathers signet in my purse

50 Which was the modill of that Danish seale.

Folded the writ vp in the forme of th'other,
Subcribe it, gau't th'impresion. plac'd it safely,
The changling neuer knowne: now the next day
Was our Sea fight, and what to this was sequent
Thou knowest already.

[92

Hora. So *Guyldensterne* and *Rosencraus* goe too't.

Ham. They are not neere my conscience. their defeat
Dooes by their owne insinuation growe.

60 'Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes
Betwene the paffe and fell incenced points
Of mighty opposits.

Hora. Why what a King is this!

Ham. Dooes it not thinke thee stand me now vpon?
He that hath kild my King, and whor'd my mother,
Pop't in betwene th'election and my hopes.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Was our Sea Fight, and what to this was sement,
Thou know'lt already.

Hor. So *Guildensterne* and *Rosineraunce*, go too't.

Ham. Why man, they did make loue to this imployment
They are not neere my Conscience; their debate
Doth by their owne insinuation grow:

60 'Tis dangerous, when the baser nature comes
Betwene the paffe, and fell incenced points
Of mighty opposites.

Hor. Why, what a King is this?

Ham. Does it not, thinkst thee, stand me now vpon
He that hath kil'd my King, and whor'd my Mother,
Pop't in betwene th'election and my hopes.

Ham. beleene mee, it greenes mee much *Horatio*,
That to *Leartes* I forgot my selfe:
For by my selfe me thinkes I feele his griefe,
Though there's a difference in each others wrong.

Enter a Bragart Gentleman.

Horatio, but marke you water-flie,
The Court knowes him, but hee knowes not the Court.

Gent. Now God fane thee, fweete prince *Hamlet*. [61

Ham. And you fit: foh, how the muske cod smells!

Gent. I come with an embassage from his maiestie to you

Ham. I shall fir giue you attention:

By my troth me thinkes tis very colde.

100 *Gent.* It is indeede very rawith colde.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Throwne out his Angle for my proper life,
And with such coozenage; is't not perfect conscience,
To quit him with this arme? And is't not to be damn'd
To let this Canker of our nature come
70 In further euill.

Hor. It muft be fhortly knowne to him from England
What is the iffue of the bufineffe there.

Ham. It will be fhort,
The *interim's* mine, and a mans life's no more
Then to fay one: but I am very forry good *Horatio*,
That to *Laertes* I forgot my selfe;
For by the image of my Caufe, I fee
The Portraiture of his; He count his fauours;
But fure the brauery of his griefe did put me
80 Into a Towing paffion.

Hor. Peace, who comes heere?

V. ii.

Throwne out his Angle for my proper life,
And with such cufnage, i'tt not perfect confcience?

Enter a Courtier.

Cour. Your Lordship is right welcome backe to Denmarke.

Ham. I humble thanke you fir.

Dooft know this water fly?

Hora. No my good Lord.

Ham. Thy ftate is the more gracious, for tis a vice to know him,
He hath much land and fertill: let a beaft be Lord of beafts, and his
90 crib fhall ftand at the Kings meffe, tis a chough, but as I fay, fpaci-
ous in the poffeffion of durt.

Cour. Sweete Lord, if your Lordshippe were at leasure, I fhould
impart a thing to you from his Maieftie.

Ham. I will receaue it fir withall dilligence of fpirit, your bonnet
to his right vfe, tis for the head.

Cour. I thanke your Lordship, it is very hot.

Ham. No belieue me, tis very cold, the wind is Northerly.

100 *Cour.* It is indefferent cold my Lord indeed.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Enter young Ofricke. (marke.

Ofr. Your Lordship is right welcome back to Den-

Ham. I humbly thank you Sir, doft know this waterflie?

Hora. No my good Lord.

Ham. Thy ftate is the more gracious; for 'tis a vice to
know him: he hath much Land, and fertile; let a Beaft
be Lord of Beasts, and his Crib fhall ftand at the Kings
90 Meffe: 'tis a Chowgh; but as I faw fpacious in the pos-
felfion of dirt.

Ofr. Sweet Lord, if your friendship were at leysure,
I fhould impart a thing to you from his Maiefty.

Ham. I will receiue it with all diligence of fpirit; put
your Bonet to his right vfe, 'tis for the head.

Ofr. I thanke your Lordship, 'tis very hot.

Ham. No, beleue mee 'tis very cold, the winde is
Northerly.

100 *Ofr.* It is indifferent cold my Lord indeed.

V. ii.

Ham. Tis hot me thinkes.*Gent.* Very fwoltery hote:

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).*Ham.* Mee thinkes it is very foultry, and hot for my Complexion.*Ofr.* Exceedingly, my Lord, it is very foultry, as 'twere [280^a
I cannot tell how: but my Lord, his Maiefty bad me fig-
nifie to you, that he ha's laid a great wager on your head:
Sir, this is the matter.

V. ii.

Ham. But yet me thinkes it is very fully and hot, or my complexion.

Cour. Exceedingly my Lord, it is very foultery, as t'were I cannot tell how: my Lord his Maieftie bad me fignifie to you, that a has layed a great wager on your head, fir this is the matter.

Ham. I befeech you remember.

110 *Cour.* Nay good my Lord for my eafe in good faith, fir here is newly com to Court *Laertes*; belieue me an absolute gentlemen, ful of moft excellent differences, of very foft fociety, and great fhowing: indeede to fpeake fellingly of him, hee is the card or kalender of gen- [93] try: for you fhall find in him the continent of what part a Gentleman would fee.

Ham. Sir, his definement fuffers no perdition in you, though I know to deuide him inuentorially, would doſie th'arithmaticke of
120 memory, and yet but yaw neither in reſpect of his quick faile, but in the veritie of extolment, I take him to be a foule of great article, & his infuſion of ſuch dearth and rareneſſe, as to make true dixon of him, his ſemblable is his mirrour, & who els would trace him. his vmbrage, nothing more.

Cour. Your Lordſhip ſpeakes moſt infallibly of him.

Ham. The concernancy fir, why doe we wrap the gentleman in our more rawer breath?

130 *Cour.* Sir.

Hora. Iſt not poſſible to vnderſtand in another tongue, you will too't fir really.

Ham. What imports the nomination of this gentleman.

Cour. Of *Laertes*.

Hora. His purſe is empty already, all's golden words are ſpent.

Ham. Of him fir.

Cour. I know you are not ignorant.

140 *Ham.* I would you did fir, yet in faith if you did, it would not much approoue me, well fir.

Cour. You are not ignorant of what excellence *Laertes* is.

Ham. I dare not confeſſe that, leaſt I ſhould compare with him in excellence, but to know a man wel, were to knowe himſelfe.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Ham. I befeech you remember.

110 *Ofr.* Nay, in good faith, for mine eafe in good faith: Sir, you are not ignorant of what excellence *Laertes* is at his weapon.

The King, fweete Prince, hath layd a wager on your fide.
 Six Barbary horfe, againft fix french rapiers,
 With all their acoutrements too, a the carriages:
 160 In good faith they are very curiously wrought.

Ham. The cariages fir, I do not know what you meane.

Gent. The girdles, and hangers fir, and fuch like.

Ham. The worde had beene more cofin german to the
 phrafe, if he could haue carried the canon by his fide,
 And howe's the wager? I vnderftand you now.

Gent. Mary fir, that yong Leartes in twelue venies
 At Rapier and Dagger do not get three oddes of you.
 And on your fide the King bath laide,
 And defires you to be in readineffe.

180 *Ham.* Very well, if the King dare venture his wager.
 I dare venture my skull: when muft this be?

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Ham. What's his weapon?

Ofr. Rapier and dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons; but well.

Ofr. The fir King ha's wag'd with him fix Barbary Hor-
 fes, againft the which he impon'd as I take it, fixe French
 Rapiers and Poniards, with their affignes, as Girdle,
 Hangers or fo: three of the Carriages infaith are very
 160 deare to fancy, very refponfiue to the hilts, moft delicate
 carriages, and of very liberall conceit.

Ham. What call you the Carriages?

Ofr. The Carriages Sir, are the hangers.

Ham. The phrafe would bee more Germane to the
 matter: If we could carry Cannon by our fides; I would
 it might be Hangers till then; but on fixe Barbary Hor-

V. ii.

Cour. I meane fir for this weapon, but in the imputation laide on
150 him, by them in his meed, hee's vnfellowed.

Ham. What's his weapon?

Cour. Rapier and Dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons, but well.

Cour. The King fir bath wagerd with him fix Barbary hories,
againgst the which hee has impaund as I take it fix French Rapiers
and Poynards. with their assignes, as girdle, hanger and so. Three
of the carriages in faith. are very deare to fancy, very reponfiue to
160 the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberall conceit.

Ham. What call you the carriages?

Hora. I knew you must be edified by the margent ere you had
done. [94

Cour. The carriage fir are the hangers.

Ham. The phraze would bee more Ierman to the matter if wee
could carry a cannon by our sides. I would it be hangers till then.
but on, fix Barbry hories againgst fix French swords their assignes,
170 and three liberall conceited carriages, that's the French bet a-
gaingst the Danish, why is this all you call it?

Cour. The King fir. hath layd fir, that in a dozen paffes betweene
your selfe and him, hee shall not exceede you three hits. hee hath
layd on twelue for nine, and it would come to immediate triall, if
your Lordshippe would vouchsafe the answere.

Ham. How if I answere no?

Cour. I meane my Lord the opposition of your person in triall.

180 *Ham.* Sir I will walke heere in the hall, if it please his Maiestie. it
is the breathing time of day with me. let the foiles be brought, the

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

les againgst fixe French Swords: their Assignes, and three
170 liberall conceited Carriages. that's the French but a-
gaingst the Danish; why is this impon'd as you call it?

Ofr. The King Sir, hath laid that in a dozen paffes be-
tweene you and him, hee shall not exceed you three hits;
He hath one twelue for mine, and that would come to
imediate tryall, if your Lordship would vouchsafe the
Answere.

Ham. How if I answere no?

Ofr. I meane my Lord, the opposition of your person
in tryall.

180 *Ham.* Sir, I will walke heere in the Hall; if it please
his Maiestie, 'tis the beathing time of day with me; let
the Foyles bee brought, the Gentleman willing, and the

V. ii.

Gent. My Lord, presently, the king and her maiefty,
With the rest of the best iudgement in the Court,
Are comming downe into the outward pallace.

Ham. Goe tel his maieftie. I wil attend him.

Gent. I fhall deliuer your most sweet antwer. *exit.*

Ham. You may fir, none better for y^eare spiced.
Else he had a bad nose could not smell a foole.

Hor. He will disclose himselfe without inquirie.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F).

King hold his purpose; I will win for him if I can: if
not, He gaine nothing but my shame, and the odde hits.

Ofr. Shall I redeliuer you ee'n so?

Ham. To this effect Sir, after what flourish your nature will.

Ofr. I commend my duty to your Lordship.

190 *Ham.* Yours, yours; hee does well to commend it
himselfe, there are no tongues else for's tongue.

Hor. This Lapwing runs away with the shell on his
head.

V. ii.

Gentleman willing, and the King hold his purpose; I will winne for him and I can, if not, I will gaine nothing but my shame, and the odde hits.

Cour. Shall I deliuer you so?

Ham. To this effect fir, after what flourish your nature will.

Cour. I commend my duty to your Lordshippe.

190 *Ham.* Yours doo's well to commend it himselfe, there are no tongues els for's turne.

Hora. This Lapwing runnes away with the shell on his head.

Ham. A did fir with his dugge before a sucked it, thus has he and many more of the same breede that I know the droffie age dotes on, only got the tune of the time, and out of an habit of incounter, a
200 kind of hifty collection, which carries them through and through the most prophane and trennowed opinions, and doe but blowe them to their triall, the bubbles are out.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My Lord, his Maiestie commended him to you by young *Ostricke*, who brings backe to him that you attend him in the hall, he sends to know if your pleasure hold to play with *Laertes*, or that you will take longer time?

Ham. I am constant to my purposes, they followe the Kings pleasure, if his fitness speakes, mine is ready: now or whensoever, provided I be so able as now.

Lord. The King, and Queene, and all are comming downe. [95

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The Queene desires you to use some gentle entertainment *Laertes*, before you fall to play.

Ham. Shee well instructs me.

Hora. You will loose my Lord.

220 *Ham.* I doe not thinke so, since he went into France, I haue bene

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Ham. He did Complic with his Dugge before hee sucked it: thus had he and mine more of the same Beauty that I know the droffie age dotes on; only got the tune of the time, and outward habite of encounter, a kinde of
200 yesty collection, which carries them through & through the most fond and winnowed opinions: and doe but blow them to their tryalls: the Bubbles are out.

Hor. You will lose this wager, my Lord.

220 *Ham.* I doe not thinke so, since he went into France,

Ham. Beleeue me *Horatio*, my hart is on the fodaine
Very fore all here about.

Hor. My lord forbeare the challenge then.

230 *Ham.* No *Horatio*, not I, if danger be now.
Why then it is not to come, theres a predeffinate prouidence.
in the fall of a sparrow: heere comes the King. [62

Enter King, Queene, Leartes, Lordes.

King Now sonne *Hamlet*, we haue laid vpon your head,
And make no question but to haue the best.

Ham. Your maiestie hath laide a the weaker side.

King We doubt it not, deliuer them the foiles.

Ham. Firft *Lear*tes, heere's my hand and loue,
Protecting that I neuer wrongd *Lear*tes.
If *Hamlet* in his madnesse did amiffe,
That was not *Hamlet*, but his madnes did it,
And all the wrong I e're did to *Lear*tes,
I here proclaime was madnes, therefore lets be at peace.
And thinke I haue shot mine arrow o're the house,
And hurt my brother.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F).

I haue beene in continuall practice; I shall winne at the
oddes: but thou wouldest not thinke how all heere a-
bout my heart: but it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, good my Lord.

Ham. It is but foolery; but it is such a kinde of
gain-giuing as would perhaps trouble a woman.

Hor. If your minde dislike any thing, obey. I will fore-
stall their repaire hither, and say you are not fit.

230 *Ham.* Not a whit, we defie Augury; there's a speciall
Prouidence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not
to come: if it bee not to come, it will bee now: if it
be not now; yet it will come; the readinesse is all, since no
man hat's ought of what he leaues. What is't to leaue be-
times? [280^b

V. ii.

in continuall practife, I fhall winne at the ods: thou would'ft not thinke how ill all's heere about my hart, but it is no matter.

Hora. Nay good my Lord.

Ham. It is but foolery, but it is fuch a kinde, of gamgiuing, as would perhapes trouble a woman.

Hora. If your minde diflike any thing, obay it. I will forftal their repaire hether, and fay you are not fit.

230 *Ham.* Not a whit, we defie augury, there is fpeciall providence in the fall of a Sparrowe. if it be, tis not to come, if it be not to come, it will be now, if it be not now, yet it well come, the readines is all, fince no man of ought he leaues, knowes what ift to leaue betimes, let be.

*A table prepard, Trumpets, Drums and officers with Cufhion,
King, Queene, and all the ftate, Foiles, daggers,
and Laertes.*

King. Come *Hamlet*, come and take this hand from me.

Ham. Giue me your pardon fir, I haue done you wrong.
But pardon't as you are a gentleman, this prefence knowes.

240 And you muft needs haue heard, how I am punifht
With a fore diftraction, what I haue done
That might your nature, honor, and exception
Roughly awake. I heare proclame was madneffe.
Waft *Hamlet* wrong'd *Laertes*? neuer *Hamlet*.
If *Hamlet* from himfelfe be fane away,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

*Enter King, Queene, Laertes and Lords, with other Attendants with Foyles, and Gauntlets, a Table and
Flagons of Wine on it.*

Kin. Come *Hamlet*, come, and take this hand from me.

Ham. Giue me your pardon Sir, I'ue done you wrong.
But pardon't as you are a Gentleman.
This prefence knowes.

240 And you muft needs haue heard how I am punifht
With fore diftraction? What I haue done
That might your nature honour, and exception
Roughly awake. I heere proclaime was madneffe:
Was't *Hamlet* wrong'd *Laertes*? Neuer *Hamlet*.
If *Hamlet* from himfelfe be tane away:

Lear. Sir I am fatisfied in nature,
 But in termes of honor I'll stand aloofe,
 And will no reconcilement,
 Till by some elder maifters of our time
 260 I may be fatisfied.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

And when he's not himfelfe, do's wrong *Laertes*,
 Then *Hamlet* does it not, *Hamlet* denies it:
 Who does it then? His Madneffe? If't be fo,
Hamlet is of the Faction that is wrong'd,
 250 His madneffe is poore *Hamlets* Enemy.
Sir, in this Audience,
 Let my difclaiming from a purpos'd euill,
 Free me fo farre in your moft generous thoughts,
 That I haue fhott mine Arrow o're the houfe,
 And hurt my Mother.

Laer. I am fatisfied in Nature,
 Whole motiue in this cafe fhould firre me moft
 To my Reuenge. But in my termes of Honor
 I stand aloofe, and will no reconcilement.

V. ii.

And when hee's not himfelfe, dooes wrong *Laertes*,
Then *Hamlet* dooes it not, *Hamlet* denies it.
Who dooes it then? his madneffe. If he be fo,
Hamlet is of the faction that is wronged,
250 His madneffe is poore *Hamlets* enimie,
Let my difclaiming from a purpos'd euill,
Free me fo farre in your moft generous thoughts
That I haue fhoot my arrowe ore the houle
And hurt my brother.

[96

Laer. I am fatisfied in nature,
Whofe motiue in this cafe fhould ftirre me moft
To my reuendge, but in my tearmes of honor
I ftand a loofe, and will no reconcilment,
Till by fome elder Maifters of knowne honor
260 I haue a voyce and prefident of peace
To my name vngord: but all that time
I doe receaue your offerd loue, like loue,
And will not wrong it.

Ham. I embrace it freely, and will this brothers wager
frankly play.
Giue vs the foiles.

Laer. Come, one for me.

Ham. He be your foile *Laertes*, in mine ignorance
Your skill fhall like a ftarre i'th darkeft night
Stick fiery of indeed.

Laer. You mocke me fir.

Ham. No by this hand.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Till by fome elder Maifters of knowne Honor,
260 I haue a voyce, and prefident of peace
To keepe my name vngorg'd. But till that time.
I do receiue your offer'd loue like loue.
And wil not wrong it.

Ham. I do embrace it freely.
And will this Brothers wager frankly play.
Giue vs the Foyles: Come on.

Laer. Come one for me.

Ham. He be your foile *Laertes*, in mine ignorance,
Your Skill fhall like a Starre i'th' darkeft night,
Sticke fiery off indeede.

Laer. You mocke me Sir.

Ham. No by this hand.

V. ii.

270 *King* Giue them the foyles.

Ham. Ile be your foyle *Leartes*, these foyles,
 Haue all a laught. come on fir: *a hit.*

Lear. No none.

Heere they play

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

270 *King.* Giue them the Foyles yong *Ofricke*,
 Confen *Hamlet*, you know the wager.

Ham. Verie well my Lord,
 Your Grace hath laide the oddes a'th'weaker fide.

King. I do not feare it,
 I haue feene you both:
 But fince he is better'd, we haue therefore oddes.

Laer. This is too heauy,
 Let me fee another.

Ham. This likes me well,
 These Foyles haue all a length. *Prepare to play.*

Ofricke. I my good Lord.

King. Set me the Stopes of wine vpon that Table:
 If *Hamlet* giue the firft, or fecond hit,

280 Or quit in anfwer of the third exchange.

V. ii.

270 *King.* Giue them the foiles young *Ostricke*, cofin *Hamlet*,
You knowe the wager.

Ham. Very well my Lord.

Your grace has layed the ods a'th weaker side.

King. I doe not feare it, I haue seene you both,
But since he is better, we haue therefore ods.

Laer. This is to heauy: let me see another.

Ham. This likes me well, these foiles haue all a length.

Ostr. I my good Lord.

King. Set me the stoopes of wine vpon that table,
If *Hamlet* giue the first or second hit,

280 Or quit in answere of the third exchange,

Let all the battlements their ordnance fire.

The King shal drinke to *Hamlets* better breath,

And in the cup an Vnice shal he throwe,

Richer then that which foure successeiue Kings

In Denmarkes Crowne haue worne: giue me the cups,

And let the kettle to the trumpet speake,

The trumpet to the Cannoneere without,

The Cannons to the heauens, the heauen to earth,

Now the King drinkes to *Hamlet*, come beginne. *Trumpets* [97

290 And you the Iudges beare a wary eye. *the while.*

Ham. Come on fir.

Laer. Come my Lord.

Ham. One.

Laer. No.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Let all the Battlements their Ordinance fire,

The King shal drinke to *Hamlets* better breath,

And in the Cup an vnion shal he throw

Richer then that, which foure successeiue Kings

In Denmarkes Crowne haue worne.

Giue me the Cups, [281^a,

And let the Kettle to the Trumpets speake,

The Trumpet to the Cannoneer without,

The Cannons to the Heauens, the Heauen to Earth,

Now the King drinkes to *Hamlet*. Come, begin,

290 And you the Iudges beare a wary eye.

Ham. Come on fir.

Laer. Come on fir. *They play.*

Ham. One.

Laer. No.

V. ii.

Ham. Iudgement.*Gent.* A hit, a most palpable hit.*Lear.* Well, come againe.*They play againe.**Ham.* Another. Iudgement.*Lear.* I, I grant, a tuch a tuch.*King* Here *Hamlet*, the king doth drinke a health to thee*Queene* Here *Hamlet*, take my napkin, wipe thy face.*King* Giue him the wine.*Ham.* Set it by, I'll haue another bowt first,
I'll drinke anone.300 *Queene* Here *Hamlet*, thy mother drinckes to thee.
*Shee drinckes.**King* Do not drinke *Gertred*: O t'is the poyfined cup!*Ham.* *Leartes* come, you dally with me, [63
I pray you passe with your most cunningft play.*The Tragedie of Hamlet* (F₁).*Ham.* Iudgement.*Ofr.* A hit, a very palpable hit.*Laer.* Well: againe.*King.* Stay, giue me drinke.*Hamlet*, this Pearle is thine,

Here's to thy health. Giue him the cup,

*Trumpets found, and shot goes off.**Ham.* Ile play this bout first, set by a-while.

Come: Another hit; what say you?

Laer. A touch, a touch, I do confesse.*King.* Our Sonne shall win.*Qu.* Ile's fat, and scant of breath.

Heere's a Napkin, rub thy browes,

300 The *Queene* Carowfes to thy fortune, *Hamlet*.*Ham.* Good Madam.

V. ii.

Ham. Iudgement.

Ostrick. A hit, a very palpable hit. *Drum, trumpets and shot.*

Laer. Well, againe. *Florish, a peece goes off.*

King. Stay, giue me drinke, *Hamlet* this pearle is thine.
Heeres to thy health: giue him the cup.

Ham. Ile play this bout frst, let it by a while
Come, another hit. What say you?

Laer. I doe confest.

King. Our sonne shall winne.

Quee. Hee's fat and scant of breath.

Heere *Hamlet* take my napkin rub thy browes,
300 The Queene carowfes to thy fortune *Hamlet*.

Ham. Good Madam.

King. *Gertrard* doe not drinke.

Quee. I will my Lord, I pray you pardon me.

King. It is the poyfined cup, it is too late.

Ham. I dare not drinke yet Madam, by and by.

Quee. Come, let me wipe thy face.

Laer. My Lord, Ile hit him now.

King. I doe not think't.

Laer. And yet it is almost against my conscience.

Ham. Come for the third *Laertes*, you doe but dally.

I pray you passe with your best violence
310 I am sure you make a wanton of me.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

King. *Gertrude*, do not drinke.

Qu. I will my Lord;

I pray you pardon me.

King. It is the poyfon'd Cup, it is too late.

Ham. I dare not drinke yet Madam,

By and by.

Qu. Come, let me wipe thy face.

Laer. My Lord, Ile hit him now.

King. I do not thinke't.

Laer. And yet 'tis almost 'gainst my conscience.

Ham. Come for the third.

Laertes, you but dally,

I pray you passe with your best violence,
310 I am affear'd you make a wanton of me.

V. ii.

Lear. I! say you so? haue at you,
He hit you now my Lord:
And yet it goes almost against my conscience.

Ham. Come on sir.

*They catch one anothers Rapiers, and both are wounded,
Leartes falls downe, the Queene falls downe and dies.*

King Looke to the Queene.

320 *Queene* O the drinke, the drinke, *Hamlet*, the drinke.

Ham. Treason, ho, keepe the gates.

Lords How ist my Lord *Leartes*?

Lear. Euen as a coxcombe should,
Foolishly staine with my owne weapon:

Hamlet, thou hast not in thee halfe an houre of life,
The fatall Instrument is in thy hand.

330 Vnbated and inuenomed: thy mother's poyfned,
That drinke was made for thee.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Laer. Say you so? Come on.

Play.

Ofr. Nothing neither way.

Laer. Haue at you now.

In scuffling they change Rapiers.

King. Part them, they are incens'd.

Ham. Nay come, againe.

Ofr. Looke to the Queene there ho.

Hor. They bleed on both sides. How is't my Lord?

Ofr. How is't *Laertes*?

Laer. Why as a Woodcocke
To mine Sprindge, *Ofricke*,
I am iustly kill'd with mine owne Treacherie.

V. ii.

Laer. Say you fo, come on.

Ostr. Nothing neither way.

Laer. Haue at you now.

King. Part them, they are incenft.

Ham. Nay come againe.

Ostr. Looke to the Queene there howe.

Hora. They bleed on both fides, how is it my Lord?

Ostr. How ift *Laertes*?

Laer. Why as a woodcock to mine owne fpringe *Ostrick*,
I am iuftly kild with mine owne treachery. [98

Ham. How dooes the Queene?

King. Shee founds to fee them bleed.

320 *Quee.* No, no, the drinke, the drinke, ô my deare *Hamlet*,
The drinke the drinke, I am poyfned.

Ham. O villanie, how let the doore be lock't,
Treachery, feeke it out.

Laer. It is heere *Hamlet*, thou art flaine,
No medicin in the world can doe thee good,
In thee there is not halfe an houres life,
The treacherous inftument is in my hand

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Ham. How does the Queene?

King. She founds to fee them bleede.

320 *Qu.* No, no, the drinke, the drinke.
Oh my deere Hamlet, the drinke, the drinke,
I am poyfon'd.

Ham. Oh Villany! How? Let the doore be lock'd.
Treacherie, feeke it out.

Laer. It is heere *Hamlet*.
Hamlet, thou art flaine,
No Medicine in the world can do thee good.
In thee, there is not halfe an houre of life;
The Treacherous Inftument is in thy hand,

Ham. The poyfned Inſtrument within my hand?
Then venome to thy venome, die damn'd villaine:
Come drinke, here lies thy vnion here. *The king dies.*

Lear. O he is iuſtly ferued:
Hamlet, before I die, here take my hand,
340 And withall, my loue: I doe forgine thee. *Leartes dies.*

Ham. And I thee, O I am dead *Horatio*, fare thee well.

Hor. No, I am more an antike Roman.
Then a Dane, here is ſome poiſon left.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Vnbated and envenom'd: the foule practiſe
Hath turn'd it ſelfe on me. Loe, heere I lye,
330 Neuer to riſe againe: Thy Mothers poyſon'd:
I can no more, the King, the King's too blame. [281b]

Ham. The point envenom'd too,
Then venome to thy worke.

Hurts the King.

All. Treafon, Treafon.

King. O yet defend me Friends, I am but hurt.

Ham. Heere thou inceſtuos, murtherous,
Damm'd Dane,
Drinke off this Potion: Is thy Vnion heere?
Follow my Mother.

King Dyes.

Laer. He is iuſtly ſeru'd.
It is a poyſon temp'red by himſelfe:

V. ii.

Vnbated and enuenuom'd, the foule practife
Hath turn'd it felfe on me, loe heere I lie

330 Neuer to rife againe, thy mother's poyfined,
I can no more, the King, the Kings too blame.

Ham. The point inuenuom'd to, then venome to thy worke.

All. Treafon, treafon.

King. O yet defend me friends, I am but hurt.

Ham. Heere thou inceftious damned Dane,
Drinke of this potion, is the Onixe heere?
Follow my mother.

Laer. He is iuftly ferued, it is a poyfon temperd by himfelfe,
340 Exchange forgiueneffe with me noble *Hamlet*,
Mine and my fathers death come not vpon thee,
Nor thine on me.

Ham. Heauen make thee free of it, I follow thee;
I am dead *Horatio*, wretched Queene adiew.
You that looke pale, and tremble at this chance,
That are but mutes, or audience to this act,
Had I but time, as this fell fergeant Death
Is ftrict in his arreft, ô I could tell you,
But let it be; *Horatio* I am dead,

350 Thou liueft, report me and my caufe a right
To the vnfatisfied.

Hora. Neuer belieue it;
I am more an anticke Romaine then a Dane,
Heere's yet fome liquer left.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

340 Exchange forgiueneffe with me, Noble *Hamlet*;
Mine and my Fathers death come not vpon thee,
Nor thine on me.

Dyes.

Ham. Heauen make thee free of it, I follow thee.
I am dead *Horatio*, wretched Queene adiew,
You that looke pale, and tremble at this chance,
That are but Mutes or audience to this acte:
Had I but time (as this fell Sergeant death
Is ftrick'd in his Arreft) oh I could tell you.
But let it be: *Horatio*, I am dead,
350 Thou liu'ft, report me and my caufes right
To the vnfatisfied.

Hor. Neuer beleuee it.
I am more an Antike Roman then a Dane:
Heere's yet fome Liquor left.

V. ii.

Ham. Vpon my loue I charge thee let it goe,
 O fie *Horatio*, and if thou shouldst die,
 What a scandale wouldst thou leaue behinde?
 What tongue should tell the story of our deaths,
 If not from thee? O my heart finckes *Horatio*.
 Mine eyes haue lost their light, my tongue his vse:
 Farewel *Horatio*, heauen receiue my soule. *Ham. dies.*

Enter Voltemar and the Ambassadors from England. [64
enter Fortenbrasse with his traine.

Fort. Where is this bloody fight?

Hor. If aught of woe or wonder you'd behold,
 Then looke vpon this tragicke spectacle.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Ham. As th'art a man, giue me the Cup.
 Let go, by Heauen Ile haue't.
 Oh good *Horatio*, what a wounded name,
 (Things standing thus vnknowne) shall liue behinde me.
 If thou didst euer hold me in thy heart,
 Absent thee from felicitie awhile,
 And in this harsh world draw thy breath in paine.
 To tell my Storie.

360

March afarre off, and shout within.

What warlike noyse is this?

Enter Ofricke.

Ofr. Yong *Fortinbras*, with conquest come frō Poland
 To th'Ambassadors of England giues this warlike volly.

Ham. O I dye *Horatio*:

The potent poyson quite ore-crowes my spirit,

V. ii.

Ham. As th'art a man

Giue me the cup, let goe, by heauen Ile hate,

O god *Horatio*, what a wounded name [99]

Things ftanding thus vnknowne, fhall I leaue behind me?

If thou did'ft euer hold me in thy hart,

Absent thee from felicity a while,

And in this harfh world drawe thy breath in paine *A march a*

360 To tell my ftory: what warlike noife is this? *farre off.*

Enter Ofrick.

Ofr. Young *Fortenbraffe* with conqueft come from Poland,
To th'embaffadors of *England* giues this warlike volly.

Ham. O I die *Horatio*,

The potent poyfon quite ore-crowes my fpirit,

I cannot liue to heare the newes from *England*,

But I doe prophecie th'ellection lights

On *Fortinbraffe*, he has my dying voyce,

So tell him, with th'occurants more and leffe

Which haue folicted, the reft is filence.

370 *Hora.* Now cracks a noble hart, good night fweete Prince,

And flights of Angels fing thee to thy reft.

Why dooes the drum come hether?

Enter Fortenbraffe, with the Embaffadors.

For. Where is this fight?

Hora. What is it you would fee?

If ought of woe, or wonder, ceafe your fearch.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

I cannot liue to heare the Newes from England,

But I do prophecie th'ellection lights

On *Fortinbras*, he ha's my dying voyce,

So tell him with the occurrents more and leffe,

Which haue folicted. The reft is filence. O, o, o, o. *Dyes*

370 *Hora.* Now cracke a Noble heart:

Goodnight fweet Prince,

And flights of Angels fing thee to thy reft,

Why do's the Drumme come hither?

*Enter Fortinbras and Englifh Ambaffador, with Drumme,
Colours, and Attendants.*

Fortin. Where is this fight?

Hor. What is it ye would fee;

If ought of woe, or wonder, ceafe your fearch.

V. ii.

Fort. O imperious death! how many Princes
Hast thou at one draft bloudily shot to death?

(land,

Ambaff. Our ambaffie that we haue brought from *Eng-*
Where be these Princes that should heare vs speake?
O most most vnlooked for time! unhappy country.

Hor. Content your felues, He flew to all, the ground,
The first beginning of this Tragedy:
Let there a scaffold be rearde vp in the market place,
390 And let the State of the world be there:
Where you shall heare such a sad story tolde,
That neuer mortall man could more vnfolde.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

For. His quarry cries on hauocke. Oh proud death,
What feast is toward in thine eternall Cell.
That thou so many Princes, at a shoote,
So bloodily hast strooke.

Amb. The fight is dismall,
And our affaires from England come too late,
380 The eares are senselesse that should giue vs hearing,
To tell him his command'ment is fulfill'd,
That *Rosincrance* and *Guiltensterne* are dead:
Where should we haue our thanks?

[282a

Hor. Not from his mouth,
Had it th'abilitie of life to thanke you:
He neuer gaue command'ment for their death.

V. ii.

For. This quarry cries on hauock, ô prou'd death
What feaft is toward in thine eternall cell,
That thou fo many Princes at a fhot
So bloudily haft ftrook?

Embas. The fight is difmall
And our affaires from *England* come too late,
380 The cares are fenceleffe that fhould gine vs hearing,
To tell him his commandment is fulfilld,
That *Rofencraus* and *Guyldenfterne* are dead,
Where fhould we haue our thanks?

Hora. Not from his mouth
Had it th'ability of life to thanke you;
He neuer gaue commandement for their death;
But fince fo iump vpon this bloody queftion
You from the *Pollack* warres, and you from *England*. [100
Are heere arriued, giue order that thefe bodies
High on a ftage be placed to the view,
390 And let me fpeake, to yet vnknowing world
How thefe things came about; fo fhall you heare
Of carnall, bloody and vnnaturall acts,
Of accidentall iudgements, cafuall flaughters,
Of deaths put on by cunning, and for no caufe
And in this vpfhot, purpofes miftooke,
Falne on th'inuenter's heads: all this can I
Truly deliuer.

For. Let vs haft to heare it,
And call the nobleft to the audience,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

But fince fo iumpe vpon this bloodie queftion,
You from the *Polake* warres, and you from *England*
Are heere arriued. Giue order that thefe bodies
High on a ftage be placed to the view,
390 And let me fpeake to th'yet vnknowing world,
How thefe things came about. So fhall you heare
Of carnall, bloudie, and vnnaturall acts,
Of accidentall iudgements, cafuall flaughters
Of death's put on by cunning, and forc'd caufe,
And in this vpfhot, purpofes miftooke,
Falne on the Inuenter's heads. All this can I
Truly deliuer.

For. Let vs haft to heare it,
And call the Nobleft to the Audience.

V. ii.

400 *Fort.* I haue some rights of memory to this kingdome,
Which now to claime my leifure doth inuite mee:

Let foure of our chiefeft Captaines
Beare *Hamlet* like a fouldier to his graue:
For he was likely, had he liued,
To a prou'd moft royall.

Take vp the bodie, fuch a light as this
Becomes the fieldes, but here doth much amiffe.

Finis

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

For me, with forrow, I embrace my Fortune,
400 I haue some Riles of memory in this Kingdome,
Which are to claime, my vantage doth
Inuite me,

[282b]

Hor. Of that I fhall haue alwayes caufe to fpeake,
And from his mouth
Whofe voyce will draw on more:
But let this fane be prefently perform'd,
Euen whiles mens mindes are wilde,
Left more mifchance
On plots, and errors happen.

For. Let foure Captaines

V. ii.

For me, with forrowe I embrace my fortune,
400 I haue some rights, of memory in this kingdome,
Which now to claime my vantage doth inuite me.

Hora. Of that I shall haue also cause to speake,
And from his mouth, whose voyce will drawe no more,
But let this fame be presently perform'd
Euen while mens mindes are wilde, leaft more mischance
On plots and errores happen.

For. Let foure Captaines
Beare *Hamlet* like a fouldier to the ftage,
For he was likely, had he beene put on,
To haue prooued moft royall; and for his paffage,
410 The fouldiers muficke and the right of warre
Speake loudly for him:
Take vp the bodies, fuch a fight as this,
Becomes the field, but heere fhowes much amiffe.
Goe bid the fouldiers fhoothe. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Beare *Hamlet* like a Soldier to the Stage,
For he was likely, had he beene put on
To haue prou'd moft royally:
And for his paffage,

410 The Souldiours Muficke, and the rites of Warre
Speake lowdly for him.
Take vp the body; Such a fight as this
Becomes the Field, but heere fhewes much amis.
Go, bid the Souldiers fhoothe.

*Exeunt Marching after the which, a Peale of
Ordenance are fhot off.*

FINIS.

CORRECTIONS AND NOTES.

- p. 21, l. 17, *idle comma after thine.*
p. 21, l. 3 *from bottom, read looke.*
p. 25, l. 20, *read chieft.*
p. 26, l. 1 *from bottom, read should.*
p. 32, l. 12, *read Apparition comes: I.*
p. 43, l. 11 *from bottom, put colon after indgment.*
p. 55, l. 3 *from bottom, read sulphurous.*
p. 56, l. 4, *read my.*
p. 61, l. 7 *from bottom, read dispatht.*
p. 62, l. 6 *from bottom, for he, read be (h imperfect, very like h).*
p. 73, l. 5 *from bottom, the n in drabbling is turned (but looks like n, only somewhat imperfect, in Halliwell's facsimile).*
p. 79, l. 8, *put full stop after me.*
p. 86, l. 4 *from bottom, for second our, read out (t very like r).*
p. 87, l. 1 *from bottom, read Enterprize.*
p. 88, l. 1, *read of.*
p. 90, l. 1 *from bottom, for stav, read stay (y imperfect, very like v).*
p. 91, l. 14 *from bottom, read "moue" (in Halliwell's facsimile, however, the word looks like "mone").*
p. 94, l. 14 *from bottom, read Not.*
p. 100, l. 6 *from bottom, full stop after Lord is correct (comma in Booth's reprint).*
p. 101, l. 12 *from bottom, read Wee'l (looks like Wee'l in Halliwell's facsimile).*
p. 102, l. 5 *from bottom, read whether.*
p. 103, l. 7 *from bottom, read rill (i. e. ster[rill]).*
p. 113, l. 23, *read Striking.*
p. 114, l. 11 *from bottom, Prifoner is correct (prifoner in Booth's reprint).*
p. 125, l. 11 *from bottom, put colon after it.*
p. 138, l. 1 *from bottom, put comma after him.*
p. 146, l. 20 *from bottom, c in kercher may be e.*
p. 150, l. 13, *s in was indistinct.*
p. 155, l. 5 *from bottom, read barren (very much like barron in Halliwell's facsimile).*

- p. 157, l. 2, *dele one the.*
- p. 158, l. 9, *put full stop after face.*
- p. 160, l. 13 *from bottom, read feed.*
- p. 165, l. 16 *from bottom, put comma after extremitie.*
- p. 170, l. 9, *read keepe.*
- p. 177, l. 13, *gteat can hardly be read great (although t and r are often very much alike).*
- p. 182, ll. 12 to 16 *should stand two lines lower down.*
- p. 205, l. 21, *for second if, read it.*
- p. 207, l. 12 *from bottom, read "Ham."*
- p. 227, l. 3 *from bottom, put full stop after "distracted".*
- p. 229, l. 9, *fnow may be fnow (but it is often impossible to distinguish between f and f).*
- p. 230, l. 10 *from bottom, put full stop after Valentine.*
- p. 231, l. 11, *read promifd.*
- p. 232, l. 3 *from bottom, put comma after Iudgment.*
- p. 242, l. 2 *from bottom, read right.*
- p. 251, l. 16 *from bottom, put full stop after "Messen".*
- p. 265, l. 8, *read fhe.*
- p. 269, l. 15, *read twere.*
- p. 269, l. 18, *read It.*
- p. 270, l. 8 *from bottom, dele full stop after "Spade" (full stop in Booth's reprint).*
- p. 275, l. 2, *horne may be borne (b imperfect).*
- p. 277, l. 9 *from bottom, put full stop after it.*
- p. 278, l. 1 *from bottom, read he.*
- p. 288, ll. 6 and 7 *from bottom, put commas at end of lines (colon after life in Booth's reprint).*
- p. 312, l. 3 *from bottom, rhis can hardly be read this.*
- p. 316, l. 11 *from bottom, I distinct in Br. Mus. copy C. 39. i. 12 (very like T in Halliwell's facsimile).*
- p. 316, l. 10 *from bottom, ro (for to) is distinct.*



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